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THE QUARREL OF JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON.

POLITENESS appears to have been invented to enable people who would naturally fall out to live together in peace. And there is great need of etiquette in a world where antipathy plays a part not less essential than sympathy. It is as necessary to the continuance of animated nature that cat and dog should hate, as that cat and cat should love. A genuine and profound antipathy, therefore, may exist without either of the parties being to blame; and in our complicated civilization, vast numbers of us are compelled to live in the nearest intimacy, or labor in the closest contact, with persons between whom and ourselves there is this incurable dislike. In such cases there is no peace, no dignity, save through the resolute observance of all the etiquette which the situation imposes.

It was this that kept our two secretaries, Jefferson and Hamilton, on friendly terms with one another for many months after both had discovered that they differed *in toto* and on every leading question. A breach of etiquette finally embroiled them past reconciliation. It was difficult to quar-

rel with Jefferson; since, besides being naturally placable and good-tempered, he had a vivid sense of the value of peace and a singular knowledge of the arts by which peace is preserved. He advised his daughters to avoid breaking with disagreeable people as long as they could with honor. Sacrifices and suppressions of feeling for such an object, he thought, cost much less pain than open separation. The effort of self-control was soon forgotten; but an open breach "haunts the peace of every day."

Hamilton, too, though much spoiled by applause too early and too easily won, was a good fellow; amiable at home, agreeable abroad; who sang his old song of The Drum at the annual dinner of the Cincinnati, and was welcome in all companies and circles till political differences embittered men's minds. What a pleasant picture we have of the breakfast scene at his house, No. 24 Broadway, the mother seated at the head of the table, with a napkin in her lap, cutting slices of bread from a great family loaf of the olden time, and spreading them with butter for the younger boys, who stood

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round her, reading in turn from the Bible or Goldsmith's History of Rome; while the father, in the room adjoining, was seated at the piano playing an accompaniment to his daughter's new song, or singing it to her accompaniment. When the lessons were finished and a stately pile of bread and butter was ready, all the eight children came to breakfast; after which, the younger ones were packed off to school, and the father went to his office.

Who more generous than that father? There is a portrait of Mrs. Hamilton, as one of her sons relates, bearing the name of the painter, "T. Earle, 1787," which attests his goodness of heart. Earle was in the debtors' prison at the time, and Hamilton induced his young wife to go to the prison and sit for her portrait. She persuaded other ladies, and thus the artist gained money enough to pay his debts and get out of jail. No man was more ready than Hamilton to set on foot such good-natured schemes, though himself never too far from the debtors' prison. At this very time, — 1791 to 1794, — while he was handling millions upon millions of the public money, he was pinched severely in the effort to live upon his little salary. "If you can conveniently lend me twenty dollars for a few days," he wrote to a friend, in September, 1791, "be so good as to send it by the bearer." The friend sent a check for fifty dollars. And Talleyrand said, in 1794, after coming from Hamilton's house, "I have beheld one of the wonders of the world, — a man who has made the fortune of a nation laboring all night to support a family."

Talleyrand made another remark upon Hamilton. When Mr. George Ticknor visited him in 1819, the old diplomatist was so warm in his eulogy of Hamilton, that the American was disposed modestly to waive part of the compliment by saying that the public men of Europe had to do with larger masses and wider interests. "But," said Talleyrand, "Hamilton had divined Europe." He may have di-

vined Europe. His misfortune was, that he had not divined America. In Europe, after a drill of twenty-five years in the British House of Commons, he might have been another Canning, a liberal Tory, the forerunner of Peel and Palmerston. In American politics it was impossible that he should ever have been at home, because he never could believe the truths, nor share the hopes, upon which the American system is based. In an ordinary period, however, he might have co-operated with Jefferson for a while, — both being gentlemen and patriots, — but the time was not ordinary. Christendom was losing its senses; and the discussions of the Cabinet had a bass accompaniment out of doors, ever deepening, always becoming more vehement. And it is but fair to remember that, if Jefferson had the inarticulate masses of the American people at his back, Hamilton was ceaselessly flattered by the articulate class, — the bar, the bench, the college, the drawing-room, the pulpit, the bureau. These two men, even if they had not become mutually repellant, would have been pulled apart by their adherents.

When the government, in 1790, removed from New York to Philadelphia, John Pintard, the translating clerk in the Department of State, chose not to go with it, and Jefferson gave the place — salary two hundred and fifty dollars a year — to the "poet Freneau," an old college classmate and friend of Madison and Henry Lee. Captain Philip Freneau, a native of New York, besides being a kind of mild American Peter Pindar, had suffered and sung the horrors of the New York prisonships during the Revolutionary War. He was the bright, popular writer of his day, both in prose and verse; and, as he had contemplated "the British model" from the pestilential steerage of the Scorpion frigate anchored in the Hudson, he was never "bewitched" by it; but remained, to the end of his long life, a sound republican. No appointment could have been more natural, more proper, or more agreea-

ble to the public. In recommending it, Mr. Madison's chief motive was to promote the interest of his friend, then gaining a precarious and slender livelihood as man-of-all-work on the New York Daily Advertiser. But he had another object in view. Restive under the opposition of Hamilton's organ at Philadelphia, the *Gazette of the United States*, Madison and Governor Henry Lee of Virginia had formed the project of setting up a weekly republican journal at the seat of government, to be edited, perhaps, by Captain Freneau. This scheme, half formed at the time of the appointment, could not but have had the approval of the Secretary of State, stranger though he was to Freneau; and this may have suggested a remark which the Secretary made in his note, offering him the place. The salary, Mr. Jefferson observed, was very low; but the office "gives so little to do as not to interfere with any other calling the person may choose, which would not absent him from the seat of government."

Eight months after, October 31, 1791, appeared the first number of the *National Gazette*, edited by Philip Freneau; capital furnished by Madison and Lee; twenty-one subscribers previously obtained by Jefferson among his neighbors in Virginia. Thus there were two *Gazettes* at Philadelphia, — Fenno's, daily and Freneau's weekly; the one *Hamiltonian*, the other *Jeffersonian*. But the only part which the Secretary of State took in the management of Freneau's *Gazette* was to lend the editor the foreign newspapers which came to the department. "I never did," he once wrote, "by myself or any other, or indirectly, say a syllable, nor attempt any kind of influence, . . . nor write, dictate, or procure any one sentence to be inserted, in Freneau's or any other gazette, to which my name was not affixed, or that of my office." The enterprise was chiefly Madison's, who wished to have a weekly paper of republican politics for circulation in *all* the States, Bache's daily paper not going much

beyond the city of Philadelphia. Jefferson's sympathy with the object was complete; but the fact of Freneau's holding an office in his department is itself a kind of proof that he could not have regarded or used the paper as a personal organ. How absurd the supposition that a "politician" would thus display his hand! If Freneau's *Gazette* had been designed as Jefferson's organ, Jefferson surely would have begun by removing Freneau from office.

If the reader will turn over the files of Fenno, preserved in several public libraries, he will perceive the need there was of something antidotal to it. No opportunity was lost by the editor of reflecting upon republican institutions; and the adulation of the President was unceasing and offensive. Whatever question was uppermost, this *Gazette* of the United States might be depended upon for taking the side least characteristic of the United States. The burden of its song was, Government by the people is anarchy. If any one ventured to ask a Federalist, Why, then, are we not anarchic? the answer was, The high character of the President, and the universal awe which that character inspires, hold the demagogues in some decent show of restraint. It is WASHINGTON that saves us, not our "shilly-shally Constitution."

When Freneau's *Gazette* appeared, defending Paine, attacking Burke, criticising Hamilton's measures, especially his new Bank of the United States, and commending Jefferson's public acts, Fenno affected to be aghast. The morning after Freneau's second number was circulated, a writer in Fenno, without mentioning the name of the audacious sheet, burst into the most ludicrous fury. He began by saying that there were acts of baseness and villany so atrocious, that we could hardly persuade ourselves to believe that any of the human race were depraved enough to commit them; and he proceeded to mention a crime or two of this description, — such as firing a city in the dead of night. But there

is a depth of depravity, he continued, far beyond that. Such offences are of a mild type of turpitude compared with the revolting blackness of the one which he introduces to the reader's notice in his closing paragraph: "In a free republic, the officers of the people are entitled to double honor, because they have no inheritance in their office, and, when actuated by just principles, accept of public employments from motives superior to mercenary considerations. The crime, therefore, of individuals who devise the destruction and imbrue their hands in the innocent blood of such characters is tinged with the blackest hue of hellish darkness."

Such was the spirit of a paper that derived an important part of its revenue from the patronage of the government, and an important portion of its contents from the pens of high officers of the government. Freneau continued his *Gazette*, however, and did not refrain from imbruing his hands in the innocent blood of an eminent public character. He proceeded to the length of mentioning the Secretary of the Treasury by name. He descanted freely upon all that Hamilton had done, and all that he proposed; admitting many communications from republican friends; doing all that in him lay to controvert and ridicule the writers in *Fenno*, and defend the principle of government by the people for the people. Readers who examine the file will find it difficult to believe that satire so mild and invective so harmless should have had power to kindle wrath in Federal minds.

Antipathy, meanwhile, was growing in the hearts of Jefferson and Hamilton, blinding both, misleading both. It is of the nature of antipathy to distort the view, and shut the mind to truth; and when it reaches the degree of rendering social intercourse difficult and mutual explanation impossible, men may advance from misconception to misconception, until the idea they have of one another becomes monstrous. Never before, since they were

born, had either of these two encountered immovable opposition. The lives of both had been too easily triumphant. From their youth up they had experienced little but acquiescence, sympathy, and applause, until they met in Washington's Cabinet, and each discovered in the other an invincible antagonist. The self-love of both was deeply wounded. Hamilton owned that he took Jefferson's opposition to the Bank as a wrong done to *himself*. "Mr. Jefferson," he says, "not only delivered an opinion in writing against its constitutionality and expediency, but he did it in a style and manner which I felt as partaking of asperity and ill-humor toward *me*." This to Colonel Carrington, May, 1792. But who can now discover in Jefferson's opinion on the Bank one word savoring of asperity or ill-humor? On the contrary, it seems studiously void of offence, full of respect for opposing opinions, and ends by advising the President to sign the bill "if the *pro* and *con* hang so even as to balance his judgment." This, he thought, would be paying only "a just regard to the wisdom of the legislature."

Miserable error, to attribute difference of opinion to baseness of motive! Oliver Wolcott, Comptroller of the Treasury, Hamilton's echo and successor (as genial a soul as ever cracked a walnut), betrays his chief's blinding antipathy in his letters of this time. "Mr. Jefferson," he writes, February, 1792, "appears to have shown rather too much of a disposition to cultivate vulgar prejudices; accordingly, he will become popular in alehouses, and do much mischief to his country by exciting apprehension that the government will operate unfavorably." The comptroller interpreted the Publicola controversy, too, in his own merry fashion: "Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson seem much disposed to quarrel on the question whether liberty can be maintained in a country which allows citizens to be distinguished by the addition *Mr.*, *Esq.*, and *Deacon*, and whether Thomas Paine or Edmund Burke are the great-

est fools." Hamilton's grammar was better than Wolcott's; but he, too, was at first disposed to laugh at Jefferson's notion of abolishing the small, lingering absurdities of the feudal system. But he soon ceased to laugh. Under Freneau's attacks, he became, very early in 1792, as sour and bitter in his feelings toward his colleague as so good-tempered a man could be; and he poured out all his heart to his old comrade, Colonel Carrington of Virginia. He said he was convinced—"unequivocally convinced"—that "Mr. Madison, co-operating with Mr. Jefferson, is at the head of a faction decidedly hostile to me and to my administration, and actuated by views, in my judgment, subversive of the principles of good government and dangerous to the union, peace, and happiness of the country."

Such was Hamilton's conviction in May, 1792, and it remained his conviction until that fatal day in July, 1804, when he stood at Weehawken before Burr's pistol, a conscious martyr. What reasons had he for thinking so? He gives them at great length to Colonel Carrington: Madison and Jefferson disapproved his financial measures! They had openly said so; Madison in debate, Jefferson in conversation, yes, even in conversation with *foreigners*! Some persons, whom the Secretary of State "immediately and notoriously moves" had even whispered suspicions of his official integrity. It was, also, "reduced to a certainty" that Freneau, a "known anti-Federalist," had been "brought to Philadelphia by Mr. Jefferson to be the conductor of a newspaper." And such a newspaper! Evidently devoted to the subversion of *me* and my measures, as well as unfriendly to the government! Moreover, both Madison and Jefferson (and here Hamilton rises into capital letters) "HAD A WOMANISH ATTACHMENT TO FRANCE, AND A WOMANISH RESENTMENT AGAINST GREAT BRITAIN"; and this to such a degree, that, unchecked, they would in six months bring on "AN OPEN WAR BE-

TWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN!" Mr. Jefferson was especially and extravagantly addicted to these womanish propensities.

"In France," continues Hamilton, "he saw government only on the side of its abuses. He drank deeply of the French philosophy, in religion, in science, in politics. He came from France in the moment of a fermentation which he had a share in exciting, and in the passions and feelings of which he shared, both from temperament and situation. He came here, probably, with a too partial idea of his own powers; and with the expectation of a greater share in the direction of our councils than he has in reality enjoyed. I am not sure that he had not marked out for himself the department of the finances. He came electrified *plus* with attachment to France, and with the project of knitting together the two countries in the closest political bands. Mr. Madison had always entertained an exalted opinion of the talents, knowledge, and virtues of Mr. Jefferson. The sentiment was probably reciprocal. A close correspondence subsisted between them during the time of Mr. Jefferson's absence from this country. A close intimacy arose on his return. . . . Mr. Jefferson was indiscreetly open in his approbation of Mr. Madison's principles on first coming to the seat of government. I say, indiscreetly, because a gentleman in one department ought not to have taken sides against another in another department."

Both the Virginians, he thought, were chagrined and out of humor because, so far, he had usually triumphed over the opposition of one or both of them; and he proceeds to enumerate his victories,—funding, assumption, the bank, and others,—a "current of success on one side and defeat on the other," which had "rendered the opposition furious." And worse defeat was in store for them; for it was evident, he thought, beyond a question, that "Mr. Jefferson aims, with ardent desire, at the Presidential chair"; and,

of course, Hamilton's influence with the community must be destroyed. And here the Secretary of the Treasury owns that he had already aided to frustrate the imaginary ambition of his colleague. It had been a question who should be President *pro tem.*, in case both the President and Vice-President should die in office. Some members of Congress had proposed the chief justice, Mr. Jay; Mr. Madison had moved the Secretary of State. "I acknowledge," says Hamilton, "though I took far less part than was supposed, I ran counter to Mr. Jefferson's wishes; for, if I had had no other reason for it, I had already experienced opposition from him, which rendered it a measure of self-defence." Finally, he read Mr. Jefferson thus: "A man of profound ambition and violent passions."

Thus may one honest and patriotic man misread another when, attempting to evolve his character from the depths of his own consciousness, the gall of an antipathy tinges his thoughts. Jefferson misconceived Hamilton scarcely less. He was, at least, unjust to the motives which influenced his colleague's public conduct. Antipathy, first, and then a sense of injuries received, obscured his judgment.

The mere difference of opinion between them was extreme. One day in April, 1791, when the Vice-President and the Cabinet dined together at Jefferson's house to talk over some public question, the conversation turned, as it often did in those days, upon forms of government. "Purge the British Constitution of its corruption," said Mr. Adams, "and give to its popular branch equality of representation, and it would be the most perfect constitution ever devised by the wit of man." Hamilton waited a moment, and then said: "Purge it of its corruption, and give to its popular branch equality of representation, and it would become an impracticable government. As it stands at present, with all its supposed defects, it is the most perfect government that ever existed." What intelligent American citizen, whose

memory of public events ran back to 1765, and who had access to the pigeon-holes of the State Department, could be expected to listen to such an opinion without something like indignation?

But, in truth, when Hamilton pronounced the word *government*, he meant something radically different from Jefferson's idea of government. What is government? Jefferson's answer would have been: An agency for the execution of the people's will. Hamilton must have answered: A means of curbing and frustrating the people's will. The British government had proved itself *practicable*, by being able, in the teeth of the people's will, to alienate and repel the American Colonies; and it had accomplished this by buying voters at the polls and voters in the House of Commons. Hence, in a Hamiltonian sense, it was a "practicable" government. There were members of Congress who had a pecuniary interest in supporting Hamilton's financial system. This *he* regarded as legitimate and desirable; while good republicans could only think of it with horror, as if jurymen should sit in judgment on a cause in which their fortune was embarked.

A few months after, Hamilton seized an opportunity to explain himself to his colleague. Jefferson mentioned to him, in August, 1791, that he had received a letter from Mr. Adams, disavowing Publicola, and denying that he had ever had any wish to introduce the hereditary principle. Hamilton censured the Vice-President for having stirred questions of that nature in the newspapers. "I own," he added, "it is my own opinion, though I do not publish it in Dan or Beersheba, that the present government is not that which will answer the ends of society by giving stability and protection to its rights, and that it will probably be found expedient to go into the British form. However, since we have undertaken the experiment, I am for giving it a fair course, whatever my expectations may be." Hence, he thought Mr.

Adams was wrong, however pure his intentions, to disturb, by the discourses on Davila, the public confidence in the present order of things. These avowals, apparently deliberate and made for a purpose, Jefferson thought worthy of preservation; and this conversation, accordingly, is the first of the "Anas" which give us so many interesting glimpses of the interior of General Washington's Cabinet.

To this radical difference of opinion was added a grievance which was, at once, public and personal, wounding both to Jefferson's patriotism and pride. Hamilton was an inveterate lobbyist. Excluded from Congress by the Constitution, he nevertheless endeavored to exercise as much influence over legislation as an English Chancellor of the Exchequer who sits in Parliament. In his published correspondence, he mentions, with evident elation, several instances in which he had procured the passage or the rejection of measures. Upon occasion, he would even threaten to *resign*, unless he had his way; and such was his ascendancy that this absurd insolence provoked from his adherents neither resentment nor ridicule. The republican members objected to the reference of legislative problems to members of the Cabinet; regarding the Cabinet as part of the executive power. Hamilton could not so much as believe that a member of Congress could have any other than a factious reason for opposing such a reference. He distinctly claimed it, as belonging to his office, to perform the duty which now devolves upon the Committee of Ways and Means. He regarded himself as an injured being when Madison opposed the reference to the Secretary of the Treasury of the question of ways and means for the Indian War. Madison, he says, even went so far as to "combat, *on principle*, the propriety of such reference"; well knowing that "if he had prevailed, a certain consequence was my *resignation*." Late in the debate he became apprised of the danger. "Measures of counteraction," he says, "were adopted; and

when the question was called, Mr. Madison was confounded to find characters voting against him whom he had counted upon as certain."

Now, this interference with legislation was the more aggravating to Jefferson, because the Secretary of the Treasury had such a vast patronage with which to make his interference effectual: one hundred clerks at Philadelphia, a custom-house at every port, bank directors, loan agents,—a thousand places in his gift. And these places were not the trivial and demoralizing gifts which a cabinet minister has at his disposal now,—the brief, precarious tenure of under-paid offices. A government office was then a career. You were a made man if you got one. A peaceful and dignified life could be founded upon it, and a family reared. Hamilton wielded more power of this kind than all the rest of the administration put together, multiplied by ten; and it is reasonable to conclude that *some* voters in Congress (not as many, perhaps, as Jefferson thought) were influenced by the interest members had in Hamilton's various financial measures.

Before he had been a year in office, the Secretary of State had had enough of it. Scrupulously avoiding all interference with the departments of his colleagues, never lobbying, immersed in the duties of his place, he found himself borne along by Hamilton's restless impetuosity, and compelled to aid in the execution of a policy which he could as little approve as prevent. He was nominally at the head of the Cabinet, without possessing the ascendancy that belonged to his position. He seemed to himself, at once, responsible and impotent; and he believed the sway of Hamilton over public affairs to be illegitimate, and to be upheld by illegitimate means. In the spring of 1791, when he had been in the Cabinet little more than a year, he discovered, from a sentence in one of the President's letters to himself, that he had no thought of serving beyond the end of his term, which would ex-

pire March 4, 1793. Jefferson instantly resolved to make that the period of his own service also. He longed for repose. His affairs clamorously demanded his attention. He was utterly devoid of commonplace ambition. All pageantry was wearisome to him. If, in his earlier years, he had coveted the kind of distinction which place conferred, he had outgrown that foible long ago, and had now for himself but one wish, — to enjoy a busy, tranquil existence at home, among his farms, his books, his apparatus, his children, and his friends. What man above forty-five, not a fool, has ever had, for himself alone, any other dream but that?

With regard to the Presidency, no one had as yet presumed to publish a conjecture as to what an infant nation was to do, when, at last, deprived of its "father," it should be obliged — to use Jefferson's expression — to "go alone." Adams, Jay, and Jefferson were the three names oftenest whispered in conversation; but the situation was not ripe for anything beyond a whisper; and all patriotic men concurred in desiring General Washington's continuance.

It was in February, 1792, in the course of a conference upon post-office affairs, that Jefferson disclosed to the President his intention to retire. It was not yet clear whether the post-office belonged to the Department of State or to that of the Treasury, and Jefferson wished the question settled. He told the President that, in his opinion, it belonged, and ought to belong, to the State Department, because, among other reasons, the Treasury Department was already too powerful, wielding "such an influence as to swallow up the whole executive powers"; so that "even the future Presidents, not supported by the weight of character which himself possessed, would not be able to make head against it." He disclaimed all personal interest in the matter. If he was supposed to have any appetite for power, the intervening time was too short to be an object, for

his own tenure of office would be exactly as long as that of the President's. "My real wish," said he, "is to avail the public of every occasion, during the rest of the President's period, to place things on a safe footing."

The conversation was interrupted here at its most interesting moment. The President asked him to breakfast with him the next morning, in order that the subject might be resumed. They met accordingly, and when the post-office question had been duly considered, the President revived the topic of Jefferson's intention to retire. "In an affectionate tone," he told Jefferson that he had felt much concern at the intelligence. For his own retirement there were reasons enough, and he enumerated them; but he should consider it unfortunate if his own return to private life should bring on the resignation of the great officers of the government, which might give a shock to the public mind of dangerous consequence. Jefferson tried to reassure the President on this point. He did not believe, he said, that any of his brethren thought of resigning. On the contrary, at the last meeting of the trustees of the sinking fund, the Secretary of the Treasury had developed a plan of operations which contemplated years of his own personal service.

General Washington was not reassured by this statement. He clung to Jefferson. He remarked that he considered the Department of the Treasury less important and less conspicuous than the Department of State, which "embraced nearly all the objects of administration," and that the retirement of a Secretary of State would be more noticed. Symptoms of dissatisfaction, he added, far beyond what could have been expected, had lately shown themselves, and to what height these might arise, in case of too great a change in the administration, could not be foreseen.

Upon this, Jefferson's tongue was loosed, and he expressed himself without reserve in words like these: "In

my opinion there is only a single source of these discontents,— the treasury. A system has there been contrived for deluging the States with paper-money instead of gold and silver, for withdrawing our citizens from the pursuits of commerce, manufactures, buildings, and other branches of useful industry, to occupy themselves and their capitals in a species of gambling destructive of morality, which has introduced its poison into the government itself. It is a fact, as well known as that you and I are now conversing, that particular members of the legislature, while those laws were on the carpet, feathered their nests with paper, then voted for the laws, and constantly since have lent all the energy of their talents and the instrumentality of their offices to the establishment and enlargement of their system. They have chained the system round our necks for a great length of time, and, in order to keep the game in their own hands, they have from time to time aided in making such legislative constructions of the Constitution as make it a very different thing from what the people thought they had submitted to. And now, they have brought forward a proposition far beyond any one advanced before; to which the eyes of many are now turned as the decision which is to let us know whether we live under a limited or an unlimited government."

"To what proposition do you allude?" asked the President.

"To that," replied Jefferson, "in the Report on Manufactures (by Hamilton) which, under color of giving bounties for the encouragement of particular manufactures, meant to establish the doctrine, that the Constitution, in giving power to Congress to provide for the general welfare, permitted Congress to take everything under their charge which *they* should deem for the public welfare. If this was maintained, then the enumeration of powers in the Constitution does not at all constitute the limits of their authority."

With this topic the conversation end-

ed. The mingling of justice and injustice in Jefferson's observations is obvious. He was chiefly unjust in ascribing the ill-working of some of Hamilton's measures to design; whereas, the inflation of values and the consequent mania for speculation were unforeseen, and were by no one more regretted than by Hamilton. The real grievances of the republicans at that moment were two: 1. Hamilton's free-and-easy construction of the Constitution; 2. The interference of the Treasury Department with legislation. During that very week the republicans made a serious effort toward turning the Secretary of the Treasury and his allies out of the lobby by breaking up the system of referring questions to members of the Cabinet. After a long debate, the House adjourned without coming to a vote; but Madison and his friends went home that afternoon in the highest spirits, so sure were they of victory on the day following. During the evening, as they believed, the special adherents of the Secretary of the Treasury bestirred themselves with such effect that—to employ Jefferson's own words—"The *treasury* carried it by thirty-one to twenty-seven." But even this triumph was esteemed only the forerunner of defeat, so omnipotent had the treasury once been. "It showed," Jefferson thought, "that *treasury* influence was tottering."

So far, the personal intercourse between the two diverging ministers was agreeable; and we even observe in their official correspondence an apparent effort to conciliate. In March, 1792, Jefferson submitted the draft of a Cabinet paper for Hamilton's review and emendation; and when it came back with comments, Jefferson appears to have made a point of accepting as many of his colleague's suggestions as possible. Out of ten emendations he adopted all but one, which would have involved a looser construction of the Constitution than he approved. As late as February, 1792 (a month before the conversation with the President), Jef-

erson, in returning his colleague's Report on the Mint, commended the performance, suggested a change or two, and ended his note thus: "I hazard these thoughts to you extempore, and am, dear sir, respectfully and affectionately yours."

This, however, was the year of the Presidential election. For the Presidency there was, indeed, but one candidate; but Mr. Adams's incoherences upon Davila, and his son's essays in the name of Publicola, cost him a severe contest for the Vice-Presidency; George Clinton, of New York, being the candidate of the republicans. Need it be said that the two *Gazettes*, Fenno and Freneau, improved the occasion? But how mild the prose and verse of Captain Freneau compared with the vituperation and calumny which have since made the party press as powerless to abuse as to exalt!

"On Davila's page
Your discourses so sage
Democratical numsculls bepuzzle,
With arguments tough
As white leather or buff,
The republican bull-dogs to muzzle!"

It is to be presumed that the Vice-President did not take seriously to heart such fooling as this, which is a fair enough specimen of "Jonathan Pindar's" doggerel. Hamilton and his friends were assailed in prose not quite so pointless. Perhaps the following was as "severe" as most of the editorial paragraphs, if only from its containing a portion of truth: "The mask is at length torn from the monarchical party, who have, with but too much success, imposed themselves upon the public for the sincere friends of our republican Constitution. Whatever may be the event of the competition for the Vice-Presidency, it has been the happy occasion of ascertaining the two following important truths: First, that the name of *Federalist* has been assumed by men who approve the Constitution merely 'as a promising essay toward a well-ordered government'; that is to say, as a step toward a government of king, lords, and commons. Secondly, that the spirit of the people continues

firmlly republican." Often, however, the Secretary of the Treasury was specially designated, and his financial system was always condemned, as Jefferson condemned it in the hearing of the President.

When Hamilton read his *Freneau*, week after week, during that exciting summer of 1792, he read it, not at all as the publication of Captain Philip Freneau, mariner and poet, but, wholly and always, as the utterance of Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State. He was right, and he was wrong. Jefferson, to people like minded with himself, was a pervading and fascinating intelligence. His easy manners, his long experience, his knowledge of nature, men, and events, his sanguine trust in man, his freedom from inhuman pride, his prodigious Christianity, his great gifts, his great fame, and his great place, all conspired to make him the oracle of his circle, as he was the soul of his party. Freneau could not help infusing a good deal of Jefferson into almost everything he wrote. But although that was the only kind of influence which the Secretary of State ever exerted over the pen of his translating clerk, Hamilton could not believe it. He took it for granted that the *National Gazette* was edited in his colleague's office, with his colleague's assistance, for the purpose of subverting himself. Irritated and indignant, the Secretary of the Treasury composed, July 25, 1792, the epistle following, and had it inserted in the other *Gazette*,—the *Gazette of the United States*:—

"MR. FENNO:—The editor of the *National Gazette* receives a salary from government.

"*Quære*. Whether this salary is paid him for *Translations*, or for publications, the design of which is to vilify those to whom the voice of the people has committed the administration of our public affairs,—to oppose the measures of government, and, by false insinuations, to disturb the public peace?

"In common life it is thought un-

grateful for a man to bite the hand that puts bread in his mouth; but if the man is hired to do it, the case is altered.

"T. L."

Freneau was not politician enough, nor guilty enough, to pass by this hint in silence. He repelled the insinuation, which gave Hamilton a pretext for following it up. A series of strongly written, incisive articles from the pen of the Secretary of the Treasury appeared in *Fenno*, in which Jefferson was attacked by name. Some of these articles (there were twelve in all) were signed, "An American"; others, "Amicus"; others, "Catullus"; one, "Metellus"; one, "A Plain Honest Man": but all of them are included in the authorized edition of the works of Alexander Hamilton. They appeared from time to time, during the rest of the Presidential "campaign," calling forth replies from "Aristides" and other sages of antiquity, but eliciting no printed word from Jefferson. The burden of the earlier numbers was, that Mr. Freneau was brought from New York to Philadelphia, and quartered upon the government, by Mr. Jefferson, for the purpose of establishing a gazette hostile to the government. (Denied by Freneau on oath.) When that topic was exhausted, Colonel Hamilton endeavored to show, by fragments of Jefferson's letters to Madison from France, that his colleague had been an original opponent of the Constitution. (Disproved by Madison's publishing *the whole* of the quoted passages.) Hamilton proceeded to descant upon Mr. Jefferson's indorsement of Paine's reply to Burke: accusing him, first, of an intention to wound and injure Mr. Adams; and, secondly, of a dastardly denial of the same, when he found that "discerning and respectable men disapproved the step." After relieving his mind of many a column of fluent and vigorous outrage, he called upon Mr. Jefferson to resign his office.

"If," said Metellus, "he cannot coalesce with those with whom he is associated, as far as the rules of official

decorum, propriety, and obligation may require, without abandoning what he conceives to be the true interest of the community, let him place himself in a situation in which he will experience no collision of opposite duties. Let him not cling to the honor or emolument of an office, whichever it may be that attracts him, and content himself with defending the injured rights of the people by obscure or indirect means. Let him renounce a situation which is a clog upon his patriotism."

The effect upon the public mind of this ill-timed breach of official decorum was such as we should naturally suppose it would be. The thin disguise of the various signatures adopted by the Secretary of the Treasury deceived only readers distant from the capital, and them not long; for Hamilton, besides betraying himself by the power of his stroke, seems, in some passages, to have courted discovery, — pushing aside the gauzy folds of the curtain, and all but crying out, *Behold, it is I, the administration!* "Society" applauded. The drawing-room eyed Jefferson askance. It could not quite cut a Secretary of State, but its bow was as distant as its habitual deference to place and power would permit; and, to this day, if indeed we can be said to have a drawing-room now, it has loved to repeat the traditional disparagement. But the articles had not the political effect which their ingenious author intended; for, while they emphasized Jefferson's position as the republican chief, they really — so Federalists themselves report — lowered Hamilton in the view of the country. He lost that prestige of reserve and mystery that gathers round a name associated in the public mind only with affairs of national magnitude and subjects of general importance. The people were not pleased to discover, in an adviser of the President, a partisan, positive, vehement, ingenious, and unjust, a coarse assailant of a name hallowed by its association with the birth-day of the nation. Hamilton lost something which is of no value to an

anonymous writer in a Presidential "campaign," but is of immense value to a public man, — WEIGHT. And, with all this, he did not retard the development of the new-born opposition. George Clinton received fifty electoral votes for the Vice-Presidency, Jefferson four, and Burr one, to seventy-seven for Mr. Adams.

There was one man in the country who was great enough to do justice to both these men, and to feel only sorrow for their dissensions. How the President tried to reconcile them is a pleasing and noble passage of his history. He wrote a kind, manly letter to each of them, employing similar arguments and several identical phrases in both letters; reminding them of the difficulties and dangers of the country's position, encompassed as it was by avowed enemies and insidious friends; and urging them to a more charitable interpretation of one another.

Both secretaries replied, as it chanced, on the same day, September 9, 1792. Hamilton owned that he had attacked his colleague in the newspapers, and, intimated that, for the present, he could not discontinue his assaults. He justified his conduct thus: "I *know* that I have been an object of uniform opposition from Mr. Jefferson, from the moment of his coming to the city of New York to enter upon his present office. I *know*, from the most authentic sources, that I have been the frequent subject of the most unkind whispers and insinuations from the same quarter. I have long seen a formed party in the legislature under his auspices, bent upon my subversion. I cannot doubt, from the evidence I possess, that the National Gazette was instituted by him for political purposes, and that one leading object of it has been to render me, and all the measures connected with my department, as odious as possible." These, however, were personal wrongs, which he had resolved to bear in silence. But when he saw that a party had been formed "deliberately bent upon the subversion of measures which, in its consequences, would subvert the

government," then he had felt it to be his duty to defeat the nefarious purpose by "drawing aside the veil from the principal actors."

Jefferson's reply was long, vehement, and powerful. So far as it was exculpatory of himself, it was perfectly successful; but, at such a moment, he must have been either more or less than man to have been just to his antagonist. Nor is there any one now alive competent to say precisely how far he was unjust to him. Who can tell us to what point "treasury influence" may have influenced legislation, and how far Colonel Hamilton may have deemed it right and legitimate to enlist the interests of men on the side of what he called "government"? One thing we do know: the rule which Jefferson prescribed for his own conduct as a member of the Cabinet is the true republican rule. "If," said he, "it has been supposed that I have ever intrigued among the members of the legislature to defeat the plans of the Secretary of the Treasury, it is contrary to all truth. As I never had the desire to influence the members, so neither had I any other means than my friendships, which I valued too highly to risk by usurpations on their freedom of judgment and the conscientious pursuit of their own sense of duty."

This was the right view to take of the limits prescribed by the spirit of the Constitution to his place. But, though we know Hamilton gloried in holding an opposite opinion, we do not know how far he carried his ideas in practice. That he interfered *habitually* in legislation, and was proud of his success in so doing, his letters plainly reveal. Jefferson charges him with using his power as minister of finance to control votes. "That I have utterly," writes the Secretary of State, "in my private conversations, disapproved of the system of the Secretary of the Treasury, I acknowledge and avow; and this was not merely a speculative difference. His system flowed from principles adverse to liberty, and was calculated to undermine and demolish

the Republic, by creating an influence of his department over the members of the legislature. I saw this influence actually produced, and its first fruits to be the establishment of the great outlines of his project by the votes of the very persons who, having swallowed his bait, were laying themselves out to profit by his plans; and that, had these persons withdrawn, as those interested in a question ever should, the vote of the disinterested majority was clearly the reverse of what they made it." He accused his colleague, too, of defeating the system of favoring French commerce and retaliating British restrictions, by cabals with members of Congress.

Another retort of Jefferson's gives pause to the modern inquirer. Who can say, with anything like certainty, whether, in the passage following, Mr. Jefferson uttered truth pure and simple, or truth colored, distorted, and exaggerated by antipathy?

"I have never inquired," said he, "what number of sons, relations, and friends of senators, representatives, printers, or other useful partisans Colonel Hamilton has provided for among the hundred clerks of his department, the thousand excisemen, custom-house officers, loan officers, appointed by him, or at his nod, and spread over the Union; nor could ever have imagined, that the man who has the shuffling of millions backwards and forwards from paper into money, and money into paper, from Europe to America, and America to Europe, the dealing out of treasury secrets among his friends in what time and measure he pleases, and who never slips an occasion of making friends with his means, — that such a one, I say, would have brought forward a charge against me for having appointed the poet Freneau translating clerk to my office with a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a year."

A passage followed, in relation to this appointment, which had a wonderful currency years ago, and is still occasionally revived. He declared, that, in appointing Freneau, he had been

actuated by the motive which had induced him to recommend to the President for public employment such characters as Rittenhouse, Barlow, and Paine. "I hold it," he added, "to be one of the distinguishing excellences of an elective over hereditary succession, that the talents, which nature has provided in sufficient proportion, should be selected by the society for the government of their affairs, rather than that this should be transmitted through the loins of knaves and fools, passing from the debauchees of the table to those of the bed."

In conclusion, he said that, as the time of his retirement from office was so near (only six months distant), he should postpone any public reply which he might deem it best to make to the *Fenno* articles until he was a private citizen, — a period to which he looked "with the longing of a wave-worn mariner, who has at length the land in view, and shall count the days and hours which still lie between me and it." Then he would be free to defend himself without disturbing the quiet of the President; but if he did break silence, he should subscribe his name to whatever he wrote. Conscious, he said, of having merited the esteem of his countrymen, which he dearly prized, by an integrity which could not be reproached, and by an enthusiastic devotion to their rights and to liberty, he "would not suffer his retirement to be clouded by the slanders of a man whose history, from the moment at which history could stoop to notice him, was a tissue of machinations against the liberty of the country which had not only received and given him bread, but heaped its honors upon his head." But during the short time he had to remain in office, he should find "ample employment in closing the present business of the department."

This letter was written at Monticello. On his way to Philadelphia he stopped, as usual, at Mount Vernon, when the President renewed the subject in conversation, and urged him to reconsider his intention to resign; for

he "thought it important to preserve the check of his opinions in the administration to keep things in the proper channel and prevent them from going too far." The check! The check to what? The President said he did not believe there were ten men, worth consideration, in the country, who had so much as a thought of transforming the republic into a monarchy. Mr. Jefferson replied that there was "a numerous sect who had monarchy in contemplation, of whom the Secretary of the Treasury was one." The most intimate friend Hamilton ever had was Gouverneur Morris, who pronounced his funeral oration. This exquisite writer stated Hamilton's opinions at much length in 1811, in a letter to Robert Walsh of Philadelphia. The following are some of Morris's expressions: "General Hamilton disliked the Constitution, believing all republican government radically defective. . . . He hated republican government. . . . He trusted that, in the changes and chances of time, we should be involved in some war, which might strengthen our union and nerve the executive. . . . He never failed on every occasion to advocate the excellence of, and avow his attachment to, monarchical government." The other points of difference were gone over, but without lessening Mr. Jefferson's passionate desire to retire from public life. But, on reaching Philadelphia, friends insisted on his remaining in office with such pertinacity, and offered reasons so cogent, that he knew not how either to rebut or accept them.

No language can overstate his longing for retreat. Six months before the Fenno assaults began, this had been the burden of his letters to his family and friends. "The ensuing year," he wrote to his daughter, in March, 1792, "will be the longest of my life, and the last of such hateful labors; the next, we will sow our cabbages together." To other friends he said that the 4th of March, 1793, was to him what land was to Columbus. He had sent to Scotland for one of the new

threshing-machines, and a plough of his invention had recently won a medal in France. He had engaged mechanics in Europe to work upon his house, and upon other schemes which he had formed. He was packing his books in view of the termination of the lease of his house in Philadelphia, and had arranged for one of its inmates, "Jack Eppes," to enter William and Mary in the spring. Schemes upon schemes were forming in his mind for extricating his great estate from encumbrance, and turning its latent resources to better account than could be expected from overseers. But the attacks in the newspapers and the hostility of powerful classes, though they intensified his desire for repose, seemed to interpose a barrier which he could not pass. He was torn with contending emotions. "I have been," he wrote to his daughter in January, 1793, "under an agitation of mind which I scarcely ever experienced before, produced by a check on my purpose of returning home at the close of this session of Congress." Madison, Monroe, Page, Randolph, all friends and all partisans, united in the opinion that he must not give the Federalists the triumph of being able to say, with an appearance of truth, that Hamilton had driven him from office. He consented, at length, to remain a short time longer. He sent most of his library home, sold the bulkier articles of his furniture, gave up his house, took three rooms in the suburbs, and "held himself in readiness to take his departure for Monticello the first moment he could do it with due respect to himself." Thus he wrote to the father of "Jack Eppes," in April, 1793.

But why this agonizing desire for retirement? Thereby hangs a tale. If we give ten reasons for a certain course of conduct, there is often an eleventh which we do not give; and that unspoken one is apt to be *the* reason. He could no longer afford to serve the public on the terms fixed by Congress. It was not merely that his salary did not pay the cost of his Phil-

adelphia establishment, nor that his estate was ill-managed by overseers. An ancient debt hung, as he says, "like a mill-stone round his neck," — a debt which he had twice paid, although not incurred by him. Upon the death of his wife's father, twenty years before, he had received property from his estate worth forty thousand dollars, but subject to a British debt of thirteen thousand. Impatient of debt, he sold a fine farm near Monticello for a sum sufficient to discharge it; but by the time he received the money, the war of the Revolution had begun. Virginia invited all men owing money to Great Britain to deposit the same in her treasury, the State agreeing to pay it over to the British creditor after the war. The identical coin which Jefferson received for his farm he himself carried to the treasury in Williamsburg, where it was immediately expended in equipping troops.

The Legislature of Virginia, however, thought better of this policy, rescinded the resolution, and returned the sums received under it. But Jefferson was obliged to take back his thirteen thousand dollars in depreciated paper, which continued to depreciate until it was worthless. In fact, the thirteen thousand dollars just sufficed to buy him one garment; and in riding by that farm, in after years, he would sometimes point to it, and say, laughing, "That farm I once sold for an overcoat." At the end of the war, during which Cornwallis destroyed more than enough of his property to pay this debt, he had, as he remarked, "to lay his shoulders to the payment of it a *third* time," in addition to a considerable debt of his own incurred just before the outbreak of hostilities. "What the laws of Virginia," he wrote to his creditor in England, "are, or may be, will in no wise influence my conduct. Substantial justice is my object, as decided by reason, not by authority or compulsion." Ever since the war closed, he had been struggling to reduce these debts; and, finally, made an arrangement for paying them

off at the rate of four hundred pounds sterling a year. How easy this ought to have been to a person owning ten thousand acres of excellent land, "one hundred and fifty-four slaves, thirty-four horses, five mules, two hundred and forty-nine cattle, three hundred and ninety hogs, and three sheep"! But only two thousand acres of his land were cultivated, nine of his horses were used for the saddle, and the labor of his slaves had been, for ten years, directed by overseers. In 1793, the greater part of the debt remained to be discharged, and he saw, whenever he visited Monticello, such evidences of "the ravages of overseers," as filled him with alarm. He had now a son-in-law to settle, a second daughter to establish, a mountainous debt to pay, a high office to live up to, and an estate going to ruin. Behold his eleventh, unuttered reason for the frenzy which possessed him to live at home.

He might well desire to see the reign of overseers brought to an end on his estate. Readers remember, perhaps, General Washington's experience with them. How, when he owned one hundred and one cows, he was compelled to buy butter for his own table; and how, after building one of the best barns in the country, where thirty men could conveniently wield the flail, he could not prevent his manager from treading out the grain with horses, — so impossible was it, he says, "to put the overseers of this country out of the track they have been accustomed to walk in." He reached home for his annual vacation in 1793, about the middle of September, and caught this truly conservative gentleman in the act. "I found a treading-yard," wrote the President, "not thirty feet from the barn-door, the wheat again brought out of the barn, and horses treading it out in an open exposure, liable to the vicissitudes of weather." With such men to manage, the General thought the new threshing-machine would have a brief existence. What need there was, then, of the

master's eye upon an encumbered estate !

Jefferson settled to his work again in Philadelphia, and watched for a good opportunity to resign. Through the good offices of the President, a truce was arranged between the two hostile secretaries, who tried their best to co-operate in peace, not without success. Hamilton, in particular, was scrupulously careful to avoid the error of interfering, or seeming to interfere, in his colleague's department. At heart each felt the sincerity and patriotic intentions of the other, and Jefferson had even an exaggerated idea of Hamilton's ability. The elections, too, of 1792, had strengthened the republicans in Congress, who gained a decisive triumph in the first month of the session by defeating (thirty-five to eleven) a proposition to allow members of the Cabinet to attend the House of Representatives and explain "*their measures*" to the House. This made it easier for Jefferson to continue. And, besides, the French Revolution, of late, had turned in arms upon the kings banded against it, and seemed to be able, contrary to all expectation, to hold its own. As yet, nearly all America was in enthusiastic sympathy with France. When the news arrived of a movement favorable to the French, the "*monocrats*," as Jefferson styled the *Othercrats*, made wry faces ; but the republicans set the bells ringing, illuminated their houses, and wore a tricolored cockade in their hats.

The time was at hand when the youngest of the nations would need in its government the best talent it could command, and, above all, in the department which directed its intercourse with foreign nations. The French king had been dethroned, and was about to be brought to trial, all the world looking on with an interest difficult now to conceive. It stirred Jefferson's indignation sometimes to observe that mankind were more attentive to the sufferings of the king and queen than to the welfare of the people of France. "Such are the fruits," he once wrote,

"of that form of government which heaps importance upon idiots, and which the Tories of the present day are trying to preach into our favor." It pleased many of the republicans, however, to learn that Thomas Paine, one of themselves, was exerting himself ably to save the king's life. Paine said in the convention, that "Louis Capet," if he had been slightly favored by fortune, — if he had been born in a private station, in "an amiable and respectable neighborhood," — would have been, in all probability, a virtuous citizen ; but, cursed from the dawn of his reason with ceaseless adulation, and reared in "brutal luxury," he was a victim of monarchy, as well as the agent of its ill-working. England, he reminded the convention, had cut off the head of a very bad Charles Stuart, only to be cursed, a few years after, with a worse ; but when, forty years later, England had *banished* the Stuarts, there was an end of their doing harm in the world.

What a happy stroke was this in a French Assembly ! He followed it up by offering to accompany the fallen king to the only ally France then had, the United States, where the people regarded him as their friend. "His execution, I assure you," said this master of effective composition, "will diffuse among them a general grief. I propose to you to conduct Louis to the United States. After a residence of two years, Mr. Capet will find himself a citizen of America. Miserable in this country, to which his absence will be a benefit, he will be furnished the means of becoming happy in another."

There was a passage in this speech to which the bloody scenes about to occur in Paris give a singular significance. Part of the long period of reaction towards barbaric (i. e. ancient) ideas and institutions, which began with the French guillotine, and from which we are only now emerging, might have been spared mankind if Thomas Paine could have spoken French as well as he wrote English, and brought this warning home to the convention

with the oratorical power of a Mirabeau. "Monarchical governments," he said, "have trained the human race, and inured it to the sanguinary arts and refinements of punishment; and it is exactly the same punishment which has so long shocked the sight and tormented the patience of the people, that now, in their turn, they practise in revenge upon their oppressors. But it becomes us to be strictly on our guard against the abomination and perversity of monarchical examples. As France has been the first to abolish royalty, let her also be the first to abolish the punishment of death." In these words spoke the humane spirit in which the French Revolution originated.

The execution of the king, January 21, 1793, saddened every well-constituted mind in Europe and America. It lessened the sympathy of a vast number of persons with the Revolution; and all but the most extreme republicans felt in some degree the infinite impolicy of the act. From that time the good-will of mankind for unhappy France would have more sensibly diminished, but that the world in arms seemed gathering for her destruction.

It was a mad time. The manager of a Philadelphia theatre thought it opportune to revive the tragedy of Cato. Before the play began, the company of actors sang upon the stage *La Marseillaise*, when the whole theatre rose, and joined in the chorus. At the end of each act this performance was repeated. Every evening, afterwards, as soon as the musicians entered the orchestra, a cry arose for *La Marseillaise*, and no other music would be listened to. Usually, some portion of the audience caught the fury of the piece and thundered out the familiar refrain. But as the guillotine continued its ravages, the enthusiasm decreased; and, instead of the universal and deafening demand for the French hymn, there would be, at length, only a score or two of voices from the gallery, all the rest of the house sitting in grim silence. Finally, on a night long remembered

in the theatre, one defiant soul ventured to give the usual sign of disapproval. Instantly the whole house burst into one overwhelming hiss; and never was the terrible piece played again. Soon the new song of Hail Columbia took its place in popular regard, and was, for some years, played at every theatre just before the rising of the curtain.

The change of government in France produced political complications with which the Cabinet of General Washington had to deal at once and practically. Questions of law and of finance, as well as of opinion and sentiment, had to be, not only discussed, but rightly decided under penalty of being drawn into the maelstrom of the war. Our two "cocks," exasperated by previous encounters, were now pitted against each other every day; but they were under bonds to keep the peace, and each was further restrained by the perils of the situation. Hamilton, by himself, might have involved the country in an entangling alliance with the powers hostile to the Revolution. Jefferson alone might have found it difficult to avoid a too helpful sympathy with beleaguered, bewildered France. The result of their antagonism was an honorable neutrality, useful to France, not injurious to the allies, and exceedingly profitable to the United States.

How irreconcilable they were in their feelings respecting the great events of 1793! "Sir," said Hamilton, in August, to Edmund Randolph, "if all the people in America were now assembled, and were to call on me to say whether I am a friend to the French Revolution, I would declare that I have it in abhorrence." Jefferson, on the contrary, wrote thus to his old friend Short, just before the execution of the king: "My own affections have been deeply wounded by some of the martyrs to this cause; but rather than it should have failed, I would have seen half the earth desolated! Were there but an Adam and an Eve left in every country, and left free, it would be better than as it now is."

Gouverneur Morris was then American Minister in France, — a very able gentleman and honorably frank in the avowal of his opinions. Mark this striking sentence, written by him as far back as 1790: "The French Assembly have taken genius instead of reason for their guide, adopted experiment instead of experience, and wander in the dark because they prefer lightning to light." He meant Mirabeau. But, a few weeks after, writing to General Washington, he gave such a list of the ancient abuses which the Revolution had abolished as amount to a compensation to France for all the Revolutionary miseries she has suffered from Mirabeau to Thiers. As the Revolution advanced, though Jefferson, in official instructions, had cautioned him to avoid the utterance of opinions hostile to the Revolution, he gave such offence to the Revolutionary leaders that Lafayette complained of it to the President. But, in 1792, he redeemed himself nobly. Upon the dethronement of the king, when all the diplomatic corps left Paris, the American Minister alone, rightly interpreting his mission, remained. "The position," as he truly wrote to Mr. Jefferson, "is not without danger; but I presume that when the President did me the honor of naming me to this embassy, it was not for my personal pleasure or safety, but to promote the interests of my country." And he remained at his post all through the period of the terror, though the Ministry gave him pretexts enough for abandoning it, and though even the sanctuary of his abode was violated by a committee in search of arms. The fury of the people, he wrote to Mr. Jefferson, was such as to render them capable of all excesses without being accountable for them. The calm courage and utter frankness of this splendid old tory conciliates the modern reader. The French Ministry, however, abhorred him to such a point that they made it a matter of formal complaint to Mr. Jefferson, that this representative of a republic, in a despatch addressed

to the government of a republic (a few days old), had used the familiar expression, "*Les ordres de MA COUR.*"

But the Cabinet question was this: The king being dethroned, who was authorized to give a valid receipt for the money which the United States was paying to France from time to time? Upon this point, the orders of Gouverneur Morris's *court* were necessary; and the real secret of the animosity of the French ministers was, that he would not and could not pay over to them the sums due nominally to the king. The ministers remonstrated in their own way, and sent complaints across the sea. Morris, at his own table and in the hearing of his servants, indulged himself in calling them a set of damned rascals, and in predicting (he was curiously fond of prophesying) that the king would have his own again. Upon the pecuniary question, the opinions of the Cabinet were divided.

Jefferson's opinion: Every people may establish what form of government they please, and change it as often as they please. But the National Assembly of France, to which all power had fallen by necessity upon the removal of the king, had not been elected by the people of France as an executive body. For the moment, therefore, the French government was, at best, incomplete. But a National Convention had been elected in full view of the crisis, and for the express purpose of meeting its requirements. *That* Convention would be, when organized, a legitimate government, qualified to give a valid receipt to the United States.

Hamilton's opinion: He doubted whether the Convention would be a legitimate body. In case the monarchy should be re-established, the king might disallow payments made to it. He was for stopping payment altogether until there was something more stable and regular established in France.

On this occasion, General Knox, Secretary of War, ventured to express an opinion. "For once," says Jefferson,

"Knox dared to differ from Hamilton, and to express very submissively an opinion that a convention named by the whole body of the nation would be competent to do anything." The result was, that the Secretary of State was requested to write to Gouverneur Morris, directing him to suspend payments until further orders. A few days after arrived the despatches in which the French Ministry complained of the too candid Morris and of his insolent contempt of a sister republic in speaking of "*ma cour*." Upon this delicate subject the President conversed with the Secretary of State in a manner which exhibits the situation.

THE PRESIDENT. The extracts from Ternant (French plenipotentiary in Philadelphia) I consider very serious, in short, as decisive. I see that Gouverneur Morris can be no longer continued there consistently with the public good. The moment is critical in our favor (that is, for getting free-trade with the French West Indies and freer trade with France) and ought not to be lost. Yet I am extremely at a loss what arrangement to make.

JEFFERSON. Might not Gouverneur Morris and Pinckney (American Minister in England) change places?

THE PRESIDENT. That would be a sort of remedy, but not a radical one. If the French Ministry conceive Gouverneur Morris to be hostile to them, if they were jealous merely on his proposing to *visit* London, they will never be satisfied with us at placing him in London permanently. You have unfixed the day on which you intended to resign; yet you appear fixed in doing it at no great distance of time. In that case, I cannot but wish that you would go to Paris. The moment is important. You possess the confidence of both sides, and might do great good. I wish you could do it, were it only to stay there a year or two.

JEFFERSON. My mind is so bent on retirement that I cannot think of

launching forth again on a new business. I can never again cross the Atlantic. As to the opportunity of doing good, *this* is likely to be the scene of action, as Genet is bringing powers to do the business here. I cannot think of going abroad.

THE PRESIDENT. You have pressed me to continue in the public service, and refuse to do the same yourself.

JEFFERSON. The case is different. You unite the confidence of all America, and you are the only person who does so. Your services, therefore, are of the last importance. But, for myself, my going out would not be noted or known. A thousand others can supply my place to equal advantage, and, therefore, I feel myself free.

THE PRESIDENT. Consider maturely, then, what arrangement shall be made.

Here the conversation ended. Mr. Jefferson did not remind the President of the vast difference in their pecuniary condition. He did not remark that General Washington was so rich a man that not even the ravages of Virginia overseers could quite ruin him, but that Thomas Jefferson could only continue to serve the public at the imminent risk of financial destruction.

Meanwhile, Genet was coming, — the first minister sent by the Republic of France to the Republic of the United States. The republicans of the United States awaited his arrival with inexpressible ardor, and were prepared to give him one of those "receptions" for which the country has since become noted, — receptions which are so amusing and agreeable to all but the victim. Colonel Hamilton was by no means elated at the prospect of his coming. At a Cabinet meeting a short time before the landing of the expected minister, he had dropped this remark: "When Mr. Genet arrives, whether we shall receive him or not will then be a question for discussion."

James Parton.

THE MADONNA OF THE FUTURE.

WE had been talking about the masters who had achieved but a single masterpiece,—the artists and poets who but once in their lives had known the divine afflatus, and touched the high level of the best. Our host had been showing us a charming little cabinet picture by a painter whose name we had never heard, and who, after this one spasmodic bid for fame, had apparently relapsed into fatal mediocrity. There was some discussion as to the frequency of this phenomenon; during which, I observed, H—— sat silent, finishing his cigar with a meditative air, and looking at the picture, which was being handed round the table. “I don’t know how common a case it is,” he said at last, “but I’ve seen it. I’ve known a poor fellow who painted his one masterpiece, and”—he added with a smile—“he didn’t even paint that. He made his bid for fame, and missed it.” We all knew H—— for a clever man who had seen much of men and manners, and had a great stock of reminiscences. Some one immediately questioned him further, and, while I was engrossed with the raptures of my neighbor over the little picture, he was induced to tell his tale. If I were to doubt whether it would bear repeating, I should only have to remember how that charming woman, our hostess, who had left the table, ventured back in rustling rose-color, to pronounce our lingering a want of gallantry, and, finding us a listening circle, had sunk into her chair in spite of our cigars, and heard the story out so graciously, that when the catastrophe was reached she glanced across at me, and showed me a tender tear in each of her beautiful eyes.

It relates to my youth, and to Italy: two fine things! (H—— began.) I had arrived late in the evening at Florence, and while I finished my bot-

tle of wine at supper, had fancied that, tired traveller though I was, I might pay the city a finer compliment than by going vulgarly to bed. A narrow passage wandered darkly away out of the little square before my hotel, and looked as if it bored into the heart of Florence. I followed it, and at the end of ten minutes emerged upon a great piazza, filled only with the mild autumn moonlight. Opposite rose the Palazzo Vecchio like some huge civic fortress, with the great bell-tower springing from its embattled verge like a mountain-pine from the edge of a cliff. At its base, in its projected shadow, gleamed certain dim sculptures which I wonderingly approached. One of the images, on the left of the palace door, was a magnificent colossus shining through the dusky air like some young god of Defiance. In a moment I recognized him as Michael Angelo’s David. I turned with a certain relief from his sinister strength to a slender figure in bronze, stationed beneath the high, light *loggia*, which opposes the free and elegant span of its arches to the dead masonry of the palace; a figure supremely shapely and graceful; gentle, almost, in spite of his holding out with his light nervous arm the snaky head of the slaughtered Gorgon. His name is Perseus, and you may read his story, not in the Greek mythology, but in the memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini. Glancing from one of these fine fellows to the other, I probably uttered some irrepressible commonplace of praise, for, as if provoked by my voice, a man rose from the steps of the Loggia, where he had been sitting in the shadow, and addressed me in good English,—a small, slim personage, clad in a sort of black velvet tunic (as it seemed), and with a mass of auburn hair, which gleamed in the moonlight escaping from a little mediæval *berretta*. In a tone of the most insinuating deference, he asked

me for my "impressions." He seemed picturesque, fantastic, slightly unreal. Hovering there in this consecrated neighborhood, he might have passed for the genius of æsthetic hospitality, — if the genius of æsthetic hospitality were not commonly some shabby little *custode*, flourishing a calico pocket-handkerchief, and openly resentful of the divided franc. This fantasy was made none the less plausible by the fine tirade with which he greeted my embarrassed silence.

"I've known Florence long, sir, but I've never known her so lovely as to-night. It's as if the ghosts of her past were abroad in the empty streets. The present is sleeping; the past hovers about us like a dream made visible. Fancy the old Florentines strolling up in couples to pass judgment on the last performance of Michael, of Benvenuto! We should come in for a precious lesson if we might overhear what they say. The plainest burgher of them, in his cap and gown, had a taste in the matter! That was the prime of art, sir. The sun stood high in heaven, and his broad and equal blaze made the darkest places bright and the dull-est eyes clear. We live in the evening of time! We grope in the gray dusk, carrying each our poor little taper of selfish and painful wisdom, holding it up to the great models and to the dim ideal, and seeing nothing but overwhelming greatness and dimness. The days of illumination are gone! But do you know I fancy — I fancy," — and he grew suddenly almost familiar in this visionary fervor, — "I fancy the light of that time rests upon us here for an hour! I have never seen the David so grand, the Perseus so fair! Even the inferior productions of John of Bologna and of Baccio Bandinelli seem to realize the artist's dream. I feel as if the moonlit air were charged with the secrets of the masters, and as if, standing here in religious contemplation, we might — we might witness a revelation!" Perceiving at this moment, I suppose, my halting comprehension reflected in my puzzled face,

this interesting rhapsodist paused and blushed. Then with a melancholy smile, "You think me a moonstruck charlatan, I suppose. It's not my habit to hang about the piazza and pounce upon innocent tourists. But to-night, I confess, I'm under the charm. And then, somehow, I fancied you, too, were an artist!"

"I'm not an artist, I'm sorry to say, as you must understand the term. But pray make no apologies. I am also under the charm; your eloquent reflections have only deepened it."

"If you're not an artist, you're worthy to be one!" he rejoined, with a bow. "A young man who arrives at Florence late in the evening, and, instead of going prosaically to bed, or hanging over the travellers' book at his hotel, walks forth without loss of time to pay his *devoirs* to the Beautiful, is a young man after my own heart!"

The mystery was suddenly solved; my friend was an American! He must have been, to take the picturesque so prodigiously to heart. "None the less so, I trust," I answered, "if the young man is a sordid New-Yorker."

"New-Yorkers," he solemnly proclaimed, "have been munificent patrons of art!"

For a moment I was alarmed. Was this midnight reverie mere Yankee enterprise, and was he simply a desperate brother of the brush who had posted himself here to extort an "order" from a sauntering tourist? But I was not called to defend myself. A great brazen note broke suddenly from the far-off summit of the bell-tower above us and sounded the first stroke of midnight. My companion started, apologized for detaining me, and prepared to retire. But he seemed to offer so lively a promise of further entertainment, that I was indisposed to part with him, and suggested that we should stroll homeward together. He cordially assented, so we turned out of the Piazza, passed down before the statued arcade of the Uffizi, and came out upon the Arno. What course we took I hardly remember, but we roamed slowly about for an

hour, my companion delivering by snatches a sort of moon-touched æsthetic lecture. I listened in puzzled fascination, and wondered who the deuce he was. He confessed with a melancholy but all-respectful head-shake to his American origin. "We are the disinherited of Art!" he cried. "We are condemned to be superficial! We are excluded from the magic circle. The soil of American perception is a poor little barren, artificial deposit. Yes! we are wedded to imperfection. An American, to excel, has just ten times as much to learn as a European. We lack the deeper sense. We have neither taste nor tact nor force. How should we have them? Our crude and garish climate, our silent past, our deafening present, the constant pressure about us of unlovely circumstance, are as void of all that nourishes and prompts and inspires the artist, as my sad heart is void of bitterness in saying so! We poor aspirants must live in perpetual exile."

"You seem fairly at home in exile," I answered, "and Florence seems to me a very pretty Siberia. But do you know my own thought? Nothing is so idle as to talk about our want of a nutritive soil, of opportunity, of inspiration, and all the rest of it. The worthy part is to do something fine! There's no law in our glorious Constitution against that. Invent, create, achieve! No matter if you've to study fifty times as much as one of these! What else are you an artist for? Be you our Moses," I added, laughing and laying my hand on his shoulder, "and lead us out of the house of bondage!"

"Golden words, — golden words, young man!" he cried, with a tender smile. "'Invent, create, achieve!'" Yes, that's our business: I know it well. Don't take me, in Heaven's name, for one of your barren complainers, — querulous cynics who have neither talent nor faith. I'm at work!" — and he glanced about him and lowered his voice as if this were a quite peculiar secret, — "I'm at work night and day. I've undertaken a *creation*!

I'm no Moses; I'm only a poor, patient artist; but it would be a fine thing if I were to cause some slender stream of beauty to flow in our thirsty land! Don't think me a monster of conceit," he went on, as he saw me smile at the avidity with which he adopted my fantasy; "I confess that I'm in one of those moods when great things seem possible! This is one of my nervous nights, — I dream waking! When the south-wind blows over Florence at midnight, it seems to coax the soul from all the fair things locked away in her churches and galleries; it comes into my own little studio with the moonlight, and sets my heart beating too deeply for rest. You see I am always adding a thought to my conception! This evening I felt that I could n't sleep unless I had communed with the genius of Michael!"

He seemed deeply versed in local history and tradition, and he expatiated *con amore* on the charms of Florence. I gathered that he was an old resident, and that he had taken the lovely city into his heart. "I owe her everything," he declared. "It's only since I came here that I have really lived, intellectually. One by one, all profane desires, all mere worldly aims, have dropped away from me, and left me nothing but my pencil, my little note-book" (and he tapped his breast-pocket), "and the worship of the pure masters, — those who were pure because they were innocent and those who were pure because they were strong!"

"And have you been very productive all this time?" I asked, with amenity.

He was silent awhile before replying. "Not in the vulgar sense!" he said, at last. "I have chosen never to manifest myself by imperfection. The good in every performance I have reabsorbed into the generative force of new creations; the bad — there's always plenty of that — I have religiously destroyed. I may say, with some satisfaction, that I have not added a mite to the rubbish of the world. As a proof of my conscientiousness," — and

he stopped short, and eyed me with extraordinary candor, as if the proof were to be overwhelming, — "I've never sold a picture! 'At least no merchant traffics in my heart!' Do you remember the line in Browning? My little studio has never been profaned by superficial, feverish, mercenary work. It's a temple of labor, but of leisure! Art is long. If we work for ourselves, of course we must hurry. If we work for her, we must often pause. She can wait!"

This had brought us to my hotel door, somewhat to my relief, I confess, for I had begun to feel unequal to the society of a genius of this heroic strain. I left him, however, not without expressing a friendly hope that we should meet again. The next morning my curiosity had not abated; I was anxious to see him by common daylight. I counted upon meeting him in one of the many æsthetic haunts of Florence, and I was gratified without delay. I found him in the course of the morning in the Tribune of the Uffizi, — that little treasure-chamber of perfect works. He had turned his back on the Venus di Medici, and with his two arms resting on the railing which protects the pictures, and his head buried in his hands, he was lost in the contemplation of that superb triptych of Andrea Mantegna, — a work which has neither the material splendor nor the commanding force of some of its neighbors, but which, glowing there with the loveliness of patient labor, suits possibly a more constant need of the soul. I looked at the picture for some time over his shoulder; at last, with a heavy sigh, he turned away and our eyes met. As he recognized me a deep blush rose to his face; he fancied, perhaps, that he had made a fool of himself overnight. But I offered him my hand with a frankness which assured him I was not a scoffer. I knew him by his ardent *chevelure*; otherwise he was much altered. His midnight mood was over, and he looked as haggard as an actor by daylight. He was far older than I had supposed, and he had less bravery of costume and

gesture. He seemed the quite poor, patient artist he had proclaimed himself, and the fact that he had never sold a picture was more obvious than glorious. His velvet coat was threadbare, and his short slouched hat, of an antique pattern, revealed a rustiness which marked it an "original," and not one of the picturesque reproductions which brethren of his craft affect. His eye was mild and heavy, and his expression singularly gentle and acquiescent; the more so for a certain pallid leanness of visage which I hardly knew whether to refer to the consuming fire of genius or to a meagre diet. A very little talk, however, cleared his brow and brought back his eloquence.

"And this is your first visit to these enchanted halls?" he cried. "Happy, thrice happy youth!" And taking me by the arm, he prepared to lead me to each of the pre-eminent works in turn and show me the cream of the gallery. But before we left the Mantegna, he pressed my arm and gave it a loving look. "*He* was not in a hurry," he murmured. "He knew nothing of 'raw Haste, half-sister to Delay'!" How sound a critic my friend was I am unable to say, but he was an extremely amusing one; overflowing with opinions, theories, and sympathies, with disquisition and gossip and anecdote. He was a shade too sentimental for my own sympathies, and I fancied he was rather too fond of superfine discriminations and of discovering subtle intentions in the shallow felicities of chance. At moments, too, he plunged into the sea of metaphysics and floundered awhile in waters too deep for intellectual security. But his abounding knowledge and happy judgment told a touching story of long attentive hours in this worshipful company; there was a reproach to my wasteful saunterings in so devoted a culture of opportunity. "There are two moods," I remember his saying, "in which we may walk through galleries, the critical and the ideal. They seize us at their pleasure, and we can never tell which is to take its turn. The critical mood, oddly, is

the genial one; the friendly, the condescending. It relishes the pretty trivialities of art, its vulgar clevernesses, its conscious graces. It has a kindly greeting for anything which looks as if, according to his light, the painter had enjoyed doing it, — for the little Dutch cabbages and kettles, for the taper fingers and breezy mantles of late-coming Madonnas, for the little blue-hilled pastoral, sceptical Italian landscapes. Then there are the days of fierce, fastidious longing, — solemn church-feasts of the intellect, — when all vulgar effort and all petty success is a weariness, and everything but the best — the best of the best — disgusts. In these hours we are relentless aristocrats of taste. We'll not take Michael for granted, we'll not swallow Raphael whole!"

The gallery of the Uffizi is not only rich in its possessions, but peculiarly fortunate in that fine architectural accident, as one may call it, which unites it — with the breadth of river and city between them — to those princely chambers of the Pitti Palace. The Louvre and the Vatican hardly give you such a sense of sustained enclosure as those long passages projected over street and stream to establish a sort of inviolate transition between the two palaces of art. We passed along the gallery in which those precious drawings by eminent hands hang chaste and gray above the swirl and murmur of the yellow Arno, and reached the ducal saloons of the Pitti. Ducal as they are, it must be confessed that they are imperfect as show-rooms, and that, with their deep-set windows and their massive mouldings, it is rather a broken light that reaches the pictured walls. But here the masterpieces hang thick, and you seem to see them in a luminous atmosphere of their own. And the great saloons, with their superb dim ceilings, their outer wall in splendid shadow, and the sombre opposite glow of mellow canvas and dusky gilding, make, themselves, almost as fine a picture as the Titians and Raphaels they imperfectly reveal. We lingered briefly before many a Raphael and Titian; but

I saw my friend was impatient, and I suffered him at last to lead me directly to the goal of our journey, — the most tenderly fair of Raphael's Virgins, the Madonna in the Chair. Of all the fine pictures of the world, it seemed to me this is the one with which criticism has least to do. None betrays less effort, less of the mechanism of effect and of the irrepressible discord between conception and result, which shows dimly in so many consummate works. Graceful, human, near to our sympathies as it is, it has nothing of manner, of method, nothing, almost, of style; it blooms there in rounded softness, as instinct with harmony as if it were an immediate exhalation of genius. The figure melts away the spectator's mind into a sort of passionate tenderness which he knows not whether he has given to heavenly purity or to earthly charm. He is intoxicated with the fragrance of the tenderest blossom of maternity that ever bloomed on earth.

"That's what I call a fine picture," said my companion, after we had gazed awhile in silence. "I have a right to say so, for I've copied it so often and so carefully that I could repeat it now with my eyes shut. Other works are of Raphael: this *is* Raphael himself. Others you can praise, you can qualify, you can measure, explain, account for: this you can only love and admire. I don't know in what seeming he walked among men, while this divine mood was upon him; but after it, surely, he could do nothing but die; this world had nothing more to teach him. Think of it awhile, my friend, and you'll admit that I'm not raving. Think of his seeing that spotless image, not for a moment, for a day, in a happy dream, as a restless fever-fit, not as a poet in a five minutes' frenzy, time to snatch his phrase and scribble his immortal stanza, but for days together, while the slow labor of the brush went on, while the foul vapors of life interposed, and the fancy ached with tension, fixed, radiant, distinct, as we see it now! What a master, certainly! But ah, what a seer!"

"Don't you imagine," I answered, "that he had a model, and that some pretty young woman?"

"As pretty a young woman as you please! It does n't diminish the miracle! He took his hint, of course, and the young woman, possibly, sat smiling before his canvas. But, meanwhile, the painter's idea had taken wings. No lovely human outline could charm it to vulgar fact. He saw the fair form made perfect; he rose to the vision without tremor, without effort of wing; he communed with it face to face, and resolved into finer and lovelier truth the purity which completes it as the perfume completes the rose. That's what they call idealism; the word's vastly abused, but the thing is good. It's my own creed, at any rate. Lovely Madonna, model at once and muse, I call you to witness that I too am an idealist!"

"An idealist, then," I said, half-jocosely, wishing to provoke him to further utterance, "is a gentleman who says to Nature in the person of a beautiful girl, 'Go to, you're all wrong! Your fine is coarse, your bright is dim, your grace is *gaucherie*. This is the way you should have done it!' Is n't the chance against him?"

He turned upon me almost angrily, but perceiving the genial flavor of my sarcasm, he smiled gravely. "Look at that picture," he said, "and cease your irreverent mockery! Idealism is *that*! There's no explaining it; one must feel the flame! It says nothing to Nature, or to any beautiful girl, that they'll not both forgive! It says to the fair woman, 'Accept me as your artist-friend, lend me your beautiful face, trust me, help me, and your eyes shall be half my masterpiece!' No one so loves and respects the rich realities of nature as the artist whose imagination caresses and flatters them. He knows what a fact may hold; (whether Raphael knew, you may judge by his portrait behind us there, of Tommaso Inghirami;) but his fancy hovers above it, as Ariel above the sleeping prince. There is only one Raphael, but an artist may still be an artist. As I said last

night, the days of illumination are gone; visions are rare; we have to look long to see them. But in meditation we may still woo the ideal; round it, smooth it, perfect it. The result—the result" (here his voice faltered suddenly, and he fixed his eyes for a moment on the picture; when they met my own again they were full of tears)—"the result may be less than this; but still it may be good, it may be *great*!" he cried with vehemence. "It may hang somewhere, in after years, in goodly company, and keep the artist's memory warm. Think of being known to mankind after some such fashion as this! of hanging here through the slow centuries in the gaze of an altered world, living on and on in the cunning of an eye and hand that are part of the dust of ages, a delight and a law to remote generations; making beauty a force and purity an example!"

"Heaven forbid," I said, smiling, "that I should take the wind out of your sails; but does n't it occur to you that beside being strong in his genius, Raphael was happy in a certain good faith of which we have lost the trick? There are people, I know, who deny that his spotless Madonnas are anything more than pretty blondes of that period, enhanced by the Raphaelesque touch, which they declare is a profane touch. Be that as it may, people's religious and æsthetic needs went hand in hand, and there was, as I may say, a demand for the Blessed Virgin, visible and adorable, which must have given firmness to the artist's hand. I'm afraid there is no demand now."

My companion seemed painfully puzzled; he shivered, as it were, in this chilling blast of scepticism. Then shaking his head with sublime confidence: "There is always a demand!" he cried; "that ineffable type is one of the eternal needs of man's heart; but pious souls long for it in silence, almost in shame; let it appear, and this faith grows brave. How *should* it appear in this corrupt generation? It can't be made to order. It could, in-

deed, when the order came, trumpeted, from the lips of the Church herself, and was addressed to genius panting with inspiration. But it can spring now only from the soil of passionate labor and culture. Do you really fancy that while, from time to time, a man of complete artistic vision is born into the world, that image can perish? The man who paints it has painted everything. The subject admits of every perfection, — form, color, expression, composition. It can be as simple as you please, and yet as rich, as broad and pure, and yet as full of delicate detail. Think of the chance for flesh in the little naked, nestling child, irradiating divinity; of the chance for drapery in the chaste and ample garment of the mother! Think of the great story you compress into that simple theme! Think, above all, of the mother's face and its ineffable suggestiveness, of the mingled burden of joy and trouble, the tenderness turned to worship, and the worship turned to far-seeing pity! Then look at it all in perfect line and lovely color, breathing truth and beauty and mastery!"

"*Anch' io son pittore!*" I cried. "Unless I'm mistaken, you've a masterpiece on the stocks. If you put all that in, you'll do more than Raphael himself did. Let me know when your picture is finished, and wherever in the wide world I may be, I'll post back to Florence and salute — the *Madonna of the future!*"

He blushed vividly and gave a heavy sigh, half of protest, half of resignation. "I don't often mention my picture, in so many words. I detest this modern custom of premature publicity. A great work needs silence, privacy, mystery even. And then, do you know, people are so cruel, so frivolous, so unable to imagine a man's wishing to paint a Madonna at this time of day, that I've been laughed at, — laughed at, sir!" And his blush deepened to crimson. "I don't know what has prompted me to be so frank and trustful with you. You look as if you would n't laugh at me. My dear young man," — and he laid

his hand on my arm, — "I'm worthy of respect. Whatever my talents may be, I'm honest. There's nothing grotesque in a pure ambition, or in a life devoted to it!"

There was something so sternly sincere in his look and tone, that further questions seemed impertinent. I had repeated opportunity to ask them, however; for after this we spent much time together. Daily, for a fortnight, we met by appointment, to see the sights. He knew the city so well, he had strolled and lounged so often through its streets and churches and galleries, he was so deeply versed in its greater and lesser memories, so imbued with the local genius, that he was an altogether ideal *valet de place*, and I was glad enough to leave my Murray at home, and gather facts and opinions alike from his gossiping commentary. He talked of Florence like a lover, and admitted that it was a very old affair; he had lost his heart to her at first sight. "It's the fashion to talk of all cities as feminine," he said, "but, as a rule, it's a monstrous mistake. Is Florence of the same sex as New York, as Chicago? She's the sole true woman of them all; one feels towards her as a lad in his teens feels to some beautiful older woman with a 'history.' It's a sort of aspiring gallantry she creates." This disinterested passion seemed to stand my friend in stead of the common social ties; he led a lonely life, apparently, and cared for nothing but his work. I was duly flattered by his having taken my frivolous self into his favor, and by his generous sacrifice of precious hours, as they must have been, to my society. We spent many of these hours among those early paintings in which Florence is so rich, returning ever and anon with restless sympathies to wonder whether these tender blossoms of art had not a vital fragrance and savor more precious than the full-fruited knowledge of the later works. We lingered often in the sepulchral chapel of San Lorenzo, and watched Michael Angelo's dim-visaged warrior sitting there like some awful

Genius of Doubt and brooding behind his eternal mask upon the mysteries of life. We stood more than once in the little convent chambers where Fra Angelico wrought, as if an angel indeed had held his hand, and gathered that sense of scattered dews and early bird-notes which makes an hour among his relics seem like a morning stroll in some monkish garden. We did all this and much more, wandered into dark chapels, damp courts, and dusty palace-rooms, in quest of lingering hints of fresco and lurking treasures of carving. I was more and more impressed with my companion's prodigious singleness of purpose. Everything was a pretext for some wild æsthetic rhapsody or reverie. Nothing could be seen or said that did n't end sooner or later in a glowing discourse on the true, the beautiful, and the good. If my friend was not a genius, he was certainly a monomaniac; and I found as great a fascination in watching the odd lights and shades of his character as if he had been a creature from another planet. He seemed, indeed, to know very little of this one, and lived and moved altogether in his own little province of art. A creature more unsullied by the world it is impossible to conceive, and I often thought it a flaw in his artistic character that he had n't a harmless vice or two. It amused me vastly at times to think that he was of our shrewd Yankee race; but, after all, there could be no better token of his American origin than this same fantastic fever. The very heat of his devotion was a sign of conversion; those born to European opportunity manage better to reconcile enthusiasm with comfort. He had, moreover, all our native mistrust for intellectual discretion and our native relish for sonorous superlatives. As a critic he was vastly more generous than just, and his mildest terms of approbation were "glorious," "superb," and "magnificent." The small change of admiration seemed to him no coin for a gentleman to handle; and yet, frank as he was intellectually, he was, personally, altogether a mystery. His

professions, somehow, were all half-professions, and his allusions to his work and circumstances left something dimly ambiguous in the background. He was modest and proud, and never spoke of his domestic matters. He was evidently poor; yet he must have had some slender independence, since he could afford to make so merry over the fact that his culture of ideal beauty had never brought him a penny. His poverty, I supposed, was his motive for never inviting me to his lodging nor mentioning its whereabouts. We met either in some public place or at my hotel, where I entertained him as freely as I might without appearing to be moved by charity. He seemed always hungry, which was his nearest approach to a "redeeming vice." I made a point of asking no impertinent questions, but, each time we met, I ventured to make some respectful allusion to the *magnum opus*, to inquire, as it were, as to its health and progress. "We're getting on, with the Lord's help," he would say with a grave smile. "We're doing well. You see I have the grand advantage that I lose no time. These hours I spend with you are pure profit. They're *suggestive*!" Just as the truly religious soul is always at worship, the genuine artist is always in labor. He takes his property wherever he finds it, and learns some precious secret from every object that stands up in the light. If you but knew the rapture of observation! I gather with every glance some hint for light, for color or relief! When I get home, I pour out my treasures into the lap of my Madonna. O, I'm not idle! *Nulla dies sine linea*."

I was introduced in Florence to an American lady whose drawing-room had long formed an attractive place of reunion for the foreign residents. She lived on the fourth floor, and she was not rich; but she offered her visitors very good tea, little cakes at option, and conversation not quite to match. Her conversation had mainly an æsthetic flavor, for Mrs. Coventry was famously "artistic." Her apartment was a sort of Pitti Palace *au petit pied*.

She possessed "early masters" by the dozen,—a cluster of Peruginos in her dining-room, a Giotto in her boudoir, an Andrea del Sarto over her parlor chimney-piece. Backed by these treasures, and by innumerable bronzes, mosaics, majolica dishes, and little worm-eaten diptychs showing angular saints on gilded panels, our hostess enjoyed the dignity of a sort of high-priestess of the arts. She always wore on her bosom a huge miniature copy of the Madonna della Seggiola. Gaining her ear quietly one evening, I asked her whether she knew that remarkable man, Mr. Theobald.

"Know him!" she exclaimed; "know poor Theobald! All Florence knows him, his flame-colored locks, his black velvet coat, his interminable harangues on the beautiful, and his wondrous Madonna that mortal eye has never seen, and that mortal patience has quite given up expecting."

"Really," I cried, "you don't believe in his Madonna?"

"My dear ingenuous youth," rejoined my shrewd friend, "has he made a convert of you? Well, we all believed in him once; he came down upon Florence and took us by storm. Another Raphael, at the very least, had been born among men, and poor, dear America was to have the credit of him. Had n't he the very hair of Raphael flowing down on his shoulders? The hair, alas, but not the head! We swallowed him whole, however; we hung upon his lips and proclaimed his genius on the house-tops. The women were all dying to sit to him for their portraits and be made immortal, like Leonardo's Joconde. We decided that his manner was a good deal like Leonardo's,—mysterious and inscrutable and fascinating. Mysterious it certainly was; mystery was the beginning and the end of it. The months passed by, and the miracle hung fire; our master never produced his masterpiece. He passed hours in the galleries and churches, posturing, musing, and gazing; he talked more than ever about the beautiful, but he never put

brush to canvas. We had all subscribed, as it were, to the great performance; but as it never came off, people began to ask for their money again. I was one of the last of the faithful; I carried devotion so far as to sit to him for my head. If you could have seen the horrible creature he made of me, you would admit that even a woman with no more vanity than will tie her bonnet straight must have cooled off then. The man did n't know the very alphabet of drawing! His strong point, he intimated, was his sentiment; but is it a consolation, when one has been painted a fright, to know it has been done with peculiar gusto? One by one, I confess, we fell away from the faith, and Mr. Theobald did n't lift his little finger to preserve us. At the first hint that we were tired of waiting and that we should like the show to begin, he was off in a huff. 'Great work requires time, contemplation, privacy, mystery! O ye of little faith!' We answered that we did n't insist on a great work; that the fine-art tragedy might come at his convenience; that we merely asked for something to keep us from yawning, some inexpensive little *lever de rideau*. Hereupon the poor man took his stand as a genius misconceived and persecuted, an *âme méconnue*, and washed his hands of us from that hour! No, I believe he does me the honor to consider me the head and front of the conspiracy formed to nip his glory in the bud,—a bud that has taken twenty years to blossom. Ask him if he knows me, and he'd tell you I'm a horribly ugly old woman who has vowed his destruction because he would n't paint her portrait as a *pendant* to Titian's Flora. I fancy that since then he has had none but chance followers, innocent strangers like yourself, who have taken him at his word. The mountain's still in labor; I've not heard that the mouse has been born. I pass him once in a while in the galleries, and he fixes his great dark eyes on me with a sublimity of indifference, as if I were a bad copy of a Sassoferrato. It is a long time ago now that I heard

that he was making studies for a Madonna who was to be a *résumé* of all the other Madonnas of the Italian school, like that antique Venus who borrowed a nose from one great image and an ankle from another. It's certainly a masterly idea. The parts may be fine, but when I think of my unhappy portrait I tremble for the whole. He has communicated this fine idea under the pledge of solemn secrecy to fifty chosen spirits, to every one he has ever been able to button-hole for five minutes. I suppose he wants to get an order for it, and he's not to blame; for heaven knows how he lives. I see by your blush," my hostess frankly continued, "that you have been honored with his confidence. You need n't be ashamed, my dear young man; a man of your age is none the worse for a certain generous credulity, only allow me to give you a word of advice: keep your credulity out of your pockets. Don't pay for the picture till it's delivered. You've not been treated to a peep at it, I imagine. No more have your fifty predecessors in the faith. There are people who doubt whether there is any picture to be seen. I fancy, myself, that if one were to get into his studio, one would find something very like the picture in that tale of Balzac's, — a mere mass of incoherent scratches and daubs, a jumble of dead paint!"

I listened to this pungent recital in silent wonder. It had a painfully plausible sound, and was not inconsistent with certain shy suspicions of my own. My hostess was a clever woman, and presumably a generous one. I determined to let my judgment wait upon events. Possibly she was right; but if she was wrong, she was cruelly wrong! Her version of my friend's eccentricities made me impatient to see him again and examine him in the light of public opinion. On our next meeting, I immediately asked him if he knew Mrs. Coventry. He laid his hand on my arm and gave me a sad smile. "Has she taxed *your* gallantry at last?" he asked. "She's a foolish woman. She's frivolous and heartless,

and she pretends to be serious and kind. She prattles about Giotto's second manner and Vittoria Colonna's *liaison* with 'Michael,' — one would think that Michael lived across the way and was expected in to take a hand at whist, — but she knows as little about art, and about the conditions of production, as I know about Buddhism. She profanes sacred words," he added more vehemently, after a pause. "She cares for you only as some one to hand tea-cups in that horrible mendacious little parlor of hers, with its trumpery Peruginos! If you can't dash off a new picture every three days, to show to her guests, she tells them in plain English you're an impostor!"

This attempt of mine to test Mrs. Coventry's accuracy was made in the course of a late afternoon walk to the quiet old church of San Miniato, on one of the hill-tops which directly overlook the city, from whose gate you are guided to it by a stony and cypress-bordered walk, which seems a most fitting avenue to a shrine. No spot is more propitious to lingering repose than the broad terrace in front of the church, where, lounging against the parapet, you may glance in slow alternation from the black and yellow marbles of the church façade, seamed and cracked with time and wind-sown with a tender flora of its own, down to the full domes and slender towers of Florence and over to the blue sweep of the wide-mouthed cup of mountains into whose hollow the little treasure-city has been dropped. I had proposed, as a diversion from the painful memories evoked by Mrs. Coventry's name, that Theobald should go with me the next evening to the opera, where some rarely played work was to be given. He declined, as I had half expected, for I had observed that he regularly kept his evenings in reserve, and never alluded to his manner of passing them. "You have reminded me before," I said, smiling, "of that charming speech of the Florentine painter in Alfred de Musset's *Lorenzaccio*: '*I do no harm to any one. I pass my days*

in my studio. On Sunday, I go to the Annunziata or to Santa Maria; the monks think I have a voice; they dress me in a white gown and a red cap, and I take a share in the choruses, sometimes I do a little solo: these are the only times I go into public. In the evening, I visit my sweetheart; when the night is fine, we pass it on her balcony. I don't know whether you have a sweetheart, or whether she has a balcony. But if you're so happy, it's certainly better than trying to find a charm in a third-rate *prima donna*."

He made no immediate response, but at last he turned to me solemnly. "Can you look upon a beautiful woman with reverent eyes?"

"Really," I said, "I don't pretend to be sheepish, but I should be sorry to think I was impudent." And I asked him what in the world he meant. When at last I had assured him that I could undertake to temper admiration with respect, he informed me, with an air of religious mystery, that it was in his power to introduce me to the most beautiful woman in Italy. "A beauty with a soul!"

"Upon my word," I cried, "you're extremely fortunate. And I shall rejoice to witness the conjunction."

"This woman's beauty," he answered, "is a lesson, a morality, a poem! It's my daily study."

Of course, after this, I lost no time in reminding him of what, before we parted, had taken the shape of a promise. "I feel somehow," he had said, "as if it were a sort of violation of that privacy in which I have always contemplated her beauty. This is friendship, my friend. No hint of her existence has ever fallen from my lips. But with too great a familiarity, we are apt to lose a sense of the real value of things, and you perhaps will throw some new light upon it and offer a fresher interpretation." We went accordingly by appointment to a certain ancient house in the heart of Florence,—the precinct of the Mercato Vecchio,—and climbed a dark, steep staircase to the very summit of the edifice. Theobald's

beauty seemed as jealously exalted above the line of common vision as the Belle aux Cheveux d'Or in her tower-top. He passed without knocking into the dark vestibule of a small apartment and, flinging open an inner door, ushered me into a small saloon. The room seemed mean and sombre, though I caught a glimpse of white curtains swaying gently at an open window. At a table, near a lamp, sat a woman dressed in black, working at a piece of embroidery. As Theobald entered, she looked up calmly, with a smile; but seeing me, she made a movement of surprise, and rose with a kind of stately grace. Theobald stepped forward, took her hand and kissed it, with an indescribable air of immemorial usage. As he bent his head, she looked at me askance, and I thought she blushed.

"*Ecco la Serafina!*" said Theobald, frankly, waving me forward. "This is a friend, and a lover of the arts," he added, introducing me. I received a smile, a courtesy, and a request to be seated.

The most beautiful woman in Italy was a person of a generous Italian type and of great simplicity of demeanor. Seated again at her lamp with her embroidery, she seemed to have nothing whatever to say. Theobald, bending towards her in a sort of Platonic ecstasy, asked her a dozen paternally tender questions as to her health, her state of mind, her occupations, and the progress of her embroidery, which he examined minutely and summoned me to admire. It was some portion of an ecclesiastical vestment,—yellow satin wrought with an elaborate design of silver and gold. She made answer in a full, rich voice, but with a brevity which I hesitated whether to attribute to native reserve or to the profane constraint of my presence. She had been that morning to confession; she had also been to market, and had bought a chicken for dinner. She felt very happy; she had nothing to complain of, except that the people for whom she was making her vestment, and who furnished her materials, should be willing to put such rot-

ten silver thread into the garment, as one might say, of the Lord. From time to time, as she took her slow stitches, she raised her eyes and covered me with a glance which seemed at first to denote a placid curiosity, but in which, as I saw it repeated, I thought I perceived the dim glimmer of an attempt to establish an understanding with me at the expense of our companion. Meanwhile, as mindful as possible of Theobald's injunction of reverence, I considered the lady's personal claims to the fine compliment he had paid her.

That she was indeed a beautiful woman I perceived, after recovering from the surprise of finding her without the freshness of youth. Her beauty was of a sort which, in losing youth, loses little of its essential charm, expressed for the most part as it was in form and structure, and, as Theobald would have said, in "composition." She was broad and ample, low-browed and large-eyed, dark and pale. Her thick brown hair hung low beside her cheek and ear, and seemed to drape her head with a covering as chaste and formal as the veil of a nun. The poise and carriage of her head was admirably free and noble, and the more effective that their freedom was at moments discreetly corrected by a little sanctimonious droop, which harmonized admirably with the level gaze of her dark and quiet eye. A strong, serene physical nature and the placid temper which comes of no nerves and no troubles seemed this lady's comfortable portion. She was dressed in plain dull black, save for a sort of dark blue kerchief which was folded across her bosom and exposed a glimpse of her massive throat. Over this kerchief was suspended a little silver cross. I admired her greatly, and yet with a large reserve. A certain mild intellectual apathy belonged properly to her type of beauty, and had always seemed to round and enrich it; but this *bourgeoise* Egeria, if I viewed her right, betrayed a rather vulgar stagnation of mind. There might have been once a dim, spiritual light in her face; but it had long since begun to

wane. And furthermore, in plain prose, she was growing stout. My disappointment amounted very nearly to complete disenchantment when Theobald, as if to facilitate my covert inspection, declaring that the lamp was very dim and that she would ruin her eyes without more light, rose and fetched a couple of candles from the mantel-piece, which he placed, lighted, on the table. In this brighter illumination I perceived that our hostess was decidedly an elderly woman. She was neither haggard nor worn nor gray: she was simply coarse. The "soul" which Theobald had promised seemed scarcely worth making such a point of; it was no deeper mystery than a sort of matronly mildness of lip and brow. I would have been ready even to declare that that sanctified bend of the head was nothing more than the trick of a person constantly working at embroidery. It occurred to me even that it was a trick of a less innocent sort; for, in spite of the mellow quietude of her wits, this stately needlewoman dropped a hint that she took the situation rather less *au sérieux* than her friend. When he rose to light the candles, she looked across at me with a quick, intelligent smile and tapped her forehead with her forefinger; then, as, from a sudden feeling of compassionate loyalty to poor Theobald, I preserved a blank face, she gave a little shrug and resumed her work.

What was the relation of this singular couple? Was he the most ardent of friends or the most respectful of lovers? Did she regard him as an eccentric youth whose benevolent admiration of her beauty she was not ill-pleased to humor at this small cost of having him climb into her little parlor and gossip of summer nights? With her decent and sombre dress, her simple gravity, and that fine piece of priestly needlework, she looked like some pious lay-member of a sisterhood, living by special permission outside her convent walls. Or was she maintained here aloft by her friend in comfortable leisure, so that he might have before him

the perfect, eternal type, uncorrupted and untarnished by the struggle for existence? Her shapely hands, I observed, were very fair and white; they lacked the traces of what is called "honest toil."

"And the pictures, how do they come on?" she asked of Theobald, after a long pause.

"Finely, finely! I have here a friend whose sympathy and encouragement give me new faith and ardor."

Our hostess turned to me, gazed at me a moment rather inscrutably, and then tapping her forehead with the gesture she had used a minute before, "He has a magnificent genius!" she said, with perfect gravity.

"I'm inclined to think so," I answered, with a smile.

"Eh, why do you smile?" she cried. "If you doubt it, you must see the *bambino*!" And she took the lamp and conducted me to the other side of the room, where on the wall, in a plain black frame, hung a large drawing in red chalk. Beneath it was festooned a little bowl for holy-water. The drawing represented a very young child, entirely naked, half nestling back against his mother's gown, but with his two little arms outstretched, as if in the act of benediction. It was executed with singular freedom and power, and yet seemed vivid with the sacred bloom of infancy. A sort of dimpled elegance and grace, in the midst of its boldness, recalled the touch of Correggio. "That's what he can do!" said my hostess. "It's the blessed little boy whom I lost. It's his very image, and the Signor Teobaldo gave it me as a gift. He has given me many things beside!"

I looked at the picture for some time and admired it vastly. Turning back to Theobald, I assured him that if it were hung among the drawings in the Uffizi and labelled with a glorious name, it would hold its own. My praise seemed to give him extreme pleasure; he pressed my hands, and his eyes filled with tears. It moved him appar-

ently with the desire to expatiate on the history of the drawing, for he rose and made his adieux to our companion, kissing her hand with the same mild ardor as before. It occurred to me that the offer of a similar piece of galantry on my own part might help me to know what manner of woman she was. When she perceived my intention, she withdrew her hand, dropped her eyes solemnly, and made me a severe courtesy. Theobald took my arm and led me rapidly into the street.

"And what do you think of the divine Serafina?" he cried with fervor.

"It's certainly good solid beauty!"

He eyed me an instant askance, and then seemed hurried along by the current of remembrance. "You should have seen the mother and the child together, seen them as I first saw them, — the mother with her head draped in a shawl, a divine trouble in her face, and the bambino pressed to her bosom. You would have said, I think, that Raphael had found his match in common chance. I was coming in, one summer night, from a long walk in the country, when I met this apparition at the city gate. The woman held out her hand. I hardly knew whether to say, 'What do you want?' or to fall down and worship. She asked for a little money. I saw that she was beautiful and pale. She might have stepped out of the stable of Bethlehem! I gave her money and helped her on her way into the town. I had guessed her story. She, too, was a maiden mother, and she had been turned out into the world in her shame. I felt in all my pulses that here was my subject marvellously realized. I felt like one of the old convent artists who had had a vision. I rescued them, cherished them, watched them as I would have done some precious work of art, some lovely fragment of fresco discovered in a mouldering cloister. In a month, — as if to deepen and consecrate the pathos of it all, — the poor little child died. When she felt that he was going, she held him up to me for ten minutes, and I made that sketch.

You saw a feverish haste in it, I suppose; I wanted to spare the poor little mortal the pain of his position. After that, I doubly valued the mother. She is the simplest, sweetest, most natural creature that ever bloomed in this brave old land of Italy. She lives in the memory of her child, in her gratitude for the scanty kindness I have been able to show her, and in her simple religion! She's not even conscious of her beauty; my admiration has never made her vain. Heaven knows I've made no secret of it. You must have observed the singular transparency of her expression, the lovely modesty of her glance. And was there ever such a truly virginal brow, such a natural classic elegance in the wave of the hair and the arch of the forehead? I've studied her; I may say I know her. I've absorbed her little by little; my mind is stamped and imbued, and I have determined now to clinch the impression; I shall at last invite her to sit for me!"

"At last, — at last?" I repeated, in much amazement. "Do you mean that she has never done so yet?"

"I've not really had — a — a sitting," said Theobald, speaking very slowly. "I've taken notes, you know; I've got my grand fundamental impression. That's the great thing! But I've not actually had her as a model, posed and draped and lighted, before my easel."

What had become for the moment of my perception and my tact I am at a loss to say; in their absence, I was unable to repress a piece of *brusquerie* which I was destined to regret. We had stopped at a turning, beneath a lamp. "My poor friend," I exclaimed, laying my hand on his shoulder, "you've dawdled! She's an old, old woman — for a Madonna!"

It was as if I had brutally struck him; I shall never forget the long, slow, almost ghastly look of pain with which he answered me. "Dawdled — old, old!" he stammered. "Are you joking?"

"Why, my dear fellow, I suppose

you don't take the woman for twenty?"

He drew a long breath and leaned against a house, looking at me with questioning, protesting, reproachful eyes. At last, starting forward, and grasping my arm: "Answer me solemnly: does she seem to you truly old? Is she wrinkled, is she faded, am I blind?"

Then at last I understood the immensity of his illusion; how, one by one, the noiseless years had ebbed away, and left him brooding in charmed inaction, forever preparing for a work forever deferred. It seemed to me almost a kindness now to tell him the plain truth. "I should be sorry to say you're blind," I answered, "but I think you're deceived. You've lost time in effortless contemplation. Your friend was once young and fresh and virginal; but, I protest, that was some years ago. Still, she has *beaux restes*. By all means make her sit for you!" I broke down; his face was too horribly reproachful.

He took off his hat and stood passing his handkerchief mechanically over his forehead. "*De beaux restes*? I thank you for sparing me the plain English. I must make up my Madonna out of *beaux restes*! What a masterpiece she'll be! Old — old! Old — old!" he murmured.

"Never mind her age," I cried, revolted at what I had done, "never mind my impression of her! You have your memory, your notes, your genius. Finish your picture in a month. I proclaim it beforehand a masterpiece, and I hereby offer you for it any sum you may choose to ask."

He stared, but he seemed scarcely to understand me. "Old — old!" he kept stupidly repeating. "If she is old, what am I? If her beauty has faded, where — where is my strength? Has life been a dream? Have I worshipped too long, — have I loved too well?" The charm, in truth, was broken. That the chord of illusion should have snapped at my light, accidental touch showed how it had been

weakened by excessive tension. The poor fellow's sense of wasted time, of vanished opportunity, seemed to roll in upon his soul in waves of darkness. He suddenly dropped his head and burst into tears.

I led him homeward with all possible tenderness, but I attempted neither to check his grief, to restore his equanimity, nor to unsay the hard truth. When we reached my hotel I tried to induce him to come in. "We'll drink a glass of wine," I said, smiling, "to the completion of the Madonna!"

With a violent effort he held up his head, mused for a moment with a formidably sombre frown, and then giving me his hand, "I'll finish it," he cried, "in a month! No, in a fortnight! After all, I have it *here*!" and he tapped his forehead. "Of course she's old! She can afford to have it said of her, — a woman who has made twenty years pass like a twelvemonth! Old — old! Why, sir, she shall be eternal!"

I wished to see him safely to his own door, but he waved me back and walked away with an air of resolution, whistling, and swinging his cane. I waited a moment, and then followed him at a distance and saw him proceed to cross the Santa Trinità Bridge. When he reached the middle, he suddenly paused, as if his strength had deserted him, and leaned upon the parapet gazing over into the river. I was careful to keep him in sight; I confess that I passed ten very nervous minutes. He recovered himself at last, and went his way, slowly and with hanging head.

That I should really have startled poor Theobald into a bolder use of his long-garnered stores of knowledge and taste, into the vulgar effort and hazard of production, seemed at first reason enough for his continued silence and absence; but as day followed day without his either calling or sending me a line, and without my meeting him in his customary haunts, in the galleries, in the chapel at San Lorenzo, or strolling between the Arno-side

and the great hedge-screen of verdure which, along the drive of the Cascine, throws the fair occupants of barouche and phaeton into such becoming relief, — as for more than a week I got neither tidings nor sight of him, I began to fear that I had fatally offended him, and that, instead of giving a wholesome impetus to his talent, I had brutally paralyzed it. I had a wretched suspicion that I had made him ill. My stay at Florence was drawing to a close, and it was important that, before resuming my journey, I should assure myself of the truth. Theobald to the last had kept his lodging a mystery, and I was altogether at a loss where to look for him. The simplest course was to make inquiry of the beauty of the Mercato Vecchio, and I confess that unsatisfied curiosity as to the lady herself counselled it as well. Perhaps I had done her injustice, and she was as immortally fresh and fair as he conceived her. I was, at any rate, anxious to behold once more the ripe enchantress who had made twenty years pass for a twelvemonth. I repaired accordingly, one morning, to her abode, climbed the interminable staircase, and reached her door. It stood ajar, and as I hesitated whether to enter, a little serving-maid came clattering out with an empty kettle, as if she had just performed some savory errand. The inner door, too, was open; so I crossed the little vestibule and entered the room in which I had formerly been received. It had not its evening aspect. The table, or one end of it, was spread for a late breakfast, and before it sat a gentleman, — an individual, at least, of the male sex, — dealing justice upon a beefsteak and onions and a bottle of wine. At his elbow, in friendly proximity, was placed the lady of the house. Her attitude, as I entered, was not that of an enchantress. With one hand she held in her lap a plate of smoking macaroni; with the other she had lifted high in air one of the pendulous filaments of this succulent compound, and was in the act of slipping it gently down her

throat. On the uncovered end of the table, facing her companion, were ranged half a dozen small statuettes, of some snuff-colored substance resembling terra-cotta. He, brandishing his knife with ardor, was apparently descanting on their merits.

Evidently, I darkened the door. My hostess dropped her macaroni — into her mouth, and rose hastily with a harsh exclamation and a flushed face. I immediately perceived that the Signora Serafina's secret was even better worth knowing than I had supposed, and that the way to learn it was to take it for granted. I summoned my best Italian, I smiled and bowed and apologized for my intrusion; and in a moment, whether or no I had dispelled the lady's irritation, I had, at least, recalled her prudence. I was welcome, she said; I must take a seat; this was another friend of hers, also an artist, she declared with a smile which was almost amiable. Her companion wiped his mustache and bowed with great civility. I saw at a glance that he was equal to the situation. He was presumably the author of the statuettes on the table, and he knew a money-spending *forestiere* when he saw one. He was a small, wiry man, with a clever, impudent, *retroussé* nose, a sharp little black eye, and waxed ends to his mustache. On the side of his head he wore jauntily a little crimson velvet smoking-cap, and I observed that his feet were encased in brilliant slippers. On Serafina's remarking with dignity that I was the friend of Mr. Theobald, he broke out into that fantastic French in which Italians so freely indulge, and declared with fervor that Mr. Theobald was a magnificent genius.

"I'm sure I don't know," I answered with a shrug. "If you're in a position to affirm it, you have the advantage of me. I've seen nothing from his hand but the bambino yonder, which certainly is fine."

He declared that the bambino was a masterpiece, a pure Correggio. It was only a pity, he added with a knowing

smile, that the sketch had not been made on some good bit of genuine old panel. The Signora Serafina hereupon protested that Mr. Theobald was the soul of honor, and that he would never lend himself to a deceit. "I'm not a judge of genius," she said, "and I know nothing of pictures. I'm but a poor simple widow; but I know that the Signor Teobaldo has the heart of an angel and the virtue of a saint. He's my benefactor," she added sententiously. The after-glow of the somewhat sinister flush with which she had greeted me still lingered in her cheek, and perhaps did not favor her beauty; I could not but fancy it a wise custom of Theobald's to visit her only by candlelight. She was coarse, and her poor adorer was a poet.

"I have the greatest esteem for him," I said; "it is for this reason that I have been uneasy at not seeing him for ten days. Have you seen him? Is he perhaps ill?"

"Ill! Heaven forbid!" cried Serafina, with genuine vehemence.

Her companion uttered a rapid expletive, and reproached her with not having been to see him. She hesitated a moment; then she simpered the least bit and bridled. "He comes to see me — without reproach! But it would not be the same for me to go to him, though, indeed, you may almost call him a man of holy life."

"He has the greatest admiration for you," I said. "He would have been honored by your visit."

She looked at me a moment sharply. "More admiration than you. Admit that!" Of course I protested with all the eloquence at my command, and the Signora Serafina then confessed that she had taken no fancy to me on my former visit, and that, Theobald not having returned, she believed I had poisoned his mind against her. "It would be no kindness to the poor gentleman, I can tell you that," she said. "He has come to see me every evening for years. It's a long friendship! No one knows him as well as I."

"I don't pretend to know him, or to understand him," I said. "He's a mystery! Nevertheless he seems to me a little—" And I touched my forehead and waved my hand in the air.

Serafina glanced at her companion a moment, as if for inspiration. He contented himself with shrugging his shoulders, as he filled his glass again. The Signora hereupon gave me a more softly insinuating smile than would have seemed likely to bloom on so candid a brow. "It's for that that I love him!" she said. "The world has so little kindness for such persons. It laughs at them, and despises them, and cheats them. He is too good for this wicked life! It's his fancy that he finds a little Paradise up here in my poor apartment. If he thinks so, how can I help it? He has a strange belief—really, I ought to be ashamed to tell you—that I resemble the Blessed Virgin: Heaven forgive me! I let him think what he pleases, so long as it makes him happy. He was very kind to me once, and I am not one that forgets a favor. So I receive him every evening civilly, and ask after his health, and let him look at me on this side and that! For that matter, I may say it without vanity, I was worth looking at once! And he's not always amusing, poor man! He sits sometimes for an hour without speaking a word, or else he talks away without stopping on art and nature, and beauty and duty, and fifty fine things that are all so much Latin to me. I beg you to understand that he has never said a word to me that I might n't decently listen to. He may be a little cracked, but he's one of the saints."

"Eh!" cried the man, "the saints were all a little cracked!"

Serafina, I fancied, left part of her story untold; but she told enough of it to make poor Theobald's own statement seem intensely pathetic in its exalted simplicity. "It's a strange fortune, certainly," she went on, "to have such a friend as this dear man,—a friend

who's less than a lover and more than a friend." I glanced at her companion, who preserved an impenetrable smile, twisted the end of his mustache, and disposed of a copious mouthful. Was *he* less than a lover? "But what will you have?" Serafina pursued. "In this hard world one must n't ask too many questions; one must take what comes and keep what one gets. I've kept my good friend for twenty years, and I do hope that, at this time of day, Signore, you've not come to turn him against me!"

I assured her that I had no such design, and that I should vastly regret disturbing Mr. Theobald's habits or convictions. On the contrary, I was alarmed about him, and I should immediately go in search of him. She gave me his address and a florid account of her sufferings at his non-appearance. She had not been to him, for various reasons; chiefly because she was afraid of displeasing him, as he had always made such a mystery of his home. "You might have sent this gentleman!" I ventured to suggest.

"Ah," cried the gentleman, "he admires the Signora Serafina, but he would n't admire me." And then, confidentially, with his finger on his nose, "He's a purist!"

I was about to withdraw, on the promise that I would inform the Signora Serafina of my friend's condition, when her companion, who had risen from table and girded his loins apparently for the onset, grasped me gently by the arm, and led me before the row of statuettes. "I perceive by your conversation, signore, that you are a patron of the arts. Allow me to request your honorable attention for these modest products of my own ingenuity. They are bran-new, fresh from my *atelier*, and have never been exhibited in public. I have brought them here to receive the verdict of the Signora Serafina, who is a good critic, for all she may pretend to the contrary. I am the inventor of this peculiar style of statuette,—of subject, manner, material, everything. Touch them, I pray

you ; handle them ; you need n't fear. Delicate as they look, it is impossible they should break ! My various creations have met with great success. They are especially admired by Americans. I have sent them all over Europe, — to London, Paris, Vienna ! You may have observed some little specimens in Paris, on the Boulevard, in a shop of which they constitute the specialty. There is always a crowd about the window. They form a very pleasing ornament for the mantel-shelf of a *jeune homme élégant*, for the boudoir of a *jolie femme*. You could n't make a prettier present to a person with whom you wished to exchange a harmless joke. It is not classic art, signore, of course ; but, between ourselves, is n't classic art sometimes rather a bore ? Caricature, burlesque, *la charge*, as the French say, has hitherto been confined to paper, to the pen and pencil. Now, it has been my inspiration to introduce it into statuary. For this purpose I have invented a peculiar plastic compound which you will permit me not to divulge. That's my secret, signore ! It's as light, you perceive, as cork, and yet as firm as alabaster ! I frankly confess that I really pride myself as much on this little stroke of chemical ingenuity as upon the other element of novelty in my creations, — my types. What do you say to my types, signore ? The idea is bold ; does it strike you as happy ? Cats and monkeys, — monkeys and cats, — all human life is there ! Human life, of course, I mean, viewed with the eye of the satirist ! To combine sculpture and satire, signore, has been my unprecedented ambition. I flatter myself that I have not egregiously failed."

As this jaunty Juvenal of the chimney-piece delivered himself of his seductive allocution, he took up his little groups successively from the table, held them aloft, turned them about, rapped them with his knuckles, and gazed at them lovingly with his head on one side. They consisted each of a cat and a monkey, fantastically draped, in some preposterously sentimental con-

junction. They exhibited a certain sameness of motive, and illustrated chiefly the different phases of what, in delicate terms, may be called gallantry and coquetry ; but they were strikingly clever and expressive, and were at once very perfect cats and monkeys and very natural men and women. I confess, however, that they failed to amuse me. I was doubtless not in a mood to enjoy them, for they seemed to me peculiarly cynical and vulgar. Their imitative felicity was revolting. As I looked askance at the complacent little artist, brandishing them between finger and thumb, and caressing them with an amorous eye, he seemed to me himself little more than an exceptionally intelligent ape. I mustered an admiring grin, however, and he blew another blast. "My figures are studied from life ! I have a little menagerie of monkeys whose frolics, I contemplate by the hour. As for the cats, one has only to look out of one's back window ! Since I have begun to examine these expressive little brutes, I have made many profound observations. Speaking, signore, to a man of imagination, I may say that my little designs are not without a philosophy of their own. Truly, I don't know whether the cats and monkeys imitate us, or whether it's we who imitate them." I congratulated him on his philosophy, and he resumed : "You will do me the honor to admit that I have handled my subjects with delicacy. Eh, it was needed, signore ! I have been free, but not licentious. Just a hint, you know ! You may see as much or as little as you please. These little groups, however, are no measure of my invention. If you will favor me with a call at my studio, I think that you will admit that my combinations are really infinite. I likewise execute figures to command. You have perhaps some little motive, — the fruit of your own philosophy of life, signore, — which you would like to have interpreted. I can promise to work it up to your satisfaction ; it shall be as malicious as you please. Allow me to present you with my card, and to re-

mind you that my prices are moderate. Only sixty francs for a little group like that. My statuettes are as durable as bronze,—*are perennius*, signore,—and, between ourselves, I think they are more amusing.”

As I pocketed his card, I glanced at the worthy Serafina, wondering whether she had an eye for contrasts. She had picked up one of the little couples and was tenderly dusting it with a feather broom.

What I had just seen and heard had so deepened my compassionate interest in my deluded friend, that I took a summary leave, and made my way directly to the house designated by the Signora Serafina. It was in an obscure corner of the opposite side of the town, and presented a sombre and squalid appearance. An old woman in the doorway, on my inquiring for Theobald, ushered me in with a mumbled blessing and an expression of relief that the poor gentleman had a friend. His lodging seemed to consist of a single room at the top of the house. On getting no answer to my knock, I opened the door, supposing that he was absent; so that it gave me a certain shock to find him sitting there helpless and dumb. He was seated near the single window, facing an easel which supported a large canvas. On my entering, he looked up at me blankly, without changing his position, which was that of absolute lassitude and dejection, his arms loosely folded, his legs stretched before him, his head hanging on his breast. Advancing into the room, I perceived that his face vividly corresponded with his attitude. He was pale, haggard, and unshaven, and his dull and sunken eye gazed at me without a spark of recognition. I had been afraid that he would greet me with fierce reproaches, as the cruelly officious friend who had turned his peace to bitterness, and I was relieved to find that my appearance awakened no visible resentment. “Don’t you know me?” I asked, as I put out my hand. “Have you already forgotten me?”

He made no response, kept his position stupidly, and left me staring about the room. It spoke most plaintively for itself. Shabby, sordid, naked, it contained, beyond the wretched bed, but the scantiest provision for personal comfort. It was bedroom at once and studio,—a grim ghost of a studio. A few dusty casts and prints on the walls, three or four old canvases turned face inward, and a rusty-looking color-box formed, with the easel at the window, the sum of its appurtenances. The place savored horribly of poverty. Its only wealth was the picture on the easel, presumably the famous Madonna. Averted as this was from the door, I was unable to see its face; but at last, sickened by the vacant misery of the spot, I passed behind Theobald, eagerly and tenderly, and yet I can hardly say that I was surprised at what I found,—a canvas that was a mere dead blank, cracked and discolored by time. This was his immortal work! But though not surprised, I confess I was powerfully moved, and I think that for five minutes I could not have trusted myself to speak. At last, my silent nearness affected him; he stirred and turned, and then rose and looked at me with a slowly kindling eye. I murmured some kind, ineffective nothings about his being ill and needing advice and care, but he seemed absorbed in the effort to recall distinctly what had last passed between us. “You were right,” he said with a pitiful smile, “I’m a dawdler! I’m a failure! I shall do nothing more in this world. You opened my eyes; and, though the truth is bitter, I bear you no grudge. Amen! I’ve been sitting here for a week face to face with the truth, with the past, with my weakness and poverty and nullity. I shall never touch a brush! I believe I’ve neither eaten nor slept. Look at that canvas!” he went on, as I relieved my emotion in the urgent request that he would come home with me and dine. “That was to have contained my masterpiece! Isn’t it a promising foundation? The elements of it are all *here*.” And he

tapped his forehead with that mystic confidence which had marked the gesture before. "If I could only transpose them into some brain that had the hand, the will! Since I've been sitting here taking stock of my intellects, I've come to believe that I have the material for a hundred masterpieces. But my hand is paralyzed now, and they'll never be painted. I never began! I waited and waited to be worthier to begin, and wasted my life in preparation. While I fancied my creation was growing, it was dying. I've taken it all too hard! Michael Angelo did n't, when he went at the Lorenzo! He did his best at a venture, and his venture is immortal. *That's mine!*" And he pointed with a gesture I shall never forget at the empty canvas. "I suppose we're a genus by ourselves in the providential scheme,—we talents that can't act, that can't do or dare! We take it out in talk, in plans and promises, in study, in visions! But our visions, let me tell you," he cried, with a toss of his head, "have a way of being brilliant, and a man has n't lived in vain who has seen the things I have! Of course you'll not believe in them when that bit of worm-eaten cloth is all I have to show for them; but to convince you, to enchant and astound the world, I need only the hand of Raphael. I have his brain. A pity, you'll say, I have n't his modesty. Ah, let me babble now; it's all I have left! I'm the half of a genius! Where in the wide world is my other half? Lodged perhaps in the vulgar soul, the cunning, ready fingers of some dull copyist or some trivial artisan who turns out by the dozen his easy prodigies of touch! But it's not for me to sneer at him; he at least does something. He's not a dawdler! Well for me if I had been vulgar and clever and reckless, if I could have shut my eyes and dealt my stroke!"

What to say to the poor fellow, what to do for him, seemed hard to determine; I chiefly felt that I must break the spell of his present inaction, and remove him from the haunted atmosphere

of the little room it seemed such cruel irony to call a studio. I cannot say I persuaded him to come out with me; he simply suffered himself to be led, and when we began to walk in the open air I was able to measure his pitifully weakened condition. Nevertheless, he seemed in a certain way to revive, and murmured at last that he would like to go to the Pitti Gallery. I shall never forget our melancholy stroll through those gorgeous halls, every picture on whose walls seemed, even to my own sympathetic vision, to glow with a sort of insolent renewal of strength and lustre. The eyes and lips of the great portraits seemed to smile in ineffable scorn of the dejected pretender who had dreamed of competing with their glorious authors; the celestial candor, even, of the Madonna in the Chair, as we paused in perfect silence before her, was tinged with the sinister irony of the women of Leonardo. Perfect silence indeed marked our whole progress,—the silence of a deep farewell; for I felt in all my pulses, as Theobald, leaning on my arm, dragged one heavy foot after the other, that he was looking his last. When we came out, he was so exhausted that, instead of taking him to my hotel to dine, I called a carriage and drove him straight to his own poor lodging. He had sunk into an extraordinary lethargy; he lay back in the carriage, with his eyes closed, as pale as death, his faint breathing interrupted at intervals by a sudden gasp, like a smothered sob or a vain attempt to speak. With the help of the old woman who had admitted me before, and who emerged from a dark back court, I contrived to lead him up the long steep staircase and lay him on his wretched bed. To her I gave him in charge, while I prepared in all haste to seek a physician. But she followed me out of the room with a pitiful clasp of her hands.

"Poor, dear, blessed gentleman," she murmured; "is he dying?"

"Possibly. How long has he been thus?"

"Since a night he passed ten days

ago. I came up in the morning to make his poor bed, and found him sitting up in his clothes before that great canvas he keeps there, and, poor, dear, strange man, says his prayers to! He had not been to bed, nor since then, properly! What has happened to him? Has he found out about the Serafina?" she whispered with a glittering eye and a toothless grin.

"Prove at least that one old woman can be faithful," I said, "and watch him well till I come back." My return was delayed, through the absence of the English physician on a round of visits, and my vainly pursuing him from house to house before I overtook him. I brought him to Theobald's bedside none too soon. A violent fever had seized our patient, and the case was evidently grave. A couple of hours later I knew that he had brain-fever. From this moment I was with him constantly, but I am far from wishing to describe his illness. Excessively painful to witness, it was happily brief. Life burned out in delirium. A certain night that I passed at his pillow, listening to his wild snatches of regret, of aspiration, of rapture and awe at the phantasmal pictures with which his brain seemed to swarm, recurs to my memory now like some stray page from a lost masterpiece of tragedy. Before a week was over we had buried him in the little Protestant cemetery on the way to Fiesole. The Signora Serafina, whom I had caused to be informed of his illness, had come in person, I was told, to inquire about its progress; but she was absent from his funeral, which was attended by but a scanty concourse of mourners. Half a dozen old Florentine sojourners, in spite of the prolonged estrangement which had preceded his death, had felt the kindly impulse to honor his grave. Among them was my friend Mrs. Coventry, whom I found, on my departure, waiting at her carriage door at the gate of the cemetery.

"Well," she said, relieving at last with a significant smile the solemnity of our immediate greeting, "and the

great Madonna? Have you seen her, after all?"

"I've seen her," I said; "she's mine,—by bequest. But I shall never show her to you."

"And why not, pray?"

"My dear Mrs. Coventry, you'd not understand her!"

"Upon my word, you're polite."

"Excuse me; I'm sad and vexed and bitter." And with reprehensible rudeness, I marched away. I was excessively impatient to leave Florence; my friend's dark spirit seemed diffused through all things. I had packed my trunk to start for Rome that night, and meanwhile, to beguile my unrest, I aimlessly paced the streets. Chance led me at last to the church of San Lorenzo. Remembering poor Theobald's phrase about Michael Angelo,—*"He did his best at a venture,"*—I went in and turned my steps to the chapel of the tombs. Viewing in sadness the sadness of its immortal treasures, I fancied, while I stood there, that the scene demanded no ampler commentary. As I passed through the church again to depart, a woman, turning away from one of the side-altars, met me face to face. The black shawl depending from her head draped picturesquely the handsome visage of the Signora Serafina. She stopped as she recognized me, and I saw that she wished to speak. Her eye was bright and her ample bosom heaved in a way that seemed to portend a certain sharpness of reproach. But the expression of my own face, apparently, drew the sting from her resentment, and she addressed me in a tone in which bitterness was tempered by a sort of dogged resignation. "I know it was you, now, that separated us," she said. "It was a pity he ever brought you to see me! Of course, you could n't think of me as he did. Well, the Lord gave him, the Lord has taken him. I've just paid for a nine days' mass for his soul. And I can tell you this, signore, I never deceived him. Who put it into his head that I was made to live on holy thoughts and fine phrases? It was his own fancy, and it

pleased him to think so. Did he suffer much?" she added more softly, after a pause.

"His sufferings were great, but they were short."

"And did he speak of me?" She had hesitated and dropped her eyes; she raised them with her question, and revealed in their sombre stillness a gleam of feminine confidence which, for the moment, revived and illumined her beauty. Poor Theobald! Whatever name he had given his passion, it was still her fine eyes that had charmed him.

"Be contented, madam," I answered, gravely.

She dropped her eyes again and was silent. Then exhaling a full, rich sigh, as she gathered her shawl together: "He was a magnificent genius!"

I bowed, and we separated.

Passing through a narrow side-street on my way back to my hotel, I perceived above a doorway a sign which

it seemed to me I had read before. I suddenly remembered that it was identical with the superscription of a card that I had carried for an hour in my waistcoat-pocket. On the threshold stood the ingenious artist whose claims to public favor were thus distinctly signalized, smoking a pipe in the evening air, and giving the finishing polish with a bit of rag to one of his inimitable "combinations." I caught the expressive curl of a couple of tails. He recognized me, removed his little red cap with a most obsequious bow, and motioned me to enter his studio. I returned his bow and passed on, vexed with the apparition. For a week afterwards, whenever I was seized among the ruins of Roman greatness with some peculiarly poignant memory of Theobald's transcendent illusions and deplorable failure, I seemed to hear a fantastic, impertinent murmur, "Cats and monkeys, monkeys and cats; all human life is there!"

H. James Jr.

A POEM.

I WOULD have written, if I might,
A poem like the summer day;
I would have mated sound and sight
With words as fair as they;

But when the day was past its prime,
When shadows grew and sunshine paled,
I tried to find, within my rhyme,
The morning's charms,—and failed;

Then counted mine as fruitless care,
And, straying forth, where chance might lead,
Saw poems written everywhere
In signs I could not read.

"Ah, Mother Nature" (said my sigh),
"There is a key to sky and flower.
Give me a finer ear and eye
For one swift, little hour!"

"I am a nameless, dowerless youth,
And poor in fancy as in purse :
Teach me to cull a single truth
From out the universe.

"Tell me a secret, of your own,
That men have sought in vain to learn,
That neither thought nor dream have known,
And let me tell, in turn.

"Translate the speech those robins use, —
The separate voice of wind and tree ;
Bid me interpret, if I choose,
Yon brook's garrulity.

"Or tell me what the distant seas
Have murmured since the world begun,
Show me the grand benignities
Of kindly breeze and sun :

"Hint what it is this sky and earth —
This outer, sensuous beauty — screens ;
What makes this tiny floweret's worth,
And what that sunset means.

"Speak with my lips, — who would not hear ?
What wealth, what honor should I lack ?"
Then Nature, smiling far and near,
Gave me no answer back.

I only saw the fair repose,
The mute perfection of her face.
She was as one who feels and knows,
But cannot speak, some grace.

There came a swift, unbidden thought :
"Search thou and find a like content.
This Nature, in herself, is naught ;
She is God's instrument.

"He speaks in her, and speaks in you,
Gather those fancies, cast away
An hour ago, and write anew
The poem like the day.

"Go, ponder well and patiently,
Not knowing what your thought may yield,
But waiting for the mystery
Of what shall be revealed."

THE ABBÉ GALIANI.

THE eighteenth century is one of the most interesting in the social, the political, or the literary history of France. It was at once the culmination and decay of the feudal divisions of society; it was the age of Voltaire, Rousseau, D'Alembert, and a host of others; and it inaugurated in Europe the democratic movement which has made monarchy constitutional, as a sort of half-way house upon the road to its abrogation. There is a charm about the *salons* of that time which was lost in those of a later date, when politics had invaded them, and made them private club-rooms rather than *salons*. Cultivated men and women met to enjoy the highest social pleasure, — that of conversation. The pictures we have of such gatherings in the memoirs, the letters and biographies of the actors show that a freedom of discussion prevailed rarely found now. Conversation was limited only by the rules of good breeding, while prejudice, convention, or superstition had no power of *taboo*. Without the restrictions of clique, or the vulgarity of lion-hunting, these assemblages welcomed any one who could prove his title to admission by amusing or instructing the company.

One of the chief among the distinguished *salons* of this time was that of Madame d'Épinay. From Grimm's Correspondence, and the Memoirs of Diderot, D'Alembert, Morellet, and Marmontel, an admirable conception may be formed of the attractions her receptions offered to the literary men and thinkers of her time. Married to the eldest son of one of the Farmers General, and soon after her marriage becoming disgusted with her husband's brutality and coarse dissipation, she had money enough to support, domestic unhappiness enough to require, and cultivation enough to secure, the relief and distraction of society. Her own Memoirs, written in the form of a ro-

mance, are most valuable as a picture of the society of the times just preceding the Revolution, and even more valuable as the history of her life. Rousseau's "Confessions" had given the pursuit of autobiography a vogue; and this simple history of a woman's life, of her marriage, how its illusions were destroyed by her husband, and how the need of love affected her after-life, is as unique in literature as are the morbid pages in which Jean Jacques seeks to deceive the world concerning his real character.

Among the persons who constantly frequented Madame d'Épinay's *salon* was the Abbé Galiani, — the abbé-est of all the abbés of the time. No society then was complete without an abbé, and the veil of any intrigue, if lifted, is sure to disclose one. The Abbé Galiani was, however, better than the type of his class, the mixture of Lovelace and Figaro, disguised only partially in a clerical robe, — a wolf, not in sheep's clothing, but in that of the shepherd himself. He was a man of real learning, which did not master him, of a trenchant wit, of a humor which frequently more than bordered upon buffoonery, and at the same time with an insight into things which pierced straight to their centre, together with an ability to grasp the whole of a subject, to see all of its bearings, and to epitomize them in an epigram. Diderot, Grimm, D'Alembert, Voltaire, all speak of him in terms of the highest praise, and from what they tell us of him we see that it was with cause. As one of the neglected and little-known characters of this time, so rich in distinguished men and so pregnant with events, it may not be amiss to spend a few minutes in the Abbé's pleasant company.

Ferdinand Galiani was born near Naples in 1728. His father held an office under the Neapolitan government, and when Galiani was eight

years old sent him to Naples and placed him under the care of his uncle, Don Celestino Galiani, the Archbishop of Tarento, who, besides enjoying a reputation as a man of letters, is said to have been the inventor of the game of Lotto, and the system of lotteries by halves and thirds, which is still in use. From twelve to fourteen Galiani was under the care of the Celestins in the monastery of St. Peter à Magella, at Naples, and then, until of age, was instructed by private masters, under the direction of his uncle, in all the branches of a polite education, and especially in political economy, then a new study, and one attracting great attention, but which unfortunately has not even to this day assumed the place it deserves in the regular curriculum of an educational system. His first literary production was a treatise upon the money in use at the time of the Trojan war. This treatise was prepared for his initiation into the Academy of Naples, and formed the basis for his "Treatise upon Moneys," published in 1750. He also translated at this time Locke's *Some Considerations on the Consequences of lowering the Interest and raising the Value of Money*. But such serious studies could not entirely satisfy the love of fun natural to the age and the character of the young Galiani. The Italian love of academics was then in full vigor, and the custom of making the death of any person sufficiently distinguished the pretext for gaining notoriety for the living by the publication of extravagant eulogies, afforded the young Galiani a fit subject for satire. The death of the chief executioner of Naples offered an opportunity which, aided by a young friend, he immediately improved. In a few days they wrote a small book of eulogies, which they published in 1746, as collected by Antonio Sergio, a Naples advocate. The styles of the most prominent academicians were so clearly parodied that the publication met with even greater success than the writers had hoped; while the academicians were as angry as the public was pleased, and threatened such re-

venge against the satirists that Galiani and his friend thought it the part of prudence to surrender themselves to the police as the authors. Fortunately for them, however, the king and the queen, having both enjoyed the satire, the satirists were punished simply with being condemned for ten days to increased tasks of *spiritual exercise*.

Partly to escape, however, the unpleasant notoriety he had gained, Galiani went on a tour through Italy. His treatise upon Moneys secured him a favorable reception; and in Florence, Rome, Turin, and elsewhere he was received into the academies, and formed acquaintances with the leading men of letters, thus laying the foundation for the extensive correspondence which he kept up during his life, and the results of which he left at his death, in eight thick volumes of letters from his Italian correspondents, and fourteen from those of other countries. These letters still remain unpublished, and have been justly described as containing the history of the ideas of his age.

After his return to Naples Galiani became interested in trying to account for the eruptions of Vesuvius, and made a large collection of the stones thrown out by that volcano. These, with his notes, he sent to the Pope Benedict XIV., with whom he had become personally acquainted when in Rome, writing upon one of the boxes containing them, "*Beatissime pater, fac ut lapides isti panes fiant.*" The Pope, understanding the suggestion, gave him his blessing, and a small ecclesiastical position with an income of about four hundred ducats.

At the discovery of Pompeii and Herculaneum an academy had been instituted by King Charles III., and Galiani was named a member of it, with a yearly salary of two hundred and fifty ducats. In the first volume of the *Antiquities of Herculaneum*, published in 1757, are many special studies from his pen. In 1759 he was made secretary to the French Embassy, and went to Paris. He had been successful up to this time; he had received

several church offices, was an abbé with the right to wear a mitre and to be called *monsignor*, but he had not found really congenial surroundings. These he found in Paris; and to his sojourn there, which lasted ten years, he always looked back as to the happiest period of his life. As he himself said, Paris was the only city where people listened to him. His first appearance at the Court of Versailles is a picture. The Abbé was a small man, just large enough to escape being a dwarf, and just small enough to attract attention. His height was only four feet six inches, and Grimm describes him as having the head of Plato with the quickness and gestures of Harlequin. The stately Louis, in full costume, surrounded by his courtiers, enters the splendid reception-hall in the palace of Versailles. The crowd in attendance had relieved the *ennui* of waiting by observing each other, and, struck with the diminutive stature and quick motions of the new official from Italy, were eagerly attentive to observe his reception by the king. When, in his turn, Galiani is presented, seeing a look of surprise upon Louis's face, he disarms criticism by saying, "Sire, you see before you the sketch of the secretary; the secretary will follow."

Struck by his readiness and wit, the king was very gracious to the new secretary, and Galiani's success was assured. He soon became a frequent member of the circles which met at the houses of Madame Geoffrin, Madame d'Épinay, D'Holbach, Necker, and others, where with his wit, buffoonery, learning, and good-nature he not only amused those present, but in his way opposed the ideas of the new school of philosophers.

After his return to Naples, in a letter to Madame Geoffrin, he says: "Here I am, then, as always, the abbé, the little abbé, your little thing. I am seated in the good arm-chair, shaking my hands and feet like a crazy person, my wig awry, talking a great deal, and saying things they think sublime and attribute to me. Ah, madame, what an

error! it is not I who said so many fine things. Your arm-chairs are the tripods of Apollo, and I was their sibyl. Be sure that on the straw-seated chairs of Naples I say only stupidities."

"The Abbé," says Diderot, in a letter to Mademoiselle Voland, "is inexhaustible in jokes and pleasant sayings. He is a treasure on rainy days. I said to Madame d'Épinay, that if the toy-makers made such, no one would be without one." Grimm writes: "The little being, born at the foot of Vesuvius, is a real phenomenon. With the ability to see clearly and deeply, he unites vast and solid learning, with the views of a man of genius, the charm and agreeableness of a man who seeks only to amuse and please. He is a Plato with the quickness and gestures of Harlequin." Marmontel says: "The Abbé Galiani is in person the prettiest little harlequin which Italy has ever produced. But upon the shoulders of this harlequin is the head of a Machiavelli."

The following story will show the character of his wit. The incident is told by two or three of his literary friends, but here the version given by the Abbé Morellet is chiefly followed. One day, after dinner at the Baron d'Holbach's, the philosophers were conversing about the First Great Cause. D'Holbach, as is well known, was the author of *The System of Nature*, published under the name of Miraband, and which, though a harmless enough book, has been magnified by the fears of the bigots into a terrible destroyer of everything that is indestructible. The philosophers talked with freedom, and questioned, as was the custom among them, the existence of any such intelligent, personal cause or creator. Galiani listened calmly to the whole of their remarks, and finding that he was alone to maintain the opposite, waited until the meeting was about to separate, and then said: "Gentlemen, philosophers, you are quick in drawing your conclusions. I will commence by saying that if I was the Pope, I would hand you all over to the Inquisition; or if I was king of

France, I would put you all in the Bastille; but as I have the happiness of being neither one nor the other, I will dine here next Tuesday, and you shall listen to me with the patience I have listened to you, and I will refute you all."

It was agreed, and the next Tuesday, after dining and taking coffee, the abbé seated himself in an arm-chair, and, as was his habit, crossing his legs under him, tailor-fashion, took his wig off; as it was warm, and swinging it in one hand, gesticulated with the other, and commenced thus: "I will imagine, gentlemen, that he among you who is the most convinced that the world is the result of chance is playing at dice, — I will not say in a gambling-house, but in the best house in Paris, — and that his antagonist throws once, twice, three, four times, in fact every time, double sixes. Before the game had lasted very long, my friend Diderot, who would thus lose his money, would say without hesitation, without doubting it for a minute, '*The dice are loaded*, I am swindled.' Ah, philosophers! What! because for ten or twelve times in succession the dice happened to fall in such a way as to make you lose a half-dozen francs, you would firmly believe that it was in consequence of some cunning trick, some concealed swindle; and yet seeing in this universe such a prodigious number of combinations, ten thousand times more difficult and complicated, more continuous and more useful, you do not suspect that nature's dice are also *loaded*, and that there is above some grand rogue who amuses himself with thus catching you?"

The Abbé was no bigot, but he felt also a natural repugnance to the theories of the philosophers. He felt, that we did not yet know enough of Nature to formulate a system of her methods. Man, he said, is made to observe effects, without being able to divine their causes; he has five senses, made expressly to indicate pleasure and pain, but not a single one to show him the truth or falsity of anything. He believed in the strength of our illu-

sions, and that the saddest thing on earth was to lose them. He thought the sceptic a kind of intellectual gymnast, and compared him to a rope-dancer, who performed the most wonderful feats in the air, leaping about on cord, and filling the spectators with astonishment and fright, while none of them were tempted to follow or imitate him. In politics he used to say, "Fools made the text, and men of sense the commentaries"; while his definition of a statesman was, "A man who has the key to the problem, and knows that the unknown quantity is reduced to zero."

Grimm, in a letter dated 1768, writes: "If my old master, Doctor Ernesti, of Leipsic, should ask me if they knew Latin in France, in the sense which he would attach to that question, I would be obliged to confess that I have met in Paris but one man who knew Latin, and that he is an Italian, the Abbé Galiani; and to prove this I should send him an inscription which this charming abbé put at the foot of a picture painted by our friend the Marquis de Croismare. The object was to make the picture acceptable to M. du Perai, a lawyer of Caen, who had rendered many services to M. de Croismare, for which he would receive no pay.

M. ANTONIUS CROISMARIUS
TABELLAM SUAM MANU PICTAM
IN CUBICULUM ANDRÆ DU PERAI
DEDICAVIT.
UT VOTUM, SOLVERET, LUBENS MERITO,
AMICITIÆ ET PERPETUÆ ERGA SE BE-
NEVOLENTIÆ.

During his residence in Paris, Galiani commenced his Commentary upon Horace, with which he was occupied more or less all the rest of his life, and which at his death was found among his papers, with a treatise entitled Concerning Instincts, or the Natural Tastes and Habits of Man, or the Principles of the Law of Nature and of Nations, taken from the Poems of Horace, together with a life of Horace made up of extracts from his writings; a portion of this Commentary was printed by Campenon in his translation of Horace. The published

work of the Abbé which gained him the most reputation, was his *Dialogues concerning the Commerce in Grain*, which was published in 1770, the year after he had left Paris for Naples. In 1764 the exportation of grain had been made free by a royal edict, and the subsequent increase in price was popularly attributed to its influence. The economists declared, and with truth, that the increase in price was due to quite other causes; but Galiani maintained the popular opinion in these *Dialogues*, more as affording him an opportunity for attacking the economists and their dry methods of investigating such subjects, than really as advocating his own views. He used to say of it himself that "it was less a book upon the commerce in grain, than a work upon the science of government; that it should be read in the blank places between the lines." Voltaire was delighted with it; it was a book in his own style, and he wrote to Diderot about it: "It seems that Pluto and Molière united in composing this book. No one ever reasoned better or more pleasantly."

It is chiefly, however, in the continuous correspondence which the Abbé Galiani kept up with Madame d'Épinay, after his departure from Paris in 1769 until his death in 1783, that his reputation as a man of letters must be based. In 1818 there were published two editions of selections from these letters; one was printed from the originals, and the other from a copy. They are both in two volumes, and are both so full of errors, misreadings, misprints, and mistakes of all kinds, that it is a wonder that before this there has not been a correct edition given to the world. Among all the collections of letters, memoirs, autobiographies, and personal studies in which French literature is so rich, these two volumes will yield to none in interest. The only publication which could compete with them in this would be a judicious selection from the correspondence which Galiani left at his death, made up of letters from the

literary and scientific men of the continent of Europe. They are full of suggestions, fresh ideas, criticisms from the stand-point of a man who looks at the reality of things and has but little, if any, regard for the conventions or the prejudices of the *bourgeoise* Mrs. Grundy.

He writes thus of Cicero: "We can consider Cicero as a literary man, as a philosopher, and as a statesman. He was one of the greatest literary men that has ever been in the world; he knew all that was known in his time, except geometry and sciences of that nature. He was a mediocre philosopher; for he knew all that the Greeks had thought, and reproduced it with admirable clearness; but he thought nothing and had not power enough to imagine anything. He had the address and the good fortune to be the first who put the thoughts of the Greeks into Latin, and that made him read and admired by his compatriots. It is this which has made Voltaire produce more noise than Bochart, Bossuet, Huet, Le Clerc, Érmoud, Grotius, and others. They have said, in Latin, about the Bible, all that Voltaire has expressed in French; people are ignorant of them and speak only of him. As a statesman, Cicero was of low extraction, and, wishing to rise, was obliged to throw himself into the party of the opposition, — of the lower house, or the people, if you choose. This was the easier for him, since Marius, the founder of that party, was from his province. He was even tempted to do this, for he commenced his career by attacking Sylla and connecting himself with the members of the opposition party, at whose head, after the death of Marius, were Claudius, Catiline, Cæsar. But the party of the great needed a jurist and a learned man, for the great lords did not generally know how either to read or write; he perceived, therefore, that they had the greater need of him, and that he could play a more brilliant part among them. He allied himself with them, and from that time we see a new man, an upstart among the

patricians. Imagine in England a lawyer whom the court needs as a chancellor, and who therefore follows the ministerial party. Cicero shone at the side of Pompey, whenever there was a question concerning matters of jurisprudence; but he wanted birth, riches, and, above all, as he was not a warrior, he in that matter had to play a subordinate part. Beside, by natural inclination, he liked Cæsar's party, and he was disgusted with the pride of the great, who often made him feel the price of the favors with which they loaded him. He was not pusillanimous, he was hesitating; he did not defend scoundrels, he defended members of his own party, who did not deserve worse than those of the opposition. The affair of Catiline was serious, for it was connected with a great party; no parliamentary affair is small in England, though it is often ridiculous in France. His eloquence was not venial, not more so than Mr. Pitt's; it was that of his party. Finally, God did not allow one of his clients to assassinate him; for God never allows; he acts, and always does what seems good to him. Voltaire laughs at us when we speak of Cicero's government of Cilicia; there is nothing in it that so much resembles the government of Sancho Panza in the island of Barataria. It was a matter of party, in order to raise him to the honor of a triumph, as the military exploits of M. de Soubise were intended only to raise him to the honor of a marshal's *bâton*; yet Cicero failed there, and his friend Cato was the first who opposed him. He did not wish to prostitute an honor which was already too much degraded; and beside, Cicero's birth could not compare with that of the house De Rohan. As for Cicero's virtues, we know nothing about them: he never governed. Concerning his merit for having opened the gates of Rome to philosophy, it is well to say that the party of the opposition was a party of sceptics, since the priests, that is, the augurs, the pontiffs, etc., were all lords and patricians.

Thus the opposition attacked religion, and Lucretius had written his poem before Cicero's time. The party of the great sustained religion. Therefore Cicero, who in his heart leaned towards the opposition, was a sceptic in secret, and did not dare to appear so. When Cæsar's party triumphed he showed himself more openly, and did not blush at doing so; but the foundation of pagan scepticism, which was called *wisdom* (Sophia), was not due to him, but to Cæsar's party. The praise which posterity has given to Cicero comes from the fact that he followed the party opposed to that which the cruelty of the emperors has made odious."

The new spirit of historical study, of which the nineteenth century is justly proud, and which it claims as its own, has hardly produced a better specimen of its peculiar merits than this, written in the eighteenth century. We of to-day and in this country have seen an eloquent Cicero, whose character, whose culture, whose political course, and whose reputation show how truly Galiani understood human nature and applied his knowledge to the reconstruction of history.

Hear him again on the province of criticism: "Of a man's merit only his own age has the right to judge. But an age has a right to judge of another age. If Voltaire has judged the man Corneille, he is absurdly envious. If he has judged the age of Corneille and the position of the dramatic art of that time, he can do so, and our age has the right to examine the taste of preceding ages. I have never read Voltaire's notes on Corneille, nor wished to read them, notwithstanding that they stared at me from all the mantel-shelves of Paris when they appeared; but I have happened to open the book two or three times for distraction, and each time I have thrown it aside with indignation, because I have stumbled upon grammatical notes which told me that a word or phrase of Corneille's was not good French. This has appeared to me as absurd as

though I was told that Cicero or Virgil, although Italians, did not write in as good Italian as Boëccaccio or Ariosto. What impertinence! Every age and every country has a living language, and all are equally good. Each writes its own. We do not know what will happen to the French language when it shall have become dead; but it may be that posterity will write French in the style of Montaigne and Corneille, and not in that of Voltaire. There would be nothing strange in that. We write Latin in the style of Plautus, Terence, Lucretius, and not in that of Prudentius, Sidonius, Apollinaris, though, without question, the Romans were infinitely better informed in the fourth century concerning the sciences, astronomy, geometry, medicine, literature, etc., than they were in the times of Terence and Lucretius. It is a matter of taste, and we can foresee nothing about the tastes of posterity, — if indeed we have a posterity and a universal deluge does not interfere in the matter.”

During the latter part of his life in Naples Galiani lived much alone, finding his chief companionship in his Paris correspondence, and in the society of his cats, of which he was very fond. His letters often speak of them, and of his study of their habits, their characters, and their position in the scale of being. Some of his views in the following extract might be claimed as evincing more than a tendency towards Darwinism. He writes the letter in 1776: “Since you know it, I will say to you concerning beasts, I see that they commence by considering as certain a matter which is very doubtful. We believe that whatever beasts know has been given them by instinct, and has not come to them by tradition. Are there any accurate naturalists who will say that the cats, for three thousand years, have caught rats and known the medicinal virtue of herbs, or rather of the herb, as they do now? If they know nothing about it, why do they take as certain a matter which is in question, or reason end-

lessly upon what is false or doubtful? My researches upon the habits of cats have given me very strong suspicions that they are perfectible, but only in the course of a long series of ages. I believe that all which cats know is the result of forty or fifty thousand years. We have only a few ages of natural history, so that the changes they have made in this time are imperceptible. Men also have taken an immense time for their perfectibility, for the people of California and New Holland, who are three or four thousand years old, are real brutes still. Perfectibility, from what they say, had begun to make great progress in Asia more than twelve thousand years ago, and God knows how long before that men had made only vain efforts after it. If an Asiatic race had not passed into Europe and Africa, and if Europe had not passed over into America, so as to make the tour of the world, man would still be only the most cunning, malicious, and adroit of monkeys. Thus perfectibility is not a gift to man in general, but only to the white and bearded race. By alliance the swarthy and bearded race, the swarthy and not bearded race, and the black race have gained something. All that they say about climates is nonsense, a *non causa pro causa*, the most common error of our logic. It is all a matter of race. The first, the most noble of races, comes from the north of Asia. The Russians are nearest to these, and therefore have made more progress in fifty years than the Portuguese can be made to make in five hundred.”

One of the Abbé's passions was planning books, which seldom advanced further than the sketch. His letters contain a dozen or more projects of this kind, which are most suggestive. One or two of them will serve as samples: “My treatise upon education is all made. I prove that education is the same for man as for animals; it reduces itself to these two points: *Learn to support injustice, learn to support ennui*. What is done in a stable to a horse? The horse

naturally likes to amble, trot, gallop, walk, but he does it when he wishes to and according to his own pleasure. He is taught, however, to assume these gaits despite himself, against his reason (this is the injustice), and to continue them two hours at a time (this is the *ennui*). Thus we teach a child Latin, Greek, French, etc. Education should eradicate and remove the talents; if it does not do this, you have a poet, an improviser, hero, painter, amusing man, an original who entertains you, but dies of hunger, not being able to secure any one of the riches which are provided in the social order. The English are the least educated people in the world, and consequently the greatest, the most grasping, and soon to be the most unhappy of all. Public education leads to democracy, private education leads right to despotism. There are no colleges in Constantinople, in Spain, in Portugal."

Here is another idea of a book: "I have in my head a book which excites my imagination. I want to make it, but have not the arms for doing so. Its title should be, *Moral and Political Teachings given by a Mother Cat to her little Ones*. Translated from Cat into French, by M. de Scratchey, Interpreter of the Cat Language in the King's Library. As I have no other society here except that of my cat, I am constantly dreaming of this book, which would be quite original. The mother should first teach her little ones to fear the men gods. Then she should explain theology to them, and the two principles, god, the good man, and the demon, the bad dog; then she should teach them morality, the contest with mice, moles, etc.; finally, she would tell them of the future life and of the celestial Ratopolis, which is a city with walls of parmesan cheese, floors of liver, pillars of eels, etc., and which is filled with rats destined for their amusement."

The best idea of a book which we find in this correspondence is one of a romance, to be "founded on fact," as the phrase goes. It is well known that Ganganelli, who became Pope

Clement XIV., commenced at nearly the lowest round of the social ladder his career which ended in St. Peter's chair. Among the friends of his early youth was a boy who afterwards became a comic actor, a harlequin, known to fame as Carlin. It would seem that the childish friendship thus begun withstood the disruptive force of their different paths in life, and was broken only by the death of Ganganelli. It was a singular contrast in every way, — a pope and a clown starting out in life together as boys, and continuing friends until death parted them. It was a practical realization, not of the dance of death, but of the dance of life, of how we are all of us merely men, and that the paltry distinctions of the world, its divisions, its differences, its classes, and what not, are not even skin deep, but simply the various fashion of the clothes we wear. Whether we dress in motley, with a cap and bells, or wear pontifical robes and a triple crown, our hearts are of the same fibre, and know no such distinctions in their attractions to each other. Our sphere of action may be before the foot-lights or before the world; we may seek to amuse our fellows by following their bent or lead them by addressing their fears: these differences are nothing when we come to know each other, and get at the real man who hides himself behind the trappings of his office. Society makes kings or beggars, but nature makes men. After the death of Ganganelli, Madame d'Épinay, in one of her letters, mentioned the fact of this friendship, and in reply Galiani writes thus in February, 1774: "What you tell me of the old friendship of Carlin and the Pope has made me dream, and a sublime idea has come into my head, which you must communicate to Marmontel from me, so as to electrify him. It seems to me that upon this can be built the finest of all romances, in a series of letters, and one that is sublime. We will commence by supposing that these two school companions, Carlin and Ganganelli, having formed the closest friendship in their youth, had

promised to write each other at least once every two years, and give an account of their condition. They keep their word, and write letters full of soul, of truth, of heart utterances, without sarcasms or bad jokes. These letters would thus present the singular contrast of two men, one of whom had always been unhappy, and, because he had been unhappy, had become a pope; the other, always happy, had remained a clown. A pleasant feature would be that the clown always offers money to Ganganelli, who would be a poor monk, then a poor cardinal, finally Pope, and then not in too easy circumstances. Harlequin would offer him his credit at the court for the restitution of Avignon, and the Pope would thank him for it. My brain is already so full of this work, that I could make it or dictate it in a fortnight, if I had the strength. I would keep to the strictest truth, or semblance of it, without any romantic episode, and I would convince the world that the harlequin had been the happiest of men, and Ganganelli the most unhappy. Thirty letters and as many answers would make the work; much genius and no wit would make a masterpiece of it."

To this Madame d'Épinay replies: "You are right charming and sublime, Abbé. The letters between Harlequin and Ganganelli would make a unique work; but where was your head in proposing Marmontel to do it? I will take good care not to say a word to him about it, for he would make it a failure. There are only two men in the world able to undertake this enterprise and carry it through successfully. You first, before all, and Grimm, after he has been in Italy. To give to this work the truth and originality it should have, it is necessary to have been upon the spot, to have seen the Italian monks, and also to be able to express, not servilely what one has seen, but the ideas suggested by what one has seen. No one understands better than Grimm the tricks of imitation which give such an air of truth. I understand them very well also; but I am too ig-

norant to have enough true ideas, placing wit aside, and, as you say, there must be none of that. Considering everything, Abbé, take your courage in both hands, and make the romance. I condemn you to do it. It is absolutely necessary. You see that you alone can carry out a plan so fine, so sublime, and so profound. It is a matter of a month, and why delay? Come, is it commenced? Dictate to me, and I will write. Hold on, do better; by each mail, instead of writing to me, send me a letter of Ganganelli's, and I will answer with a letter from Harlequin. It will be good or bad; you will correct it if it is nearly good, or you will rewrite it if it is nearly bad. You will add the sacramental terms, the idioms of the country; this will give a very comic tone to our correspondence, and will catch the curious persons of the post-office." *

The Abbé responds to this: "What Pope and what Harlequin do you expect from me? However, if you absolutely desire this original and perfect romance, take the trouble to make acquaintance with Carlin, and get from him the true and exact dates of the events of his life. The date of his birth, his first studies, his arrival in France, his entrance upon the theatre, his marriage, the births of his children, — these should be very exact and to the smallest details, — disputes with his associates, with the gentlemen of the chamber, etc. As much must be known and with as much precision of the Father Ganganelli. With these materials one must build; without these nothing will have an original air, there will be no truth, no good pleasantry, no tone. Do this on your side, and then let me do it on mine, and God knows what will come of it."

There are other letters in these volumes referring to this projected novel, which it is evident from this sketch would in Galiani's hands have been made

* The letters intrusted to the post-office of the time were almost always opened by the officials of that institution. Their correspondence is full of complaints concerning this habit, which has by no means gone out of fashion in France.

a most striking and forcible work. The question is, Did Galiani ever write the work proposed? Nothing in these letters settles this question. There are various collections of Ganganelli's letters, both genuine and counterfeit. An English translation was published in 1777 which Lowndes says is known to be a forgery. A French translation by Caraccioli, who we learn from Galiani's correspondence with Madame d'Épinay was in Italy with him, was published in 1773. But these are dreary reading. For years the writer of these pages has been in search of Galiani's projected work. Perhaps the interest he has felt in it may have so influenced his mind that he cannot decide whether his impression of having really met it is a dream, or a dim, half-effaced remembrance of a perusal in his early days of omnivorous, half-digested reading. Certain it is that a somewhat careful and extended search during the last ten years or so has failed to satisfy him concerning its existence, and in despair he thus appeals to others for assistance. The only result he has been able to reach is the following title: *Clement XIV. et Carlo Bertinazzi. Correspondance inédite*. Paris, 1827. 3d ed. *Augmentée de Notes Hist. d'une Lettre retrouvée et d'une vignette*. 1827. 4th ed. 1829.

Carlin's real name was Carlo Antonio Bertinazzi. He was born in Turin in 1713. In 1741 he made his first appearance in Paris at the Comédie Italienne, where for forty-two years he continued to play the rôle of harlequin with great success, establishing a reputation, not only as an actor, but as an improviser, a man of great wit, and also as an estimable man in private life. He died in 1783.

After leaving Paris Galiani lived in Naples until his death, in 1787. His life there was quiet, his official duties requiring much of his attention. These he performed with exactness and promptness. Beside this he supported and acted the part of a father to three of his nieces, which in his day was supposed to consist chiefly in providing them with suitable husbands. This duty he performed most conscientiously, though his letters show it was not the most congenial occupation to him. His heart, as the best of his thought, was in Paris; there his reputation was made, and there it has chiefly remained. Sainte-Beuve, in a notice devoted to Galiani, proposes that he should have an honorable literary resting-place in French literature, and that upon the urn erected to his memory there should be engraved "A Silenus, the head of Plato, a Punch, and one of the Graces."

Edward Howland.

MY SPARROWS.

"To catch sparrows, sprinkle salt on their tails." — *Nursery Lore*.

I.

FROM a dingy garden-bower, —
 Child, pent up in smoky town, —
 Watched I many a patient hour
 For the sparrows gray and brown.
 Sprinkling salt on a tail-feather
 Was to be my charm of might;
 But the salt and I together
 Failed to stay their sudden flight.

Had I caught that wished-for sparrow
(*Now*, I say in wisdom's words),
Still my triumph had been narrow, —
Sparrows are but homely birds,
Dull of plumage, with no glitter
On their breasts of dingy gray;
And their voice a restless twitter:
I am glad they flew away!

For my fancy now beholds them
With the plumes of Paradise,
And my eager clutch enfolds them
Glitt'ring with a thousand dyes.
Love himself might gem his arrows
With a feather from their breast;
Philomel learn from those sparrows
Songs she never has possessed.

II.

Now grown old, for other sparrows
Still I lay my futile snares;
And though Fancy's kingdom narrows,
Hope, unchanged, my visions shares.
Love, Ambition, Wealth, and Learning
Hop about my garden rails;
And I feel the same old yearning,
And creep up to salt their tails.

Off they fly! but all unheeding,
I console myself with this:
'Tis the thing we don't succeed in
Seems to us the truest bliss.
When we've caught our bright ideal,
We have spoiled its painted wings,
And the broad glare of the real
Shows the shabbiness of things.

Still, while restless Fancy lingers,
Puffing at my idle sails,
Hope and I will find our fingers
Sprinkling salt for sparrows' tails.
Sorry work 't would make of living,
Did the future promise naught;
And — I say it with thanksgiving —
All my sparrows are not caught!

Kate Hillard.

ROBERT OWEN AT NEW LANARK.

A CHAPTER OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I AM very desirous to estimate at its just value, and no more, the character of that remarkable man, my father.

Perhaps no one has been more favorably situated than I to judge him fairly and dispassionately. His child, but not (except during my youth) a believer in his specific plans for regenerating the world, — or, to use his own favorite phrase, his “disciple,” — the partiality of a son is so far corrected by the scruples of a dissenter, that I hope to avoid alike the weakness of eulogy and the error of extenuation.

Robert Owen’s ruling passion was the love of his kind, individually and collectively. An old friend of his said to me, jestingly, one day, when I had reached manhood, “If your good father had seven thousand children, instead of seven, I am sure he would love them devotedly.” But the inference thence to be drawn is unfounded. If we *were* only seven, he was, to every one of us, a most affectionate, even indulgent, parent. His organ of adhesiveness could not have been less than that of benevolence; while the organs of hope and self-esteem were equally predominant. I think that these four sentiments, together with very large order and firmness, chiefly governed his life and shaped his destiny.

My father enabled his children to obtain many weapons which he himself never possessed. He had none of the advantages of regulated study. He did, indeed, between the ages of eight and ten, devour a good many volumes; among them he himself enumerates Robinson Crusoe, Quarles (including no doubt his Emblems and his History of Samson), Pilgrim’s Progress, Paradise Lost, Richardson’s novels, Harvey’s Meditations, Young’s Night Thoughts, and many other religious books, chiefly Methodist; but these works, justly famed as some of them

are, must have made a strange jumble in an infant mind, left to digest their contents unguided even by a suggestion, and, as he tells us, “believing every word of them to be true.”

When I first remember him, he read a good deal; but it was chiefly one or two London dailies, with other periodicals as they came out. He was not, in any true sense of the word, a student. One who made his own way in life, unaided by a single dollar, from the age of ten could not well be. I never found, in his extensive library, a book with a marginal note, or even a pencil-mark of his, on a single page. He usually glanced over books, without mastering them; often dismissing them with some such curt remark as that “the radical errors shared by all men made books of comparatively little value.” Except statistical works, of which his favorite was Colquhoun’s Resources of the British Empire, I never remember to have seen him occupied in taking notes from any book whatever.

In this way he worked out his problems for human improvement to great disadvantage, missing a thousand things that great minds had thought and said before his time, and often mistaking ideas, that were truly his own, for novelties that no human being had heretofore given to the world.

Thus it happened that, while bringing prominently forward principles of vast practical importance that had been too much neglected both by governments and individuals, he forfeited, in a measure, the confidence of cultivated men by evident lack of familiarity with precedent authorities on the same subjects, and from inability to assign to a few favorite axioms their fitting place and just relative importance in a system of reformatory philosophy.

But to counterbalance these disadvantages he had eminent mental quali-

ties that worked for him, with telling effect, whenever he came into contact with the masses, either as employer, in the early days of which I am now writing, or, later in life, as a public teacher. The earnestness of his convictions — all the stronger for imagining old ideas to be original — amounted to enthusiasm. I do not think that Napoleon was more untiring in his perseverance, or that Swedenborg had a more implicit confidence in himself; and to this was joined a temperament so sanguine that he was unable, — no matter what rebuffs he met with, — unable, even as an octogenarian, to conceive the possibility of ultimate failure in his plans. During the afternoon immediately preceding his death he was arranging, with the rector of the parish, for a series of public meetings (at which he promised to speak), looking to an organization that should secure to every child, in and near his native town, the best education which modern lights and knowledge could supply.

But I am speaking now of a period more than half a century past, when he was in the vigor of early manhood. At that time his two leading ideas of reform were temperance and popular instruction.

In those days Scotland would have been a rich field for Father Mathew's labors. Habits of drunkenness were common alike to rich and poor. They were associated with good-fellowship, and were tenderly dealt with, even by the Church. The orgies of Osbaldistone Hall, graphically described in *Rob Roy*, found their counterpart in many a Scottish manor. The old bacchanalian rhyme,

"He who goes to bed, goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do, and dies in October;
But he that goes to bed, goes to bed mellow,
Lives a long, jolly life, and dies an honest fellow,"

was quoted, half in earnest, as apology for the excesses which wealthy and respectable hosts, under the guise of hospitality, literally forced upon their guests, when the cloth was drawn and the ladies had abandoned the dinner-

table to their riotous lords and masters.

I have heard my father, more than once, relate what happened on such an occasion, when he was one of the actors. He had been dining, with a party of eight or ten gentlemen and a few ladies, at the luxurious country-seat of a friend who had shown him much kindness. When the ladies withdrew, the host, having caused the butler to set out on the table two dozen bottles of port, sherry, and claret, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and said to his guests, "Gentlemen, no shirking to-night! Not a man leaves this room till these bottles are emptied."

No remark was made in reply, and the wine passed round. My father drank three glasses, — the utmost limit to which I have ever known him to go, though he habitually took a glass or two of sherry after dinner. At the fourth round he passed the bottles without filling. His host remonstrated, at first in jest, then in a half-angry tone, when the recusant persisted. Thereupon my father, approaching a front window which opened on the lawn, only a few feet below it, threw up the sash and leaped out, followed by three or four other guests.

This enraged their host. As the fugitives looked back they saw him upset the dinner-table with a violent kick, smashing bottles and glasses, and declaring, with an oath, that, if they did n't choose to drink that wine, nobody else should.

The deserters joined the ladies in the drawing-room, but the host did not reappear; and my father, as leading conspirator, lost, and never regained, his friendship.

Under my grandfather's mild and easy rule the vice which embittered poor Burns's life, and which blemishes some of his inimitable verses, had been very imperfectly checked. No grog-shops, indeed, were permitted in the village, but liquor was obtained in the old town. Robert Owen, acting on his belief in the efficacy of circumstances, soon wrought a radical change. He

had village watchmen, who patrolled the streets at night, and who were instructed to take down the name of every man found drunk. The inebriate was fined so much for the first offence, a larger sum for the second, the fines being deducted from his wages; and the third offence resulted in dismissal, sometimes postponed if he showed sincere repentance. Then the people were so justly and kindly treated, their wages were so liberal, and their hours of labor so much shorter than the average factory-hours throughout Great Britain, that dismissal was felt to be a misfortune not to be lightly incurred.

The degree to which, after eight or ten years of such discipline, intemperance was weeded out in New Lanark may be judged by the following incident.

I was in the habit of going to "The Mills," as we called them, almost daily. One day, in my twelfth year, when I had accompanied my father on his usual morning visit, and we had reached a sidewalk which conducted from our porter's lodge to the main street of the village, I observed, at a little distance on the path before us, a man who stopped, at intervals, in his walk, and staggered from side to side.

"Papa," said I, "look at that man. He must have been taken suddenly ill."

"What do you suppose is the matter with him, Robert?"

"I don't know. I never saw any man act so. Is he subject to fits? Do you know him, papa?"

"Yes, my dear, I know him. He is not subject to fits, but he is a very unfortunate man."

"What kind of illness has he?"

My father stopped, looked first at the man before us, and then at me. "Thank God, my son," he said, at last, "that you have never before seen a drunken man."

Robert Owen's predominant love of order brought about another important reform. Mrs. Grant (of Laggan), for twenty years a Scottish clergyman's wife, has well described, in her Cot-

tagers of Glenburnie, the careless untidiness and slatternly habits which, at the commencement of the present century, characterized the peasantry of Scotland. "I canna' be fashed," was the usual reply, if any one suggested that cleanliness, among the virtues, should rank next to godliness.

A writer, whose parents settled as workers in the New Lanark mills as early as 1803, states that, in those days, each family had but a single apartment, the houses being of one story only; and that before each door it was not unusual to find a dunghill. He tells us, also, that one of Robert Owen's first reforms was to add an additional story to every house, giving two rooms to most of the families; and that the dunghills were carried off to an adjoining farm, and a renewal of the nuisance was imperatively forbidden.*

As I recollect the village, its streets, daily swept at the expense of the company, were kept scrupulously clean; and its tidy appearance in every respect was the admiration of strangers.

A reform of a more delicate character, upon which my father ventured, met serious opposition. After each family became possessed of adequate accommodations, most of them still maintained, in their interior, disorder and uncleanness. My father's earnest recommendations on the subject passed unheeded. He then called the work-people together, and gave several lectures upon order and cleanliness as among the Christian virtues. His audience heard, applauded, and went home content "to do as weel as their forbears, and no to heed English clavers."

Thereupon my father went a step further. He called a general meeting of the villagers; and, at his suggestion, a committee from among themselves was appointed, whose duty it was to visit each family weekly, and report in writing upon the condition of the house.

* Robert Owen at New Lanark, with a Variety of Interesting Anecdotes. By a former Teacher at New Lanark. p. 4. Manchester and London, 1839.

This, according to the statement of the author last quoted, while grumblingly acquiesced in by the men, was received "with a storm of rage and opposition by the women."* They had paid their rent, and did no harm to the house; and it was nobody's business but their own whether it was clean or dirty. If they had read *Romeo and Juliet*, which is not likely, I daresay they would have greeted the intruders as the Nurse did her prying master, —

"Go, you cot-qean, go;
Get you to bed!"

As it was, while a few, fresh from mop and scrubbing-brush, received the committee civilly, a large majority either locked their doors or met the inquisitors with abuse, calling them "bug-hunters" and other equally flattering names.

My father took it quietly; showed no anger toward the dissenters; encouraged the committee to persevere, but instructed them to ask admittance as a favor only; and allowed the small minority, who had welcomed these domiciliary visits, to have a few plants each from his greenhouse. This gratuity worked wonders; conciliation of manner gradually overcame the first jealousy of intrusion; and a few friendly visits by my mother, quietly paid to those who were especially tidy in their households, still further quelled the opposition. Gradually the weekly reports of the committee became more full and more favorable.

Within the mills everything was punctiliously kept. Whenever I visited them with my father, I observed that he picked up the smallest flocks of cotton from the floor, handing them to some child near by, to be put in his waste-bag.

"Papa," said I one day, "what *does* it signify, — such a little speck of cotton?"

"The value of the cotton," he replied, "is nothing, but the example is much. It is very important that these people should acquire strict habits of order and economy."

* Work quoted, p. 5.

In working out these and other reforms, my father, a scrupulous respecter of the rights of conscience and of entire freedom of opinion, never exercised, except in the case of habitual drunkards, the power of dismissal which his office as sole manager placed in his hands. The writer already quoted, who spent his youth and early manhood at New Lanark, bears testimony to this. "I never knew," he says, "of a single instance in which Mr. Owen dismissed a worker for having manfully and conscientiously objected to his measures."*

Even when necessary rules were violated, he was quick to soften and ready to forgive. The same writer tells us that, during his childhood, he and another boy had slyly entered Braxfield woods to cut *shinties* (hockies, I believe, we generally call them) needed for a favorite sport. They proceeded in fear and trembling. "If Mr. Owen sees us, won't we catch it!" said the one to the other, as they found two prime ash-rods, with the requisite crook, and proceeded to use their knives upon them. Scarcely were the words pronounced and the trespassers busy at work, when Mr. Owen's hand was laid on one of their shoulders. They knew they were recognized, hung their heads, dropped their knives, and remained silent and self-convicted. My father stood looking at them for some time, sorry, I daresay, that he had come upon them. Then he said, "Perhaps you don't know that what you are doing is wrong. It *is* wrong; and if your parents never told you so, they neglected their duty. Take the shinties you have cut for this time; but, if you should want more some other day, don't steal them: thieves never come to any good. Come to me, and I will give you permission; then you can take them without doing any wrong."

The culprits slunk away; and one of them says that when he went, seventeen years afterward, to hear Robert Owen lecture at "Bywater's Room," this act of clemency came back to his

* Robert Owen at New Lanark, p. 5.

mind at the first sight of the benignant face, as freshly as the day it happened.*

This same boy, when past middle age, relates another reminiscence of his youth. At the age of seventeen he obtained a situation as teacher in the New Lanark schools, contracting to remain a year and a half. But after six months, prompted by an ambition not uncommon among the poorer classes in Scotland, he took a fancy to go to college. Ashamed, however, thus to break faith with his employer, he gave him no hint of his intention, and left abruptly, without even taking leave of him. When the college session closed, his funds being probably exhausted, he returned to New Lanark; and there one day, almost as unexpectedly as in the Braxfield woods, he met Robert Owen. He wished himself, he tells us, "a hundred miles off." But, to his surprise and joy, his former employer came up to him at once, took him kindly by the hand, and, without alluding at all to the violated contract, asked him how he liked college life in Glasgow; adding an inquiry as to what he intended to do during the summer, and telling him he could have his former place again, if he wished it. "This," adds the narrator, who was a member of the Scottish Kirk, "this was genuine, practical Christianity."†

The New Lanark schools, and the cause of popular education generally, were the subjects which, at this period of my father's life, chiefly engrossed his attention. His first appearance as a speaker was as president at a public dinner, given in the city of Glasgow in 1812, to Joseph Lancaster, the well-known educational reformer. In the character of this gentleman, a Quaker, there was a strange mixture of honest, self-sacrificing zeal, and imprudent, self-indulgent ostentation. As early as 1789 he labored stoutly among the poor of Southwark, teaching a school of three hundred outcast children for years almost gratuitously. When his system

finally attracted attention, and subscriptions poured in upon him, prosperity called forth weaknesses, and he squandered the money given for better purposes. I recollect that he drove up one afternoon, on invitation of my father, to Braxfield House, with four horses to his post-chaise,* — a luxury in which I never knew my father to indulge.

When, somewhat later, my father gave five thousand dollars to aid in the general introduction of the Lancasterian system of instruction, I remember that my mother, adverting to the four horses, demurred to the wisdom of so munificent a subscription. And I think that, in view of Lancaster's prodigality, she was in the right.

This Lancasterian system — one of mutual instruction, with *monitors*, selected from the pupils, as sub-teachers — was equally economical and superficial. It had its good points, however, and could be maintained where the funds were insufficient for anything better. My father, enthusiastic at first in its favor, gradually changed it for something more thorough and effective.

In the speech which Robert Owen made at the Lancaster dinner, the views which he afterwards elaborated touching the formation of character first peeped out. "General differences," he said, "bodily and mental, between inhabitants of various regions, are not inherent in our nature, nor do they arise from the respective soils on which

* The *post-chaise* of those days, partly crowded out now by the first-class railway carriages, was a strong, light vehicle, corresponding to our *coupé*, and seating comfortably two persons, though more could be crowded in, as in "John Gilpin's" case: —

"My sister and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback, after we."

It was a pleasant, even luxurious, mode of travelling: relays of horses being obtained at intervals of about ten miles, and at a cost of thirty-five cents a mile for a single pair, the usual speed being from eight to ten miles an hour. Only the nobility and wealthy gentry indulged in four horses. The cheery, dashing mail-coach, with its red-coated guard and many-caped coachman — a cheaper and equally speedy conveyance — is now almost a thing of the past.

* Robert Owen at New Lanark, p. 8.

† Ibid., pp. 7, 8.

we are born; they are wholly and solely the effect of education." While it is difficult to exaggerate the importance of education, in the extended sense of the term, this proposition is clearly extravagant, ignoring, as it does, the influences, often dominant, of race, climate, soil, whether fertile or barren, and hereditary qualities transmitted through successive generations. But the speech was applauded to the echo, and called forth from a certain Kirkman Finlay — then the great man of Glasgow — a laudatory letter.

"This induced me," says my father in his Autobiography, "to write my four Essays on the Formation of Character." Of these hereafter.

As early as 1809 my father had laid the foundations of a large building, afterwards called "The New Institution," designed to accommodate all the children of the village. But the estimated cost, upwards of twenty thousand dollars, alarmed his partners, who finally vetoed the enterprise. Thereupon my father offered to give or take for the establishment four hundred and twenty thousand dollars, and at that rate they agreed to sell out to him.

A new partnership was formed, the two principal partners being sons-in-law of a Mr. Campbell, usually called Campbell of Jura, being the proprietor of a small island of that name, one of the Hebrides. Others eagerly joined when it was shown, from the books of the late partnership, that the net annual profits, on the average of the ten years it lasted, were fifteen per cent.

This second partnership continued three years only. Campbell of Jura, a relative of my mother, had intrusted to my father, for safe-keeping on interest, a hundred thousand dollars. This he did unknown to his sons-in-law, for family reasons. Finally it came to their ears, and greatly exasperated them. Either from jealousy or desire for large profits, they objected to the new school-building, and carried a partnership vote against it; taking the ground that they were cotton-spinners,

doing business for profit, and had nothing to do with educating children: other manufacturers never troubled themselves about such matters. They took exception, also, to the salaries and wages paid, as being too high.

By this time, my father says, he was "completely tired of partners who cared for nothing but to buy cheap and sell dear." So he sought others, this time among philanthropists. Jeremy Bentham, the utilitarian philosopher, was one; William Allen of London, a noted Quaker, was another; Michael Gibbs, afterwards Lord Mayor of London, a third. There were three others, equally benevolent, but not noted names. Of these three one was a gentleman of leisure, who had never before been in business. I afterwards became well acquainted with him and his amiable family. My father, who highly esteemed him, and ultimately won his entire confidence, told me one day certain particulars of his life, — a remarkable story that I never forgot. I think its lesson influenced, more or less, my whole life.

A man of letters, educated to every classical attainment, and the inheritor of a princely fortune, this gentleman had been able to gratify, at a wish, his cultivated tastes. His marriage was fortunate, and his children grew up around him with the fairest promise. He had a handsome town house in a fashionable square in London, and a country-seat six or eight miles off in the midst of one of those magnificent English parks, — the ideal of stately rural elegance, — with its trimly kept lawn and its wide-spreading chase, dotted over with clumps of noble old trees, where the deer sought refuge from the noonday heat, and a lair at nightfall.

Its owner had travelled over Europe and brought back, as mementos of his journey, paintings and statuary by some of the best masters, ancient and modern, with which to adorn his favorite retreat. The house itself, in which I spent some happy days, with its rich marble columns and balustrades, was a fine specimen of the purest Palladian

manner, where all that luxurious refinement could devise had been unsparingly lavished.

There my father — during a brief interval in his own public life of incessant bustle — found his friend, with no occupation more pressing than to pore over the treasures of his library, and no graver care than to superintend the riches of a conservatory where wealth had brought together, from half the world, its choicest plants and flowers. They spent some days of undisturbed quiet: not an incident beyond the conversation of a sedate and intellectual family circle and the arrival and departure of a friend or two to break the complete repose.

Delightful my father thought it, in contrast with the busy turmoil he had left; and one day he said to his host, "I've been thinking that if I ever met a man who has nothing to desire, you must be he. You have health, cultivation, a charming family. You have gathered round you every comfort wealth can give, the choicest of all that nature and art can supply. Are you not completely happy?"

Never, my father said to me, would he forget the sad, unexpected reply: "Happy! Ah, Mr. Owen, I committed one fatal error in my youth, and dearly have I paid for it! I started in life without an object, almost without an ambition. My temperament disposed me to ease, and I indulged it. I said to myself, 'I have all that I see others contending for; why should I struggle?' I knew not the curse that lights on those who have never to struggle for anything. I ought to have created for myself some definite pursuit, literary, scientific, artistic, political, no matter what, so there was something to labor for and to overcome. Then I might have been happy."

My father suggested that he was scarcely past the prime of life, and that in a hundred ways he might still benefit others, while occupying himself. "Come and spend a month or two with me at Braxfield," he added. "You have a larger share in the Lanark mills

than any of my partners. See for yourself what has been done for the work-people there and for their children; and give me the benefit of your suggestions and your aid."

"It is too late," was the reply. "The power is gone. Habits are become chains. You can work and do good; but for me, — in all the profitless years gone by I seek vainly for something to remember with pride, or even to dwell on with satisfaction. I have thrown away a life. I feel, sometimes, as if there were nothing remaining to me worth living for."

And neither then, nor at any future time, did this strange martyr to leisure visit the establishment in which he had invested a hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

But in this I anticipate. It was in the year 1813 that my father, then in London and engaged in publishing the first two of his *Essays on the Formation of Character*, made the acquaintance of his new partners; and he submitted to them these *Essays* as embodying the principles on which he proposed to manage the New Lanark establishment. They were briefly: —

1. Man does not form his own character: it is formed for him by the circumstances that surround him.

2. Man is not a fit subject of praise or blame.

3. Any general character, good or bad, may be given to the world, by applying means which are, to a great extent, under the control of human governments.

Important propositions, doubtless, with great underlying truths; but not, as the author claimed in his title, *A New View of Society*.

Paul had already said: "What hast thou that thou didst not receive? Now if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory as if thou hadst not received it?"

Both Calvin and Luther had gone further, denying to man free-will.

Hobbes, about the year 1654, had said: "Liberty and necessity are consistent. . . . God, that seeth and dis-

poseth all things, seeth also that the liberty of man, in doing what he will, is accompanied with the necessity of doing that which God will, and no more nor less."*

Priestley, more than a hundred years later, had written: "There is some fixed law of nature respecting the will, . . . which is never determined without some motive of choice."†

And this last writer, at least, seems to have estimated as highly as Robert Owen the doctrine of which he is a chief advocate; for he says: "I the less wonder at the general hesitation to admit the doctrine of necessity in its full extent, when I consider that there is not, I believe, in the whole compass of human speculation, an instance in which the indisputable consequences of any simple proposition are so numerous and important"; and as to these consequences he adds: "Great and glorious as they are, it requires so much strength of mind to comprehend them that (I wish to say it with the least offence possible) I cannot help considering the doctrine as that which will always distinguish the real moral philosopher from the rest of the world."‡

But here the difference in the minds of Joseph Priestley and Robert Owen shows itself; for Priestley sagaciously adds: "Like all other great and practical truths, even those of Christianity itself, its actual influence will not always be so great as, from theory, it might be expected to be"; while Owen, advocating a phase of the same principle, declares: "No human power can now impede its rapid progress. Silence will not retard its course, and opposition will give increased celerity to its movements. The commencement of the work will, in fact, insure its accomplishment. Henceforth all the irritating angry passions, arising from ignorance of the true cause of bodily and mental character, will gradually subside, and be replaced by

the most frank and conciliating confidence and good-will."

My father, after his own fashion, was a believer in the speedy advent of the millennium. It has always seemed to me a strange thing that a man who had so much practical knowledge of the world should have made the mistake of imagining that when one has set before human beings the means of being wise and happy, one has insured the certain and speedy adoption of these means, by the individual and by the government. If that were so there would be no drunkards; for the veriest sot will not, in his lucid intervals, deny the blessings of temperance. My father, carried away by zeal and hope to benefit his race, failed to note the cogent fact that our civilization of to-day has not reached that point of progress when present self-indulgence shall no longer rule the majority of mankind.

Then his propositions lost part of their force because they were too sweeping and insufficiently guarded; for example, when he asserted that praise, even of the best man, is irrational. Eulogy, laudation, — self-laudation especially, — is irrational; but if we are just, we approve, we commend the conduct of the good; if we are warm-hearted, we like, we love them for their goodness. In strictness it may be that they cannot help doing good actions. Then, if not for the actions, at least for the disposition of mind which impels to them, they are entitled to commendation, they are worthy of love. So of the wicked. We cannot help disapproving a propensity to vicious indulgence; we cannot help disliking him who indulges such a propensity. The true point is, that we ought not to hate him; and that all punishments should be reformatory, not vindictive. We know the evil deed; we can never, as Burns reminds us, know the temptations resisted, that may have preceded it.

So of the third proposition, looking to governments as the chief agents of human regeneration. Goldsmith had said: —

* *Leviathan*, p. 108.

† *Philosophical Necessity*, Sec. I.

‡ *Preface to Philosophical Necessity*, p. xxi.

"How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!"

He and Robert Owen ran equally into extremes. But Robert Owen had this apology, that he regarded it as the legitimate province of government to provide for and educate all the children of the land. In New Lanark, however, he merely proposed to give a good common-school education to all the children of his work-people; and to this end he obtained the assent of his proposed partners.

He showed them that the net profits of the concern, for the last four years, *had exceeded fifty per cent* on the capital invested (eighty-four thousand pounds); but he did not conceal from them that the reforms he had in view would materially diminish these.

His old partners refused to let him fix a sum which he would give or take for the property, insisted on putting it up at auction, and set to work to decry its value; busily spreading the report that the mills, under the management of a visionary like Owen, were not worth more than forty thousand pounds. But my father, meanwhile, quietly obtained permission from his philanthropic associates to bid three times that amount, if necessary.

The day of sale was one of great excitement in Glasgow; and the large hall in which it took place was crowded to the doors. The bidding was protracted; the former partners, who bid in person, retiring several times for consultation, while my father's solicitor, who had his instructions once for all, bid up, to the utter astonishment of his opponents and the public, to a hundred and fourteen thousand one hundred pounds; at which sum the property was knocked down to him.*

The defeated party, anticipating success as a certainty, had incautiously invited their friends and well-wishers, in advance, to a public congratulatory dinner. Crestfallen as they were,

* The equivalent of five hundred and seventy thousand dollars; but as money rates, now and then, equal to more than three quarters of a million to-day.

they had to play the hosts; and their mortification reached its climax, when a certain Colonel Hunter, a leading newspaper editor and a wag, rose to propose the health of the favorites of fortune who had just sold for a hundred and fourteen thousand pounds a property which they valued at forty. "A bumper, gentlemen," he cried, "to a victory so unexampled!" The Colonel had his jest against the Campbells and their friends; but it was the last time he sat at their dinner-table.

Their disappointment was to receive an additional aggravation. William Allen, with two others of the new partners, Quakers like himself, had come on to Glasgow to await the issue of the sale, and they accompanied my father to view their purchase. The author from whose pamphlet I have already extracted gives an account of their reception.* And my father, in his Autobiography, supplies additional particulars.†

The Scotch, though a warm-hearted people, are not usually demonstrative. But I remember the deep anxiety our work-people showed for weeks before the sale, and the enthusiasm with which they hailed my father's success.

The writer alluded to says: "Never will the inhabitants of New Lanark forget the afternoon of that day on which the sale of the mills to Mr. Owen took place. A horseman had been despatched, at speed, to make known the result. It was now in vain to check the sincere and unbounded joy of the workers. The managers saw and felt it; the people having unanimously resolved to testify their feelings by an act of public rejoicing. The mills were stopped. Bands of music played merrily through the vil-

* Robert Owen at New Lanark, pp. 15, 16. The author says of himself: "Brought up in the Church of Scotland, having never received a farthing from Mr. Owen but what I rendered equivalent service for, being in no way dependent upon any one connected with the 'Social System,' it may be reasonably inferred that any statements made by me which tend to reflect credit on Mr. Owen could neither have been dictated by love to his principles nor published from selfish motives."

† Autobiography, pp. 97, 98.

lage, and the windows were illuminated, as for some great national triumph. The next day the work-people, with hundreds from the borough town and surrounding country, met Mr. Owen and his new partners three miles from New Lanark and proceeded to ungear the horses from the carriage. It was in vain that Mr. Owen warmly remonstrated, reminding the crowd that the workman had too long already been treated as the brute. Accompanied with bands of music and the acclamations of some thousands, the people bore their benefactor triumphantly to Braxfield; where, to the dense and happy multitude, he delivered an impressive address."

My father states that when his Quaker friends first saw the crowd rushing to the carriage and calling to the postilions to stop, they were seriously alarmed; but when they heard the cheers, and saw the men relieving each other at intervals, and found the cavalcade gradually increasing, and then, the procession passing first through the old town and afterwards through the village, the people everywhere filling the windows or crowding out of their houses to witness it, and testifying by the liveliest demonstrations their gratitude and delight, the amazement of these sober disciples of George Fox, unused to such scenes, was equalled by their gratification; and they wrote, in glowing terms, an account of their reception to the other London partners.

The management of the mills and schools pleased them much, except in one particular; dancing had been introduced by my father, as one of the school exercises. But Barclay, in his *Apology*, had taught: "Games and sports, plays, dancing, consist not with the gravity and godly fear which the Gospel calls for"; and William Allen, especially, held strictly to all the rules set forth in that text-book of early Quakerism, as I well remember. For one day, a year or two later, dining with him at his London residence, in Plough Court, Lombard Street, I

had a lesson, not easily forgotten, teaching me how to walk in the strait way.

I was sitting next to a gentleman in whose conversation I was interested. We had roast beef for dinner; and when I had exhausted the quantity first sent me, my host asked, "Will thee have more roast beef?"

"Thank you, no more," I replied mechanically, engrossed in something my neighbor had just said. By and by I bethought me that I was still hungry; and, begging leave to change my mind, asked for a further supply.

"Robert, thee has already refused," was all the answer I got, in solemn tones of reproof. Had I not said I would take no more? I must not be suffered to tell a lie.* It was better to let me eke out my dinner with vegetables.

To such a man, not dancing only, but music also, was a "sinful divertisement."† But the more liberal sentiments of the majority of the partners overruled him in this matter; so that, under protest of himself and one or two of his rigid friends, the reels, Highland fling, and country-dances still went on.

The villagers were almost all Presbyterians; but (in those days at least) dancing, a favorite national amusement in Scotland from the earliest times, was not forbidden by the Kirk. My mother had strong scruples about our walking on Sunday, except to church and back again; but she sent us to dancing-school while we lived in Glasgow; and when at Braxfield, the village dancing-master came twice a week to give us lessons.

This artist, whose name was Dodge,

* The definition, here implied, of a falsehood, reminds me of a story which I have somewhere read. A Quaker, walking near London, on a road leading to that city, met a youth who asked his way, thus wording his question: "This is not the road to London, is it?"

"Friend," was the stern reply, "I understand thee not. Thou first tellest me a lie, and then askest me a question."

† "As to their artificial music, either by organs or other instruments or voice, we have neither example nor precept for it in the New Testament." — Barclay's *Apology*, p. 442.

had "graduated," as he was wont to tell us, in Edinburgh; whence he returned with exalted ideas of his profession. No Pundit skilled in Sanskrit lore, no Doctor of Divinity in the Middle Ages, could have indulged in manner more stately or diction more pompous. After a year or two's instruction in the various Scottish dances and the cotillon, as the quadrille was then called, he announced to us his intention of going a step further: not to teach us the waltz, for that was spoken of in Scotland then as we speak of the *can-can* now; nor the *German*, for that was an unknown term; but something very different.

He came, one day, more elaborately dressed than usual, and, after he had called us up on the floor, paused, kit in hand, before the lesson began. "Young ladies and gentlemen," he said at length, "I have had the honor of teaching you, so far, a few of those simpler exercises in the polite art of dancing which no person moving in good society can possibly dispense with; and, on the whole, I am not dissatisfied with your progress. I shall now proceed to induct you into the mysteries of a higher order of motion. I propose to give you some idea of the inimitable Minuet de la Cour, and the Gavotte, which is, as it were, its appropriate peroration. I use the term, 'give you an idea,' advisedly; for I can do no more than that. A man's life is too short to learn to walk a minuet properly."

The earnest gravity and emphasis with which he pronounced the closing axiom, and the graceful wave of his bow as he declaimed, impressed us with mingled awe and curiosity; and I have a hundred times since recalled the incident with a smile. I am not sure but that the minuet (if it *be* old-fashioned) might still be taught with advantage; not for public exhibition on the ball-room floor, as in Sir Charles Grandison's day, but as a useful exercise tending to easy grace of motion and elegance of carriage.

In the main, my father was now free to carry out his plans of education.

He gradually completed and fitted up, at a cost of between thirty and forty thousand dollars, the spacious school-house, the building of which his former partners had arrested. It had five large rooms or halls, besides smaller apartments, and a bath-room on an extensive scale, sufficing for the accommodation of from four to five hundred children. No charge whatever was made; and not only all the children of the work-people, but also children of all families living within a mile of the village, were thus gratuitously instructed.

In this institution a novel feature was introduced. Pestalozzi and Oberlin have each been spoken of as originating the infant-school system; but my father seems to have been its true founder. I have found no proof whatever that either of them even thought of doing what he carried out. He brought together upwards of a hundred children, from *one* to six years of age, under two guardians, James Buchanan and Mary Young. No attempt was made to teach them reading or writing, not even their letters; nor had they any set lessons at all. Much of their time was spent in a spacious playground. They were trained to habits of order and cleanliness; they were taught to abstain from quarrels, to be kind to each other. They were amused with childish games and with stories suited to their capacity. Two large, airy rooms were set apart, one for those under four years and one for those from four to six. This last room was furnished with paintings, chiefly of animals, and a few maps. It was also supplied with natural objects from the gardens, fields, and woods. These suggested themes for conversation, or brief, familiar lectures; but there was nothing formal, no tasks to be learned, no readings from books. "When the best means of instruction are known and adopted," says my father in his Autobiography, "I doubt whether books will be used until children attain their tenth year." But this he could not carry out at New Lanark, as the children were admitted to the mills and

were usually sent thither by their parents at twelve years of age.

No corporal punishment nor threat nor violent language was permitted on the part of the teachers. They were required to treat the children with the same kindness which they exacted from them toward each other.

Some years later an attempt was made by a London association, headed by the Marquis of Lansdowne and Lord Brougham, to introduce infant schools into the British metropolis. They obtained a teacher from New Lanark. But they undertook to do too much, and so failed in their object. They

had lessons, tasks, study. Not satisfied with moral training and instructive amusement, as at New Lanark, they sought prematurely to develop the intellectual powers. The tender brain of the infant was over-excited; more harm than good was done; and the system fell, in a measure, into disrepute, until Froebel, in his *Kindergartens*, brought things back to a more rational way.

I visited our village infant school almost daily for years; and I have never, either before or since, seen such a collection of bright, clean, good-tempered, happy little faces.

Robert Dale Owen.

BEST.

"LOVE is better than house or lands;
So, Sir Stephen, I'll ride with thee!"
Quick she steps where the courser stands,
Light she springs to the saddle-tree.

Love is better than kith or kin:
So close she clung and so close clasped he,
They heard no sob of the bitter wind,
Nor the snow that shuddered along the lea.

Love is better than life or breath!
The drifts are over the horse's knee;
Softly they sink to the soft, cold death,
And the snow-shroud folds them silently.

Houses and lands are gone for aye,
Kith and kin like the wild wind flee,
Life and breath have fluttered away,
But love hath blossomed eternally.

Rose Terry.

A GOOD WORD FOR QUACKS.

WHATEVER grave doubts reason and experience may teach us to entertain in regard to medicine as a science, none can deny its position as an art. And it must be understood that medicine is a great deal more than the simple art of gaining time for the recuperative forces of nature to exert themselves. It does much besides occupy the mind. It directs the mind, and, through the mind, the body. It is to the body, in fact, what rhetoric is to the understanding, — a force that compels by persuading. Its plane of action is among the voluntary powers of man, where, making use of the imagination and the will, it constrains the obscure and reflex forces of the soul, and through them controls and persuades the involuntary functions of the body. Thus it happens that the doctor wields such a tremendous power in the world, and men obey him implicitly, whether he be the fashionable doctor of our cities, elegant and dainty, with a soft finger to feel pulses, and a soft voice to mollify nerves; or the rude, terrible witch-doctor, who, by the reedy rivers of Africa, carelessly dispenses life and death to the shuddering children of the Fetish.

Camus, a scientific amateur, in 1753 wrote a rather fanciful sort of book which he styled *Médecine de l'Esprit*, a system of healing by which the mind was made to cure the body. What Camus sought to gather into a co-ordinate method had, however, long before been observed in detail by the philosophers, and practised in detail by the quacks, who have always had a subdued and bewildered sort of consciousness that the chief part of their profits and their influence is due to the power which the mind exercises over the body.

It needeth a "Delian diver," says Lord Bacon, rightly to pursue the study of the imagination in disease. For, as Sterne has most acutely figured it, a

man's body and his mind are exactly like a jerkin and a jerkin's lining; rumple the one, you rumple the other. *Fortis imaginatio generat casum*, was the old caution of the medical schools to their acolytes. A frequent cougher in a church sets nearly the whole congregation to coughing. The scars of Saint Dagobert, Saint Francis, Saint Theresa; the raptures of the Seeress of Delphos and the Seeress of Prevorst can all of them be rationally interpreted by an accurate comprehension of this action of the mind upon the body. The books are full of cases of abnormal circumstances and corporal miracles produced by this sort of action. I need not repeat them here. I once saw a strong and very hearty man grow weak and faint, so that he was forced to go to bed, under the apprehensions produced in him by the distant, muffled drumming of some pheasants, which he heard while ploughing his field, and of which he mistook the dull, regular throb, not knowing what it was, for palpitations of his own heart.

In effect, it has been very rightly said that the senses are five porches by means of which the physician gets access to the body through the mind. Nor does it much matter by which one of these porches the skilful doctor enters. He can make his way as deeply and as readily by the porch of hearing or the porch of sight as he can by the porch of touch or the porch of taste. It was in recognition of this fact that the ancients laid such stress upon what they called *medical music*, whereby, flattering the ear, absorbing the attention, fascinating the soul and soothing the irritated nerves, they had the greatest success in the cure of the toothache, sciatica, gout, and diseases of an acute and violent character. Buretti and others sought to systematize this mode of treatment, and not without success.

It is indeed a mode of acting upon nervous disease that is ancient as the harp of David and the lyre of Orpheus. At that subtle touch of harmony the clouds rolled away from the moody spirit of Saul, and the grim soul of Pluto waxed benignant. Varro commends the efficacy of music in the paroxysms of gout, while Theophrastus claimed that it was good as an antidote against the bite of serpents and the sting of the tarantula. Vigneul de Marville, seeing all these effects, and unwilling to believe that the spiritual part of man could so directly influence the physical, fancied a mechanical and Cartesian sort of action of the sound waves, whereby they harmonized the circulation of the blood, and, by relaxing the vessels of the body, afforded a freer exit to obstructed and nefarious vapors.

"The imagination," as Lord Bacon said, "is next akin to miracle-working faith." There is no doctor who would not rather contend with serious and even vital maladies, than with the thousand and one diseased conceits and hypochondriacal fancies of the *malade imaginaire*, who, aggrieved by dyspepsia and with his mind all awry, demands to be treated for every disease under heaven but the one mental lesion that makes him such a thorough nuisance. He has, indeed, no mortal malady; but does not his imagination give just as real and actual a twist to the nervous currents of his body as the magnet gives to the course of the compass? It is in nervous conditions like this — and all sickness is accompanied with more or less general disturbance of the nerves — that the doctor and the quack equally find their opportunity, and establish their prestige, by working upon the excited and despondent or expectant feelings. The force of sympathy, even, can work a miracle, if the mind be in this state.

"Dum spectant oculi læsos, læduntur et ipsi."

And even habit — by blinding the fancy to what the muscles are called upon to do, as was the case with her who carried the bull because she had

carried the calf, and was only half conscious of its growth — has virtually a miraculous operation.

There are some very striking instances on record of the imagination doing the work which physic is fancied to be alone able to perform. When the Reformation appeared in Lithuania, Prince Radzivil went to Rome in person to give the Pope assurance of his devotion to the cause of orthodoxy. On his departure, the Holy Father presented him with a box of precious relics. Having come home, the relics were made use of by the monks for the cure of a demoniac who had hitherto successfully held out against every kind of exorcism. The success was instantaneous and complete, — a miracle was performed *coram populo*, and the virtues of the relics established beyond debate. The prince was confirmed in his faith, yet he was not so enthusiastic but he saw a supercilious smile on the face of the young man who had been keeper of the relics. "Upon inquiry as to the meaning of sneers upon so solemn and awful an occasion, and pardon being promised, the prince learned to his disgust that, the genuine relics having been lost upon the way, the keeper had supplied their place with bones collected how he could, and put into a box the fac-simile of that which was lost." This lot of rubbish, the bones of cats and dogs, picked from the highway, it was that had performed the miracle! The legend says the prince became a Protestant straightway. I trust he did not suspect either the monks or the demoniac of deceiving him, for, so far as they were concerned, the miracle was beyond doubt a genuine one, working a *bona fide* cure of a *bona fide* affliction through the simple force of the expectant and excited imagination. And it is in this way precisely, nine times out of ten, that medicine works its cures, and especially that sort of cure most triumphantly adduced in proof of its surpassing efficacy.

Here, likewise, we have the solution of the actual and appalling power of witchcraft, and of the wonderful force of

magic, with its charms, spells, amulets, and other devices for most thoroughly reaching the imagination through the senses. Among our American negroes, almost as much as among the African negroes, witchcraft exercises a despotic power. I have myself known an instance of a very kindly, brisk, and quite clever negress, one reared among intelligent people, and afforded opportunities enough to know far better, who, made melancholy perhaps by an accession of dyspepsia, fancied herself bewitched, resorted to innumerable ways of having herself exorcised without avail, and finally pined, languished, and died, without any lesion that was discoverable, and in spite of the skill of the best physicians. An enemy had "put a spell upon her," she said, and there was no escape for her from the doom of death. As her fancy wrought, so her body wrought.

Wherever magic has been able to retain its hold upon the imagination, its charms and amulets have worked as powerfully in the cause of health as physic. It is only when we cease to believe in sorcery and sortilege — and we never do quite let go our faith in magic and our proclivity to superstition — that we demand of physic to furnish us a substitute, and, as Comte says, advance from the dominion of fetichism to the regency of metaphysical notions. Magical medicine is probably as old as the world. The savages of those prehistoric days, who dwelt in caves and gnawed bones, naked and miserable as they were, must have had their witch-masters and their workers of spells, their sorcerers and their makers of amulets. Homer tells us how the wound of Ulysses was cured by the healing touch of the sons of Autolycus. The *Ephesiæ literæ* of Diana were a right famous amulet with the ancients, among whom, indeed, medicine was always half magical, half sacerdotal, and always more or less practised by the priests, who, as go-betweens from the gods to the people, were conceded to have an authority over disease not to be exer-

cised by common men. After the oracles grew dumb and Pan's reputation had grown to be a thing of the past, Christian superstitions easily substituted themselves for the old ethnic superstition. A famous mediæval charm was that by means of the names of the three kings of Cologne, hung about the neck upon a piece of parchment, with the general legend, "Caspar brings myrrh, Melchior incense, Balthasar gold," and a special entreaty that they would have in charge to heal the particular disease under which the patient was suffering. This charm was particularly efficacious in epilepsy, which as a mysterious disease, — the Greeks called it the sacred disease, — and one that seemed most certainly to proceed from the stroke of the higher powers, was naturally one for the relief of which supernatural aid would be solicited. After the priests, there was still a sort of Levitical family to whom the province of healing belonged of right, as the green turban among Islamites is the hereditament of the descendants of the Prophet. The seventh son of a seventh son was a physician by destiny, and always had a preternatural proclivity for setting disease at naught. I have noticed the advertisements of such seventh sons very lately in the newspapers, and as they can afford to advertise, it is fair to suppose they are patronized. The curative power possessed by another branch of these proscriptive physicians, the magnetists, is something which can neither be explained nor denied. The evidence is too strong for us to reject the almost miraculous cures performed by Baptista Porta, Cardan, Kircher, Gasner, Valentine Graterakes, Mesmer, Cagliostro, etc.

Old Robert Burton, the naïve and learned anatomist of melancholy, gives us most ingenuously an excellent instance of the manner in which a faith in amulets may get possession of a mind that ought to be capable of rejecting such things entirely, or rather of accepting them for what they are really worth. Speaking of the use of

spiders for ague, — and the spider's web is an excellent remedy for the chronic form of that troublesome disease, by the way, — Burton says: "I first observed this amulet of a spider in a nutshell lapped in silk, etc., so applied for an ague by my mother; whom, although I knew to have excellent skill in chirography, sore eyes, aches, . . . yet among all other experiments, this, methought, was most absurd and ridiculous. I could see no warrant of it. *Quid aranea cum febre?* For what antipathy? Till at length, rambling among authors (as I often do), I found this very medicine in Dioscorides, approved by Matthiolus, repeated by Aldrovandus, etc. *I began to have a better opinion of it, and to give more credit to amulets, when I saw it in some parties answer to experience.*" So the scholar was led by Dioscorides to accept what his reason and common-sense had encouraged him to reject.

The key-note to all these facts is part of the rationale of human nature. The relations between medicine and psychology are in fact much closer than is generally conceded. It was an old doctrine of Plato, and a true one probably, that a man must have a natural disposition towards a thing if he would become that thing. To be virtuous, he must have an innate proclivity to virtue; and education has no power to supply the defect in temperament. In other words, what we take from without must be, through some correspondent sense or feeling, already in ourselves. Where the organ is not, the sense is not. From this notion, and entirely over and above the conceded divine origin of the healing art, it came to be supposed that the healer himself must have a supernatural efficacy in his touch, congenerous with his election to perform the healer's functions. "The physician chosen of God," says Van Helmont, "is accompanied by many signs and wonders for the schools. Compassion will be his guide. His heart will possess truth, and his intellect science. Love will be his

sister; and the truth of the Lord will illuminate his path. He will invoke the grace of God, and will not be overcome by the desire of gain." This, a truly noble character, is so genuinely the nature of the medical enthusiast, that in mere self-defence even the most abandoned quacks have been constrained to assume it; and there is not a mountebank of them all who, in making up his newspaper column of bad grammar and bosh, but gives some space to establishing his claims to rank as a benefactor of the human race and friend and free doctor to the poor.

Medicine, then, in this view of the case, is principally a physical effect produced in one's body by means of faith wrought upon by imagination. The doctor and the drug are the instruments of the imagination and the impulses to faith. When we are ill, desire inclines us to hope; the manner of the physician, the ceremony of his charm, or the name of his prescription, dispose us to believe; immediately, the mind puts forth its influence upon the body, the body reacts, and the effect is produced that the case demands or the doctor wishes. Observation, experience, reason, all go for nothing in such cases, because, where one is strongly inclined, reason becomes lop-sided, and experience and observation act as mechanically as a child that gets his lesson by rote. Just so Saint Theresa, by force of longing and imagining, actually produced in her palms the stigmata of the suffering Christ which had so long and so vividly been imprinted upon her fancy. Paracelsus said very plainly — and knew it to be true, although he missed the application of it — that the incredible might be performed at any time, through the combined agencies of imagination and faith; and he used this as an argument for astrology, as if faith had external as well as internal jurisdiction, and could actually influence the stars and move the mountains instead of simply making the mind believe in such powers. Very noticeable is his language: "If the command be com-

bined with faith, the magically divine spirit in us has a superhuman sphere of action, which extends itself as wide as our thoughts, our imagination, and our faith."

Baron Dimsdale has quoted the explanation of an old shoemaker, accused of witchcraft, of the means by which he cured the ague. "I cure people," said he, "by pretending to cure them. People say that I can cure the ague; and when they come to me I say that I can cure them, and then I go into my garden and bid them wait until my return; I cut a twig off some tree, cut nine notches in it, and then I bury it in the garden, and tell the patient I bury the ague with it. I obtain confidence on account of the charm which people think I possess; and by performing these and other ceremonies it generally succeeds so well that the individual has no return of his ague." It will be noticed here that the worthy shoemaker, though not able to say why, had a certain faith in the validity of his curative powers, without which faith he would have practised in vain; for, as John Damascenus said, no medicine is efficacious unless given, as well as taken, in faith. Here, again, the doctor is like the orator, and the secret of his sway is a counterpart of the *si vis me flere* of the rhetoricians. It was Galen's maxim, that hope and confidence outvalued the drug: perhaps the latter science of medicine will decide that where hope and confidence are, the drug may be quite dispensed with.

The real process by which this action is procured of the mind upon the body, while not precisely identical with what Camus had laid down, is not very different from it. The process is, briefly, that of a reciprocal action. Medicines, having no real effect upon disease, yet act forcibly by indirection, by deceiving the senses, and notably the sight and taste. The nerves of the stomach are credulous, and the nerves of the eye are credulous. A mesmerist can persuade the eye that black is white, and he can persuade the stomach that sweet is bitter. The doctor

can do quite as much as the mesmerist. The mind, being thus susceptible, is to be taught, by means of faith, imagination, and sympathy, that the body is curable, and the process in hand the right one. This done, all that is needed is to restore the body actually by right regimen, when the mind regains its stamina, and the cure, already prefigured and made operative in the imagination, is completed in fact. The *deceptio visus* is a particularly strong force in medicine. The mysterious presence of the doctor, the mysterious manipulation of his drugs, his manner, his apparent confidence, his touch of pulse and sight of tongue, how far do all these go to work the cure for which his skill gets all the credit? The imposing ceremony of the royal touch for king's evil, although it could not break down a strumous diathesis, nor remove the constitutional taint, must yet have been very efficacious in bracing up the minds and spirits of the afflicted, and concentrating their recuperative energies. I do not doubt, could the data be obtained, it would be found that the proportion of those healed regularly diminished as the people begin to have less exalted opinions of royalty and of "the divinity that doth hedge a king"; and that the percentage of cures to cases in Anne's reign was not one tenth so great as in the time of the Plantagenets and Tudors.

The legitimate and necessary inference from all this is, that the successful doctor owes more to his manner than to his matter; that he works deeper by his presence than by his drug; and that a sturdy and impudent quack, ignorant, pretentious, false, and greedy, may still be a distinguished and excellent physician. For the physician's office is to heal the sick, and it is no matter how he does this. The cure is not for the doctor to work, but for his patient. But the power over that patient which impels him to work out his own salvation is still in the doctor. So long as man is liable to disease, therefore, although he may

learn to dispense with physic, he will not be able to dispense with the physician. That presence, that influence, that power, will still be demanded by the imperative craving of poor human nature, which, whenever misadventure, disease, or calamity come upon it, dares not to trust in itself, but cries for strength and comfort, support and reassurance, to come to it from without. But that we know it is impossible, we should demand to take our doctors with us even across the bridge of Mirza, and until we are safely arrived at the mysterious regions beyond. For these reasons it is of the first importance to us to understand how the doctor actually works, and what is the real quality of the influence he wields.

The doctor operates by skill of character, rather than by skill of knowledge. It is the active, not the speculative, part of his mind that wins him professional eminence. Not in his science, but in his personality, is the secret of his power. His insight is sympathetic much more than diagnostic. It is his office to touch the springs of hope and confidence, to soothe the chafed nerve, to quiet the secret fear, and revive the fainting heart. This he may do in two ways: by delicate and intuitive insight, and sympathetic feeling for character; or by the crushing, overbearing, arrogant, but irresistible force of aggressive self-confidence and vanity. In the first case, we have the perfect doctor; in the second case, we have the quack: in both cases what is demanded, — a healer of men. Now, in neither of these cases does science appear to be the main thing. Science is *not* the main thing, indeed. In fact, so uncertain is medicine, so fallacious, so utterly incompetent to grapple with serious disease, that the patient turns from drug to doctor, as the drowning man grasps at straws.

Now, the real vindication of the quack lies in this, and in the further fact that the physician's confidence in his own powers, as a rule, is the measure of the patient's reliance upon those powers, and consequently is a measure of the ef-

ficacy of the treatment. If the afflicted fancy his doctor predestinated to heal him, he will be healed. But this feeling of confidence must originate for the doctor in his consciousness of power, — not power of diagnosis to determine the malady, not skill of judgment to determine the remedy, but consciousness of mastery in himself, in the recalcitrant forces of his personal nature, to meet and overcome and dissipate all kinds of disease. "The real sorcerer," says Grimm, "is the upward-striving man. . . . The original cause of all sorcery must have proceeded from the very bosom of the holiest, the united wisdom of all heathenism, operating on the worship of the gods, and the art of poetry. Sacrifices and singing passed over into representations of magic; priests and poets, men admitted into the confidence of the gods, and participants of divine inspiration, soon merged into the diviner and sorcerer." Thus, then, all the beginnings of quackery were profoundly sincere, and the first impulses of every quack lead him to entertain an acute and living sense of his powers of working good to man. It is only after repeated success — success that, by proving itself to be lodged in his presence and indifferent to his mood, intoxicates him — that he becomes careless and indifferent in his means. He has discovered the fallibility of human judgment, the narrowness of human reason, the boundless scope of human imagination, upon which he can play at will. Then, indeed, "by the side of his health-bringing practice, a pernicious one develops itself." As is the case with the orator, the poet, the enthusiast of every class, his trick is the sign of his degeneracy, his first success is the fruit of the power of faith that is in him.

It was the doctrine of the Rosicrucians, that the true physician had only to look upon his patient to heal him; and this was likewise the doctrine of Kircher, Cagliostro, Mesmer, — quacks all of them, but only so by the second intention of relapse and degeneracy out of an original state of pure enthusiasm.

In this sense Mohammed was a quack, and Savonarola. "There is a secret of curative art in which consists the genius of healing," says a thoughtful writer; "it is that union of sympathy with intelligence, and of moral energy with magnetic gifts, whereby the tides of life are swayed, and one can really minister to a mind diseased." But this perfect physician can scarcely exist. It is the foible of humanity that strong self-consciousness tends always to become overweening; that power destroys modesty and breeds pride; that he who can cure by manner will trust to manner alone, and give science and more reputable art their dismissal. Hence, every true healer, by the mere force of nature, gravitates into dogmatism, into self-determination, into quackery. He does what suits himself, and is no longer sedulous to inquire what may suit his patient.

This is a mental condition in the doctor and the quack which is loudly reprehended in the world, but which, for my own part, I cannot find occasion to condemn very sharply. Looking at the matter dispassionately, I can see no reason why the physician should not be dogmatic, if that dogmatism be a necessity to the successful discharge of his functions as a professor of healing. The dogmatist is merely one who stands like a rock upon the foothold of his own experience, and it is a maxim in medicine that a grain of experience is more worth than many tons of reasoning. No one can tell how the curative process works; if the dogmatist's own way works well, he has the right to pursue it, and the

right to decline to explain it. Nor am I inclined to repudiate dogmatism in the abstract, though I confess there are few things more disagreeable than to come into personal collision with the harsh edges of one of those models of self-sufficiency who practise it as the art of their lives. All great men, all men, at least, great in active life, have been dogmatists. Cæsar, Mohammed, Cromwell, Mirabeau, Napoleon, are examples of the class. The dogmatist, briefly defined, does not inquire into means, but seeks ends. He does not ask why or wherefore, but how and what. He does not wait for reason to convince him, but obeys and acts by intuition and impulse. He speaks *ex cathedra*, as one having license in the depths of his own consciousness. He has neither time nor disposition to argue and explain.

From all these things we begin to discover the doctor's right place and real importance in the economy of society. His work is not to be done by means of drug or knife, but by means of his counsels, and, above all, by force of his manner. He enters into the very life of the invalid in his struggle with disease, sustains him, and holds up for him his languishing right hand until the victory is decided, as Aaron and Hur held up the right hand of Moses when Israel fought against Amalek. It is the doctor cures us, not the doctor's physic; and the quack has very often valid reason against the scornful repudiation he gets from the physician, since his mere manner very often effects that which all the science of the other has failed to accomplish.

Edward Spencer.

LIFE UNDER GLASS.

"No enemy,
But winter and rough weather."

HOW to escape the vicissitudes of the seasons?

That is a question which has occupied the attention of the human race from its earliest existence. Outside of the tropics, shelter from the elements is, next to sustenance, the most important end to be attained. From the caves and underground huts of the primitive tribes to the palatial dwellings of enlightened wealth, with their manifold appliances for warmth and comfort, is an interval almost as great as from the beasts up to man. But, with all his cunning devices to keep cold and storm at a distance, the civilized man of to-day has not been able to escape wholly from the ill effects of sudden changes from warmth to cold. Especially is this the case in an excessive climate, like that of the Northern and Eastern States of the Union and the Dominion of Canada. It would seem almost as if the old geographers were using language in a *Pickwickian* sense, when they marked this region of the globe as being in a temperate zone. Probably many a youth has wondered, as he has sat shivering on the back seat of an old-fashioned New England school-house, during a wintry northwester, what sort of a zone an *in*-temperate one must be, if the one in which his lot was cast could be called temperate. A climate can hardly be considered remarkable for temperateness which swings round the circle, from ultra-tropical heat in July almost to the intense cold of the planetary spaces in January, — a range, in some years, of more than a hundred and twenty degrees of Fahrenheit's scale. Nearly sixty people have been sun-struck in New York City during a single midsummer's day, while a few months later the daily journals would, perhaps, contain accounts of deaths by freezing,

either in the city or on board of vessels off the coast. Except during a part of the autumn, and a few days or weeks at other seasons, extremes would seem to be the normal condition of our capricious climate, — extremes, not only of temperature, but of the hygrometric state of the atmosphere. As a general rule, the crops of the much-enduring farmer or gardener are either drowned in Alaskan floods of rain or withered under a Coloradan drouth.

A region liable to such sudden alternations of temperature is the congenial habitat of consumption, which, in some localities, is the cause of one fourth of the mortality. It is one of the great battle-grounds of the thermal and frigid forces; now one prevails, now the other, in this disputed territory, where the truces between the contending powers are generally of brief duration. As on other battle-fields, the contention is disastrous in its consequences to the peaceful inhabitants. Sometimes, in winter or in spring, the temperature falls fifty or more degrees in less than as many hours. The buds of the hardiest vines and fruit-trees are destroyed by the piercing cold, which also extends its fatal effects to mankind. The bills of mortality always show an increase in the number of deaths at such periods, particularly among the aged.

In Florida, in Cuba, and other water-surrounded regions of a lower latitude, vicissitudes of climate are reduced to their minimum. In the delicious winter atmosphere of such favored spots the frail invalid from the North, unless too far gone to recuperate, takes a fresh hold upon life. But Florida and the Antilles are a long way from New England, one of the strongholds of consumption. Even to those whose circumstances will allow of a journey thither, the fatigues of the trip are often

an insuperable objection. Removal to a warmer latitude is, therefore, out of the question for the mass of those who would be benefited by the change. With few exceptions, the climate they live in must be endured and made the best of, by the class of invalids in question, whose only resource is to expose themselves as little as possible to its capricious alternations from warmth to cold. Through the long, sub-arctic winter, with its fierce storms, deep snow-drifts, and chilling blasts, through the frozen-thawed spring, with its endless mud and biting east winds, they have to breathe the close air of a sitting-room, with its life burnt out of it by stove or furnace, or take the consequences of exposure to the open air. Only at rare times, for half the year, can they venture out of doors with impunity. It is not strange that the enfeebled vitality of multitudes succumbs under such unfavorable conditions.

There is no questioning the fact that our climate has its good points, even in winter, to those who are well enough to defy its rigors. To a man in health, exposure to the bracing northwesterners exhilarates and tones the whole system. A long walk through woodland paths on a sunny winter's day is enough to intoxicate old age. It is during such cold, clear, crystalline days, characterized by a brisk lady acquaintance as "good spry weather," that a store of vigor is laid in that helps us survive the wilting, dog-day heats.

But how many there are, frail victims of pulmonary disease, to whom exposure to such rough chiding of the wintry winds would be as surely, if not as suddenly, fatal as to stand within point-blank range of a battery of *mitrailleuses* under full fire. Must these unfortunates be doomed beyond hope to remain prisoners in their rooms from December to May, supposing they should survive the ordeal for so long a time? Is there no way to provide for them an artificial climate which shall be as mild and as healthful as that of Florida or of San Domingo in winter? Is man, who boasts of his conquests over

the other elements, to be forever subject to the caprices of the atmosphere?

The object in preparing this paper for publication is to show — what ought not to need any demonstrating — that what is now done, on a small scale, by individuals to foster a few tender plants from the tropics, or a few vines of the luscious grapes of Southern Europe, may be done on a large scale by corporations or by the State to shield from the rigors of a Northern winter thousands of tender human plants, whose organizations are too weak to bear exposure to cold and storm.

It is not more than a score of years since glass and iron were used, to any extent, as the chief materials in the construction of large edifices. Previous to the London Crystal Palace of 1851, the most conspicuous example of their successful use was to be found in the magnificent conservatory of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth. This, at that time, famous plant-house was designed by Joseph Paxton, afterwards the architect of the Crystal Palace, for which he was rewarded with a baronetcy, as well as more substantial guerdon. About two acres of glass panes were required in the Chatsworth conservatory, which contained several distinct climates to suit the requirements of plants from every zone. Some idea of its size, and of the more than royal splendors of the ducal palace may be formed from the fact that when Queen Victoria was once visiting at Chatsworth, she entered the conservatory one evening with the Duke, in a carriage and four, while the vast structure glittered from foundation to dome with the light of fourteen thousand burners. Turning to the Duke, the Queen exclaimed, "Devonshire, you beat me!" The conservatory of Chatsworth has been equalled, if not surpassed, by others, such as the winter gardens of the Emperor of Russia, in which, during the arctic severity of a St. Petersburg winter, the fortunate visitor wanders through stately avenues lined on either hand with the arboreal and floral wealth of the tropics.

But these structures were small compared with the vast and magnificent building that arose, like an exhalation of the morning, for the World's Fair of 1851. In simplicity of construction, beauty, and cheapness, it has been equalled by no exhibition building since constructed. Its history is another illustration of the way in which the most important results are produced by apparently trivial causes. A few years previous, a gigantic species of water-lily was discovered in the river Berbice, in Demerara. It was named the *Victoria Regia*, and a few seeds were sent to Joseph Paxton, then gardener at Chatsworth. The conservatory that he built for this floral novelty was the germ from which blossomed, in after years, the splendid edifice in Hyde Park.

The Crystal Palace of 1851 was built almost wholly of iron and glass. It covered eighteen acres of ground, and cost less, in proportion to its size, than an ordinary barn. It was a marvel of constructive skill, and must have given the crowds that thronged it enlarged ideas of the future possibilities of mankind on this battle-scarred planet. The glass and iron building that was erected in New York two years afterwards, though handsomely designed, was a toy-house compared to its London predecessor, as it covered an area of only two acres.

If such architectural miracles as have been mentioned can be wrought for the cultivation of exotic plants, or for exhibiting the progress of the nations in art and mechanism, certainly still greater miracles can be wrought when the object is the much more important one of restoring to health and happiness multitudes of our fellow-beings. The one great measure needed to secure this wished-for result, as regards the large class of invalids mentioned above, is to provide an artificial winter climate, maintained at a desirable, uniform temperature, and having the proper hygrometric conditions of atmosphere; in other words, to furnish the consumptive invalid with all the advantages of a

winter residence in Cuba, with the fatigues, dangers, and expense of the journey left out. This can be accomplished by a system of winter gardens, of large extent, enclosed and roofed with glass in a framework of iron. The location of these gardens should be on high land, to have the advantage of pure air, and to secure thorough drainage of the soil. Their number, whether one or more, in each State, would be regulated by the requirements of population. The precise form of the proposed structures—whether the ground-plan shall be a circle, a square, an octagon, or other geometric figure—is not, for purposes of illustration, very material. We will suppose it to be a circle. Its diameter should then be at least fifteen hundred feet, which would enclose an area of a little over forty acres,—not far from the size of Boston Common, exclusive of the Public Garden.

Lest any, who have read thus far, should deem the idea of erecting structures of such immense size entirely impracticable, it is perhaps well enough to remind them that the only limitation in this direction is the amount of capital at command. A forty-acre building is only a little more than twice as large in area as the Crystal Palace of 1851, and is quite within the limits of the practicable. The London Exhibition building of 1862, though only partly of iron and glass, covered an area, with the picture-gallery and annexes, of twenty-four and a half acres. A generation which has witnessed such wonders in architecture and mechanism; which has seen cables stretched across the ocean by an iron steamer of thirty thousand tons' burden; which has seen the mingling of the waters of the Mediterranean and the Red Seas, the tunnelling of the Alps, and the building of a railroad across a continent, need hardly be startled from its equipoise by the magnitude of any plan requiring only constructive skill and capital for its realization.

Having thus disposed of any possible objections as to the size of the pro-

posed edifice, we will proceed to give some details of the plan which seems to us desirable, if not indispensable. The materials, we have decided, would be mainly iron and glass. The enclosing wall would be at least fifty feet high, supported, at regular intervals, by round or octagonal iron towers, eighteen or twenty feet in diameter, and a hundred or more in height. The immense glass roof, supported on numerous iron columns, would rise at a regular pitch towards the centre of the building, where it would be a hundred feet from the ground. The roof would be constructed on the ridge-and-furrow principle, making numerous angular depressions and elevations,—the lower angles forming gutters to carry the rain-water into the hollow iron columns, whence it would flow into the underground system of drain-pipes and sewers. The steam-boilers for warming the building, in the absence of the sun's rays, would be located in the lower portions of the towers, outside the walls, which would thus serve a double use besides being an ornament. Pure air would constantly pass into the interior through numerous apertures left for the purpose in the walls. This fresh, cold air would be warmed, on its passage into the building, by passing through screens or networks of hot steam-pipes. Thus there would be a constant and abundant, though gentle flow of pure, warm air from all points of the circumference towards the centre of the edifice, where it would rise, and flow out through the ventilators in the dome. The atmosphere within would have none of the oppressiveness of a common conservatory, but would be, in the highest degree, agreeable and healthful. The means of ventilation would be under such easy control as to enable those in charge of that department to maintain a nearly uniform temperature.

The grounds, within the walls, would be laid out and ornamented in the highest style of the art of landscape-gardening. Broad, winding paths would lead among rock-work and through

clumps of balsamic trees filling the air with healing odors; through grassy lawns, and parterres of brilliant flowers; around and across miniature lakes with fountains in the midst, and graceful boats gliding over the surface; by the side of close-clipped hedges and green banks, where the winter sunbeams would linger as warmly as if it were June; amid aviaries of birds from all climes; over ravines spanned by rustic bridges; under vine-covered arbors; into stately galleries of the finest pictures and statuary; into museums of natural history; into libraries, reading and lecture rooms; into gymnasia, where the relaxed muscles could gradually regain firmness under judicious training: in brief, wherever the invalid visitors should walk or be wheeled, they would find the beautiful, the entertaining, the instructive in nature and art. Everywhere would be an abundance of the easiest chairs and lounges. Sitting or reclining in these after the exercise prescribed by the attending physicians, the patients could pass the time in any rational way to which they felt inclined,—in some light, agreeable work, in reading, in conversation, in games, or in observing the animated, enchanting scene around them, while listening to the music from a first-class orchestra. Everything within the establishment would be under the control of a superintending physician of the highest intelligence and the strictest integrity, assisted by a corps of subordinates selected for the same qualities.

Within the crystal limits of a garden of the size designated, at least ten thousand patients could find ample room for exercise and recreation, a warm, pure, healthful atmosphere, plenty of opportunities for taking sun-baths, pleasant society, and countless objects of interest to withdraw their minds from brooding over their bodily diseases. This once accomplished, the victory over disease would be almost assured. With none of the unfavorable, winter conditions of ordinary house-life to contend against, the recuperative pow-

ers of the human organization,—the *vis medicatrix nature*,—aided by the pure, warm air and the genial sunshine, albeit of midwinter, would, in a large majority of cases, soon show the happiest results. The ulcerated lungs and bronchial passages would gradually heal; the racking cough would subside; the pains of the rheumatic and neuralgic would retire into the limbo of things lost, if not regretted; strength would return to the enfeebled form, roundness to the wasted limbs, and happiness to the clouded mind.

Do you say that these rose-colored pictures have no foundation except in the imagination? Every one of them can be realized, when even a small fraction of the outlay and attention that is now devoted to the destruction of life shall be devoted to its preservation. So long was it declared, *ex cathedra*, that consumptive disease was incurable, that the idea still clings to and influences a large portion of the medical faculty. No doubt it *is* incurable by any drug, however potent; but give Nature a fair chance, furnish the proper conditions, and she will work apparent miracles. These conditions, it is claimed, would exist in perfection in such a winter garden as has been briefly and therefore imperfectly described.

What the Adirondacks and other high regions are to the pulmonary invalid in summer, the proposed winter gardens would be during the cold season, though with much greater advantages for the restoration of health. Those great agents in the *materia medica* of nature—pure air, sunshine, and exercise—could there work out, without hindrance, their beneficent effects. The influence of mental conditions upon bodily health is well known. As the depressed invalids entered the magic realm of glass, their almost extinguished hope would rise with the temperature. With the shutting of a door they would leave behind the cold, cheerless world outside, and find themselves in a paradise of warmth, verdure, and bloom. They would almost forget their

disease amid the inexhaustible attractions surrounding them. Cheerfulness would take the place of despondency, and thus the medicament of the great mother would have a fair field for its health-giving effects.

The reader has, no doubt, been curious to know how it is proposed to board and lodge the crowd of several thousand people which would be collected at one of these establishments. Not in the main edifice, certainly. The plan embraces a broad street, or boulevard, extending entirely around the outside of the central building, at the distance of three or four hundred feet from its walls. This boulevard would be at least one hundred feet wide, and would have walls and roof of iron and glass, like the garden, except that its walls would not be more than one third as high. It would have a wide carriage-drive in the middle, paved with wood or asphalt, and on either side smooth, level walks for promenading, separated from the carriage-way by ornamental iron railings, covered with flowering vines. The boulevard would be warmed and ventilated like the garden, with which it would be connected by glass-enclosed passageways. Here would be the finest of imaginable street-arcades, more than a mile in circuit, adapted for drives, for horseback riding, or for promenading, and available for use by the most delicate invalid in all weathers. Let the wintry storms rage never so fiercely out of doors, here would be found perpetual calm and warmth.

On the outside circumference of this crystal arcade would be situated the spacious hotels and boarding-houses for the accommodation of the patients. They would be connected with the arcade by short glass-enclosed passageways. These boarding-establishments would be under the management of thoroughly competent and trustworthy persons, who would see that every reasonable want of the visitors was provided for. The food furnished would be of the most nutritious and wholesome character. The temperature and

ventilation of the buildings would correspond to those of the garden and covered street. In the persons of the landlords would be united the characters of the genial, considerate host and of the intelligent, sympathizing physician. Like the other officials connected with the garden, they would have to be picked men.

The large, open spaces between the garden-walls and the surrounding arcade would be handsomely laid out and ornamented with evergreen trees, clumps of shrubbery, statues, fountains, gravelled walks, grass-plots, etc., and would be used as resorts on mild sunny days. Surrounded on all sides by high walls, these open-air gardens would be sheltered from rude winds, and would furnish fine opportunities for exercise. Between the hotels, and, like them, connected with the arcade, would be numerous shops of various kinds, to supply the wants of the visitors, who would thus be enabled to do their shopping without having to wait for fair weather.

Excepting at meal-times and during the hours required for sleep, but little of the time of the visitors would be passed in the hotels. Even the evenings would be chiefly spent in the garden and the arcades, which would then be lighted by thousands of burners. Under the radiant flood of artificial light, the rich and varied foliage of trees, plants, and shrubbery would appear even more striking and beautiful than by day, while the music from the grand orchestra would sound more delicious. As the patients gained in health and consequent strength, the long winter evenings would pass only too quickly.

There is nothing in the foregoing description of what we consider desirable in a remedial establishment for large classes of invalids, that cannot be easily realized when the importance of the subject shall be impressed, as it ought to be, on the minds of philanthropists and capitalists. Even as a paying investment, such a winter resort would, undoubtedly, surpass most

of the fancy stocks that command a premium on Wall or State Street. If the reader will excuse a few figures, this, we think, can be demonstrated beyond reasonable doubt.

We will first consider the amount of capital required. The Crystal Palace of 1851 contained thirty-three million cubic feet of space. It cost at the rate of one penny and one twelfth per cubic foot, or a total of £150,000. The establishment we have described would contain not far from one hundred and forty million cubic feet, including garden, dome, towers, arcade, and passage-ways. The cubic contents would therefore be not far from four and a quarter times larger than the London Palace. At the same rate per foot, it would cost nearly six hundred and forty thousand pounds. Owing, however, to the higher prices of labor and materials in this country than in England, it would probably cost at least twice that amount. To give a liberal margin for the increased expense of the dome, we will estimate the entire cost of the structure at eight millions of dollars of our currency. For the grounds and their grading, drainage, and ornamentation, including picture-galleries, libraries, museums, gymnasia, etc., we will allow the further liberal estimate of two millions of dollars, and for twenty hotels two millions more. We have thus the grand total of twelve millions of dollars as the required capital. The interest on this sum, at eight per cent, would amount to \$960,000 a year. For the working expenses, including the cost of boarding ten thousand patients from the 1st of November to the 1st of June, two and a half millions of dollars per annum would, probably, be a large estimate. This amount, added to the interest on the capital, makes the sum of \$3,460,000 for the outgoes of each year. To meet these expenses would be the board-bills of the guests for the season.

The price of board at the hotels should be placed at as low a rate as possible, to enable people of limited means to enjoy the benefits of the gar-

den as well as the rich. Two dollars a day would not seem an unreasonably high price, when it is considered that all the inestimable advantages of the garden and its surroundings would be thrown in. At two dollars a day the board-bill of ten thousand guests for thirty weeks would foot up the immense sum of \$4,200,000, or \$740,000 more than the interest on the capital, and the estimated working expenses, united. This would certainly furnish a reserve fund large enough to meet any unforeseen or extraordinary outlay.

Let no doubting Thomas for a moment imagine that there would be any lack of guests at an establishment like the ideal one under consideration, even if the *per diem* were twice the rates proposed. All that a man hath will he give for his life. From the opening day the hotels would be filled to their capacity with the weak-lunged, the rheumatic, and the declining, while multitudes would have to be disappointed in their applications for admission. But even if an invalid were never allowed to enter its gates, the Winter Garden would be thronged, for half the year, by people of culture, wealth, and fashion, from all parts of the land. No city in America can, at present, offer such allurements to people of refined or luxurious tastes as would be concentrated within the limits of the garden and its surroundings. The Central Park of New York, however lovely in summer, would appear bleak and barren under a wintry sky, compared with the leafy and floral loveliness to be found under the sea of glass, forming the garden roof. There would be a circular island from the tropic zone, insulated by the snows of a northern winter, in lieu of the ocean surf. The *élite* of the great cities would flock to it, as in summer they flock to Newport, Saratoga, and Long Branch. Here they would find, besides summer warmth and summer verdure, all the means needful to gratify a taste educated by the opportunities for culture furnished by a large city. Operas, concerts, theatres, lectures, libraries, galleries, mu-

seums, — all of high excellence, — would provide inexhaustible sources of entertainment or instruction. Owners of fast trotters or of stylish turnouts would all be anxious to display their teams on the splendid track of the glass boulevard, before the admiring gaze of the assembled multitudes. Mammals, with grown-up unmarried daughters, would discover that the state of their health and that of their girls required a few weeks' sojourn within the enchanted circle, where winter and rough weather were obsolete terms. The great dailies would have correspondents at such a centre of attraction, to pick up gossip and chronicle the arrivals of notables. Poets, artists, essayists, novelists, would find endless materials and suggestions to work into poems, pictures, essays, and stories. Possibly, too, some enthusiastic horticultural *habitué* would give his diary to the public, under the paradoxical title of *My Winter in a Garden*.

In this paper, however, we are considering the Winter Garden principally as a sanitary or remedial agent, though there is every reason to believe that in the future, when the advantages of such winter resorts are appreciated, they will be considered indispensable adjuncts to every large city of the North. The question now arises, Who, among the wealthy, the philanthropic, the men of business energy, and of far-seeing minds, will aid in furnishing the required capital for an initial establishment of this kind? Is there not some Stewart, some Astor, some Vanderbilt, — some man with a colossal fortune and great practical sagacity, — to view the matter, if not in a philanthropic, at least in a money-making light, and who will advance the few millions required by the enterprise, with the absolute certainty of a large return for the investment? Or must it be left for the co-operation of men of smaller means? State or national aid is hardly to be expected, until the powers behind the throne, the people, are educated to see the importance and feasibility of the undertaking.

We have already shown, or endeavored to show, that such an investment of capital would be a paying one, but an important source of pecuniary profit was not mentioned. A location would be selected where land is comparatively cheap, and a tract of at least a thousand acres secured. Two hundred and fifty acres, immediately surrounding the Winter Garden, would be reserved for an outside park, which would be handsomely laid out and ornamented. It would have pleasant drives and walks, skating-ponds, groves of evergreen trees, shrubbery, etc., like a city park, and would be the pleasure-ground for convalescents in good weather. The remainder of the land, outside of the park, would be surveyed into streets and building-lots for houses, stores, churches, school-houses, etc. People of all trades and occupations would be drawn towards the city of glass, to supply the wants, real or fanciful, of its inhabitants. A large and prosperous village would, inevitably, soon crystallize around the park, and building-lots would be in demand at good prices. The income to the corporation from this source alone would be very large.

Within the limits proposed in this paper many details must be left unmentioned, and others only briefly suggested. For instance, the walls inside of the garden, and likewise of the surrounding arcade, and the passage-ways, could be utilized to advantage by training up the supporting columns and mullions thousands of vines of the Hamburg, Chasselas, Muscat, and other fine varieties of foreign grapes, which will thrive in this climate only under glass. Immense quantities of the finest fruit could be ripened in this way, which with a little care in keeping, would supply the hotel tables, throughout the winter, with grapes for the dessert, greatly contributing to the health and gratification of the guests. Another plan of utility would be to use one or more of the large open spaces between the garden walls and the arcade, for extensive poultry-yards. In these

sheltered, sunny ranges, each containing several acres of land, large numbers of the best breeds of fowls would help to furnish eggs and chickens for the establishment, besides being a source of amusement to the patients. But many such details as these must be left till the capital is subscribed, a board of directors chosen, a tract of land purchased, and the ground-plan and elevation of the requisite structures decided upon.

In submitting the above plan of a Winter Garden, on a large scale, for the cure of pulmonary and other diseases, or as an agreeable resort for those in health, it is not pretended that improvements may not be suggested. As it stands, however, it will serve the purposes of illustration, and of calling attention to the subject. The attentive reader needs hardly to be told that we have, personally, the most unreserved belief in the very great benefits of such winter resorts, both for the sick and for the well, in their entire practicableness, and, what is not the least important, in their decided success financially. Possibly there are some constitutional doubters who will consider the project an idle dream of the imagination, as unsubstantial in basis as the poet-dreamer's "stately pleasure-dome," in *Kubla Khan*; but such incredulous souls are respectfully reminded that the dreams, or what seem to be dreams, of one generation often become the accomplished facts of the next.

The almost inexhaustible possibilities of glass in the amelioration of the winter climate of high latitudes are, as yet, scarcely dreamed of. How easily and inexpensively the cold, bleak, wind-swept streets of our Northern cities, in winter, could be converted into delightful promenades by enclosing the sidewalks of the principal streets with glass supported in a light iron framework! These frames would rise from the curbstone to the height of the lower stories of the buildings, with an inclined roof the width of the sidewalks. The iron side framework would be so

constructed that the glass, formed in large, thick panes, could easily be taken out in summer and replaced at the approach of winter. The glass in the roof would remain permanently, and in warm weather would be covered with awnings. The glass roof of the arcades would be continued over the cross-streets, although the sides would necessarily be open for the passage of vehicles. Where the enclosed sidewalks opened upon cross-streets, there would be several light doors, so hung as to swing either way, thus permitting the tide of promenaders to flow through without hindrance. These doors could remain open, except on very cold or stormy days. It would be the duty of the police to regulate the temperature of the arcades by opening or closing the ventilators as occasion required.

The reader can imagine in some

degree the change that would attend a promenade, we will say on Tremont Street, if the sidewalks of that thoroughfare were enclosed as has been described. Ladies, even invalids, could do their shopping or visiting, or take their needful exercise during the most inclement weather. It admits of no question that any business street or block that first has glass arcades along its sidewalks will attract to itself trade enough to pay the cost of the glass and iron enclosures many times over. It needs no very ardent imagination to conceive the paradise a Northern city would become in winter if the sidewalks of all its principal streets were thus enclosed in crystal. The great annoyances of dust and cold, of wind and rain, would be reduced almost to a nullity. Our civilization is hardly worthy of the name till such a consummation is brought about.

George A. Shove.

HEARTBREAK HILL.

IN Ipswich town, not far from the sea,
Rises a hill which the people call
Heartbreak Hill, and its history
Is an old, old legend, known to all.

The selfsame dreary, worn-out tale
Told by all peoples in every clime,
Still to be told till the ages fail,
And there comes a pause in the march of Time.

It was a sailor who won the heart
Of an Indian maiden, lithe and young;
And she saw him over the sea depart,
While sweet in her ear his promise rung;

For he cried, as he kissed her wet eyes dry,
"I'll come back, sweetheart, keep your faith!"
She said, "I will watch while the moons go by."—
Her love was stronger than life or death.

So this poor dusk Ariadne kept
Her watch from the hill-top rugged and steep:
Slowly the empty moments crept
While she studied the changing face of the deep,

Fastening her eyes upon every speck
That crossed the ocean within her ken : —
Might not her lover be walking the deck,
Surely and swiftly returning again ?

The Isles of Shoals loomed, lonely and dim,
In the northeast distance far and gray,
And on the horizon's uttermost rim
The low rock-heap of Boon Island lay.

And north and south and west and east
Stretched sea and land in the blinding light,
Till evening fell, and her vigil ceased,
And many a hearth-glow lit the night

To mock those set and glittering eyes
Fast growing wild as her hope went out.
Hateful seemed earth, and the hollow skies,
Like her own heart, empty of aught but doubt.

O, but the weary, merciless days,
With the sun above, with the sea afar, —
No change in her fixed and wistful gaze
From the morning red to the evening star !

O, the winds that blew, and the birds that sang,
The calms that smiled, and the storms that rolled,
The bells from the town beneath, that rang
Through the summer's heat and the winter's cold !

The flash of the plunging surges white,
The soaring gull's wild, boding cry, —
She was weary of all ; there was no delight
In heaven or earth, and she longed to die.

What was it to her though the Dawn should paint
With delicate beauty skies and seas ?
But the sweet, sad sunset splendors faint
Made her soul sick with memories,

Drowning in sorrowful purple a sail
In the distant east, where shadows grew,
Till twilight shrouded it cold and pale,
And the tide of her anguish rose anew.

Like a slender statue carved of stone
She sat, with hardly motion or breath.
She wept no tears and she made no moan,
But her love was stronger than life or death.

He never came back ! Yet faithful still,
She watched from the hill-top her life away,
And the townsfolk christened it Heartbreak Hill,
And it bears the name to this very day.

Celia Thaxter.

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

IV.

MR. ARBUTON'S INSPIRATION.

THE next morning, when Mr. Arbuton awoke, he found a clear light upon the world that he had left wrapped in fog at midnight. A heavy gale was blowing, and the wide river was running in seas that made the boat stagger in her course, and now and then struck her bows with a force that sent the spray from their seething tops into the faces of the people on the promenade. The sun, out of rifts of the breaking clouds, launched broad splendors across the villages and farms of the level landscape and the crests and hollows of the waves; and a certain joy of the air penetrated to the guarded consciousness of Mr. Arbuton. Instinctively he looked about for the people he meant to have nothing more to do with, that he might appeal to the sympathies of one of them, at least, in his sense of such an admirable morning. But a great many passengers had come on board, during the night, at Murray Bay, where the brief season was ending, and their number hid the Ellisons from him. When he went to breakfast, he found some one had taken his seat across the table from them, and they did not notice him as he passed by in search of another chair. Kitty and the colonel were at table alone, and they both wore preoccupied faces. After breakfast he sought them out and asked for Mrs. Ellison, who had shared in most of the excitements of the day before, helping herself about with a pretty limp, and who certainly had not, as her husband phrased it, kept any of the meals waiting.

"Why," said the colonel, "I'm afraid her ankle's worse this morning, and that we'll have to lie by at Quebec for a few days, at any rate."

Mr. Arbuton heard this sad news with a cheerful aspect unaccountable in one

who was concerned at Mrs. Ellison's misfortune. He smiled, when he ought to have looked pensive, and he laughed at the colonel's joke when the latter added, "Of course, this is a great hardship for my cousin, who hates Quebec, and wants to get home to Erie creek as soon as possible."

Kitty promised to bear her trials with firmness, and Mr. Arbuton said, "I had been planning to spend a few days in Quebec, myself."

"Indeed!" said Kitty, not thinking this very consequent.

"So the delay will — give me the opportunity of inquiring about Mrs. Ellison's convalescence. In fact," he added, turning to the colonel, "I hope you'll let me be of service to you in getting to a hotel."

And when the boat landed, Mr. Arbuton actually busied himself in finding a carriage and putting the various Ellison wraps and bags into it. Then he helped to support Mrs. Ellison ashore, and to lift her to the best place. He raised his hat, and had good-morning on his tongue, when the astonished colonel called out, "Why, the deuce! You're going to ride up with us? There's only one decent hotel, and you'll have to go there!"

Mr. Arbuton thought he had better get another carriage; he should crowd Mrs. Ellison; but Mrs. Ellison protested that he would not at all; and, to cut the matter short, he mounted to the colonel's side. It was another stroke of fate.

At the hotel they found a line of people reaching half-way down the outer steps from the inside of the office.

"Hallo! what's this?" asked the colonel of the last man in the queue.

"O, it's a little procession to the hotel register! We've been three quarters of an hour in passing a given point," said the man, who was plainly a fellow-citizen.

"And have n't got by yet," said the colonel, taking to the speaker. "Then the house is full?"

"Well, no; they have n't begun to throw them out of the window."

"His humor is degenerating, Dick," said Kitty; and "Had n't you better go inside and inquire?" asked Mrs. Ellison. It was part of the Ellison traveling joke for her, a very inefficient person, to prompt the colonel in his duty.

"I'm glad you mentioned it, Fanny. I was just going to drive off in despair." The colonel vanished within doors, and after long delay came out flushed, but not with triumph. "On the express condition that I have ladies with me, one an invalid, I am promised a room on the fifth floor some time during the day. The other hotel is crammed."

Mrs. Ellison was ready to weep, and for the first time since her accident she harbored bitterness against Mr. Arbuton. They all sat silent, and the colonel on the sidewalk silently wiped his brow.

Mr. Arbuton, in the poverty of his invention, wondered if there was not some boarding-house where they could find shelter.

"Of course there is," cried Mrs. Ellison, beaming upon her hero, and calling Kitty's attention to his ingenuity by a pressure with her well foot. "Richard, we must look up a boarding-house."

"Do you know of any good boarding-houses?" asked the colonel of the driver, mechanically.

"Plenty," answered the man.

"Well, drive us to twenty or thirty first-class ones," commanded the colonel; and the search began.

The colonel first asked prices and looked at rooms, and if he pronounced any apartment unsuitable, Kitty was despatched by Mrs. Ellison to view it and refute him. As often as she confirmed him, Mrs. Ellison was sure that they were both too fastidious, and they never turned away from a door but they closed the gates of paradise upon that afflicted lady. She began to believe

that they should find no place whatever, when at last they stopped before a portal so unboarding-house-like in all outward signs, that she maintained it was of no use to ring, and imparted so much of her distrust to the colonel that, after ringing, he prefaced his demand for rooms with an apology for supposing that there were rooms to let there. Then, after looking at them, he returned to the carriage and reported that the whole affair was perfect, and that he should look no farther. Mrs. Ellison replied that she never could trust his judgment, he was so careless. Kitty inspected the premises, and came back in a serene enthusiasm that alarmed the worst fears of Mrs. Ellison. She was sure that they had better look farther, she knew there were plenty of nicer places. Even if the rooms were nice and the situation pleasant, she was certain that there must be some drawbacks which they did not know of yet. Whereupon her husband lifted her from the carriage, and bore her, without reply or comment of any kind, into the house.

Throughout the search Mr. Arbuton had been making up his mind that he would take leave of his friends as soon as they found lodgings, give the day to Quebec, and take the evening train for Gorham, thus escaping the annoyances of a crowded hotel, and ending at once an acquaintance which he ought never to have let go so far. As long as the Ellisons were without shelter, he felt that it was due to himself not to abandon them. But even now that they were happily housed, had he done all that nobility obliged? He stood irresolute beside the carriage.

"Won't you come up and see where we live?" asked Kitty, hospitably.

"I shall be very glad," said Mr. Arbuton.

"My dear fellow," said the colonel, in the parlor, "I did n't engage a room for you. I supposed you'd rather take your chances at the hotel."

"O, I'm going away to-night."

"Why, that's a pity!"

"Yes, I've no fancy for a cot-bed in

the hotel parlor. But I don't quite like to leave you here, after bringing this calamity upon you."

"O, don't mention that! I was the only one to blame. Besides, we shall get on splendidly here."

Mr. Arbuton suffered a vague disappointment. At the bottom of his heart was a formless hope that he might in some way be necessary to the Ellisons in their adversity; or if not that, then that something might entangle him further and compel his stay. But they seemed quite equal in themselves to the situation; they were in far more comfortable quarters than they could have hoped for, and plainly should want for nothing; Fortune put on a smiling face, and bade him go free of them. He fancied it a mocking smile, though, as he stood an instant silently weighing one thing against another. The colonel was patiently waiting his motion; Mrs. Ellison sat watching him from the sofa; Kitty moved about the room with averted face, — a pretty domestic presence, a household priestess ordering the temporary Penates. Mr. Arbuton opened his lips to say farewell, but a god spoke through them, — inconsequently, as the gods for the most part do, saying, "I suppose you've got all the rooms here."

"O, as to that I don't know," answered the colonel, not recognizing the language of inspiration, "let's ask the landlady." Kitty knocked a photograph-book off the table, and Mrs. Ellison said, "Why, Kitty!" But nothing more was spoken till the landlady came. She had another room, but doubted if it would answer. It was in the attic, and not very desirable, being a back room, though it had a pleasant outlook. Mr. Arbuton had no doubt that it would do very well for the short time he was going to stay, and took it hastily, without going to look at it. He had his valise carried up at once, and then he went to the post-office to see if he had any letters, offering to ask also for Colonel Ellison.

Kitty stole off to explore the chamber given her at the rear of the house;

that is to say, she opened the window looking out on what their hostess told her was the garden of the Ursuline Convent, and stood there in a mute transport. A black cross rose in the midst, and all about this wandered the paths and alleys of the garden, through clumps of lilac-bushes and among the spires of hollyhocks. The grounds were enclosed by high walls in part, and in part by the group of the convent edifices, built of gray stone, high gabled, and topped by dormer-windowed, steep roofs of tin, that, under the high morning sun, lay an expanse of keenest splendor, while many a grateful shadow dappled the full-foliated garden below. Two slim, tall poplars stood against the gable of the chapel, and shot their tops above its steep roof, and under a porch near them two nuns sat motionless in the sun, black-robed, with black veils falling over their shoulders, and their white faces lost in the white linen that draped them from breast to crown. Their hands lay quiet in their laps, and they seemed unconscious of the other nuns walking in the garden-paths with little children, their pupils, and answering their laughter from time to time with voices as simple and innocent as their own. Kitty looked down upon them all with a swelling heart. They were but figures in a beautiful picture of something old and poetical; but she loved them, and pitied them, and was most happy in them, all the same as if they had been real. It could not be that they and she were in the same world: she must be dreaming over a book in Charley's room at Eriecreek. She shaded her eyes for a better look, when the noonday gun boomed from the citadel; the bell upon the chapel jangled harshly, and those strange maskers, those quaint blackbirds with white breasts and faces, flocked indoors. At the same time a small dog under her window howled dolorously at the jangling of the bell; and Kitty, with an impartial joy, turned from the pensive romance of the convent garden to the mild comedy of the scene to which his woful note

attracted her. When he had uttered all his anguish, he relapsed into the quietest small French dog that ever was, and lay down near a large, tranquil cat, whom neither the bell nor he had been able to stir from her slumbers in the sun; a peasant-like old man kept on sawing wood, and a little child stood still amidst the larkspurs and marigolds of a tiny garden, while over the flower-pots on the low window-sill of the neighboring house to which it belonged, a young, motherly face gazed peacefully out. The great extent of the convent grounds had left this poor garden scarce breathing-space for its humble blooms; with the low paling fence that separated it from the adjoining house-yards it looked like a toy-garden or the background of a puppet-show, and in its way it was as quaint and unreal to the young girl as the nunnery itself.

When she saw it first, the city's walls and other warlike ostentations had taken her imagination with the historic grandeur of Quebec; but the fascination deepened now that she was admitted, as it were, to the religious heart and the domestic privacy of the famous old town. She was romantic, as most good young girls are; and she had the same pleasure in the strangeness of the things about her as she would have felt in the keeping of a charming story. To Fanny's "Well, Kitty, I suppose all this just suits you," when she had returned to the little parlor where the sufferer lay, she answered with a sigh of irrepressible content, "O yes! could anything be more beautiful?" And her enraptured eye dwelt upon the low ceilings, the deep, wide chimneys eloquent of the mighty fires with which they must roar in winter, the French windows with their curious and clumsy fastenings, and all the little details that made the place alien and precious.

Fanny broke into a laugh at the visionary absence in her face.

"Do you think the place is good enough for your hero and heroine?" asked she, slyly; for Kitty had one of

those family reputes, so hard to survive, for childish attempts of her own in the world of fiction where so great part of her life had been passed; and Mrs. Ellison, who was as unliterary a soul as ever breathed, admired her with the heartiness which unimaginative people often feel for their idealizing friends, and believed that she was always deep in the mysteries of some plot.

"O, I don't know," Kitty answered with a little color, "about heroes and heroines; but I'd like to live here, myself. Yes," she continued, rather to herself than her listener, "I do believe this is what I was made for. I've always wanted to live amongst old things, in a stone house with dormer-windows. Why, there is n't a single dormer-window in Eriecreek, nor even a brick house, let alone a stone one. O yes, indeed! I was meant for an old country."

"Well then, Kitty, I don't see what you're to do but to marry East and live East; or else find a rich husband, and get him to take you to Europe to live."

"Yes; or get him to come and live in Quebec. That's all I'd ask, and he need n't be a very rich man, for that."

"Why, you poor child, what sort of husband could you get to settle down in *this* dead old place?"

"O, I suppose some kind of artist or literary man."

This was not Mrs. Ellison's notion of the kind of husband who was to realize for Kitty her fancy for life in an old country; but she was content to let the matter rest for the present, and, in a serene thankfulness to the power that had brought two marriageable young creatures together under the same roof, and beneath her own observance, she composed herself among the sofa-cushions, from which she meant to conduct the campaign against Mr. Arbuton with relentless vigor.

"Well," she said, "it won't be fair if you're not happy in this world, Kitty, you ask so little of it"; while

Kitty turned to the window overlooking the street, and lost herself in the drama of the passing figures below. They were new, and yet oddly familiar, for she had long known them in the realm of romance. The peasant-women who went by, in hats of felt or straw, some on foot with baskets, and some in their light market-carts, were all, in their wrinkled and crooked age or their fresh-faced, strong-limbed youth, her friends since childhood in many a tale of France or Germany; and the black-robed priests, who mixed with the passers on the narrow wooden sidewalk, and now and then courteously gave way, or lifted their wide-rimmed hats in a grave, smiling salutation, were more recent acquaintances, but not less intimate. They were out of old romances about Italy and Spain, in which she was very learned; and this butcher's boy, tilting along through the crowd with a half-staggering run, was from any one of Dickens's stories, and she divined that the four-armed wooden trough on his shoulder was the butcher's tray, which figures in every novelist's description of a London street-crowd. There were many other types, as French mothers of families with market-baskets on their arms; very pretty French school-girls with books under their arms; wild-looking country boys with red raspberries in all sorts of birch-bark measures; and quiet gliding nuns with white hoods and downcast faces: each of whom she unerringly relegated to an appropriate corner of her world of unreality. A young, mild-faced, spectacled Anglican curate she did not give a moment's pause, but rushed him instantly through the whole series of Anthony Trollope's novels, which dull books, I am sorry to say, she had read, and liked, every one; and then she began to find various people astray out of Thackeray. The trig corporal, with the little visorless cap worn so jauntily, the light stick carried in one hand, and the broad-sealed official document in the other, had also, in his breast-pocket, one of those brief, infrequent missives which Lieutenant Os-

borne used to send to poor Amelia; a tall, awkward officer did duty for Major Dobbin; and when a very pretty lady driving a pony carriage, with a footman in livery on the little perch behind her, drew rein beside the pavement, and a handsome young captain in a splendid uniform saluted her and began talking with her in a languid, affected way, it was George Osborne recumbent to the thought of his betrothed, one of whose tender letters he kept twirling in his fingers while he talked.

Most of the people whom she saw passing had letters or papers, and, in fact, they were coming from the post-office, where the noonday mails had just been opened. So she went on turning substance into shadow,—unless, indeed, flesh and blood is the illusion,—and, as I am bound to own, catching at very slight pretexts in many cases for the exercise of her sorcery, when her eye fell upon a gentleman at a little distance. At the same moment he raised his eyes from a letter at which he had been glancing, and ran them along the row of houses opposite, till they rested on the window at which she stood. Then he smiled and lifted his hat, and, with a start, she recognized Mr. Arbuton, while a certain chill struck to her heart through the tumult she felt there. There was something so forbidding in his unconsciousness, that all her trepidation about him, which had been wearing away under the events of the morning, was renewed again, and the aspect, in which he had been so strange that she did not know him, seemed the only one that he had ever worn. This effect lasted till Mr. Arbuton could find his way to her, and place in her eager hand a letter from the girls and Dr. Ellison. She forgot it then, and vanished till she read her letter.

V.

MR. ARBUTON MAKES HIMSELF AGREEABLE.

THE first care of Colonel Ellison had been to call a doctor, and to know

the worst about the sprained ankle, upon which his plans had fallen lame; and the worst was that it was not a bad sprain, but Mrs. Ellison, having been careless of it the day before, had aggravated the hurt, and she must now have that perfect rest, which physicians prescribe so recklessly of all other interests and duties, for a week at least, and possibly two or three.

The colonel was still too much a soldier to be impatient at the doctor's order, but he was of far too active a temper to be quiet under it. He therefore proposed to himself nothing less than the capture of Quebec in an historical sense, and even before dinner he began to prepare for the campaign. He sallied forth, and descended upon the bookstores wherever he found them lurking, in whatsoever recess of the Upper or Lower Town, and returned home laden with guide-books to Quebec, and monographs upon episodes of local history, such as are produced in great quantity by the semi-clerical literary taste of out-of-the-way Catholic capitals. The colonel, who had always a newspaper somewhere about him, was not a reader of many books. Of the volumes in the doctor's library, he never willingly opened any but the plays of Shakespeare, and Don Quixote, long passages of which he knew by heart. He had sometimes attempted other books, but for the most of Kitty's favorite authors he professed as frank a contempt as for the Mound-Builders themselves. He had read one book of travel, namely, *The Innocents Abroad*, which he held to be so good a book that he need never read anything else about the countries of which it treated. When he brought in this extraordinary collection of pamphlets, both Kitty and Fanny knew what to expect; for the colonel was as ready to receive literature at second-hand as to avoid its original sources. He had in this way picked up a great deal of useful knowledge, and he was famous for clipping from newspapers scraps of instructive fact, all of which he relentlessly remembered. He had already a fair out-

line of the local history in his mind, and this had been deepened and freshened by Dr. Ellison's recent talk of his historical studies. Moreover, he had secured in the course of the present journey, from his wife's and cousin's reading of divers guide-books, a store of names and dates, which he desired to attach to the proper localities with their help.

"Light reading for leisure hours, Fanny," said Kitty, looking askance at the colonel's literature as she sat down near her cousin after dinner.

"Yes; and you start fair, ladies. Start with Jacques Cartier, ancient mariner of Dieppe, in the year 1535. No favoritism in this investigation; no bringing forward of Champlain or Montcalm prematurely; no running off on subsequent conquests or other side-issues. Stick to the discovery, and the names of Jacques Cartier and Donnacona. Come, do something for an honest living."

"Who was Donnacona?" demanded Mrs. Ellison, with indifference.

"That is just what these fascinating little volumes will tell us. Kitty, read something to your suffering cousins about Donnacona,— he sounds uncommonly like an Irishman," answered the colonel, establishing himself in an easy-chair; and Kitty picked up a small sketch of the history of Quebec, and, opening it, fell into the trance which came upon her at the touch of a book, and read on for some pages to herself.

"Well, upon my word," said the colonel, "I might as well be reading about Donnacona myself, for any comfort I get."

"O Dick, I forgot. I was just looking. Now I'm really going to commence."

"No, not yet," cried Mrs. Ellison, rising on her elbow. "Where is Mr. Arbuton?"

"What has he to do with Donnacona, my dear?"

"Everything. You know he's stayed on our account, and I never heard of anything so impolite, so inhospitable,

as offering to read without him. Go and call him, Richard, do."

"O no," pleaded Kitty, "he won't care about it. Don't call him, Dick."

"Why, Kitty, I'm surprised at you! When you read so beautifully! You need n't be ashamed, I'm sure."

"I'm not ashamed; but, at the same time, I don't want to read to him."

"Well, call him any way, colonel. He's in his room."

"If you do," said Kitty, with superfluous dignity, "I must go away."

"Very well, Kitty, just as you please. Only I want Richard to witness that I'm not to blame if Mr. Arbuton thinks us unfeeling or neglectful."

"O, if he does n't say what he thinks, it'll make no difference."

"It seems to me that this is a good deal of fuss to make about one human being, a mere passing man and brother of a day, is n't it?" said the colonel. "Go on with Donnacona, do."

There came a knock at the door. Kitty leaped nervously to her feet, and fled out of the room. After all it was only the little French serving-maid upon some errand which she quickly despatched.

"Well, *now* what do you think?" asked Mrs. Ellison.

"Why, I think you've a surprising knowledge of French for one who studied it at school. Do you suppose she understood you?"

"O, nonsense! You know I mean Kitty and her very queer behavior. Richard, if you moon at me in that stupid way," she continued, "I shall certainly end in an insane asylum. Can't you see what's under your very nose?"

"Yes, I can, Fanny," answered the colonel, "if anything's there. But I give you my word, I don't know any more than millions yet unborn what you're driving at." The colonel took up the book which Kitty had thrown down, and went to his room to try to read up Donnacona for himself, while his wife penitently turned to a pamphlet in French, which he had bought with the others. "After all," she

thought, "men will be men"; and seemed not to find the fact wholly wanting in consolation.

A few minutes after there was a murmur of voices in the entry without, at a window looking upon the convent garden, where it happened to Mr. Arbuton, descending from his attic chamber, to find Kitty standing, a pretty shape against the reflected light of the convent roofs, and amidst a little greenery of house-plants, tall geraniums, an over-arching ivy, some delicate roses. She had paused there, on her way from Fanny's to her own room, and was looking into the garden, where a pair of silent nuns were pacing up and down the paths, turning now their backs with the heavy sable coiffure sweeping their black robes, and now their still, mask-like faces, set in that stiff framework of white linen. Sometimes they came so near that she could distinguish their features, and imagine an expression that she should know if she saw them again; and while she stood self-forgetfully feigning a character for each of them, Mr. Arbuton spoke to her and took his place at her side.

"We're remarkably favored in having this bit of opera under our windows, Miss Ellison," he said, and smiled as Kitty answered, "O, is it really like an opera? I never saw one, but I could imagine it must be beautiful," and they both looked on in silence a moment, while the nuns moved, shadow-like, out of the garden, and left it empty.

Then Mr. Arbuton said something to which Kitty answered simply, "I'll see if my cousin does n't want me," and presently stood beside Mrs. Ellison's sofa, a little conscious in color. "Fanny, Mr. Arbuton has asked me to go and see the cathedral with him. Do you think it would be right?"

Mrs. Ellison's triumphant heart rose to her lips. "Why, you dear, particular, innocent little goose," she cried, flinging her arms about Kitty, and kissing her till the young girl blushed again; "of course it would! Go! You must n't stay mewed up in here. I sha' n't be able to go about with you;

and if I can judge by the colonel's *breathing*, as he calls it, from the room in there, *he* won't, at present. But the idea of *your* having a question of propriety!" And indeed it was the first time Kitty had ever had such a thing, and the remembrance of it put a kind of constraint upon her, as she strolled demurely beside Mr. Arbuton towards the cathedral.

"You must be guide," said he, "for this is my first day in Quebec, you know, and you are an old inhabitant in comparison."

"I'll show the way," she answered, "if you'll interpret the sights. I think I must be stranger to them than you, in spite of my long residence. Sometimes I'm afraid that I *do* only fancy I enjoy these things, as Mrs. March said, for I've no European experiences to contrast them with. I know that it *seems* very delightful, though, and quite like what I should expect in Europe."

"You'd expect very little of Europe, then, in most things; though there's no disputing that it's a very pretty illusion of the Old World."

A few steps had brought them into the market-square in front of the cathedral, where a little belated traffic still lingered in the few old peasant-women hovering over baskets of such fruits and vegetables as had long been out of season in the States, and the housekeepers and serving-maids cheapening these wares. A sentry moved mechanically up and down before the high portal of the Jesuit Barracks, over the arch of which were still the letters I. H. S. carved long ago upon the key-stone; and the ancient edifice itself, with its yellow stucco front and its grated windows, had every right to be a monastery turned barracks in France or Italy. A row of quaint stone houses — inns and shops — formed the upper side of the Square; while the modern buildings of the Rue Fabrique on the lower side might serve very well for that show of improvement which deepens the sentiment of surrounding antiquity and decay in Latin towns. As for the ca-

thedral, which faced the convent from across the Square, it was as cold and torpid a bit of Renaissance as could be found in Rome itself. A red-coated soldier or two passed through the Square; three or four neat little French policemen lounged about in blue uniforms and flaring havelocks; some walnut-faced, blue-eyed old citizens and peasants sat upon the thresholds of the row of old houses, and gazed dreamily through the smoke of their pipes at the slight stir and glitter of shopping about the fine stores of the Rue Fabrique. An air of serene disoccupation pervaded the place, with which the occasional riot of the drivers of the long row of calashes and carriages in front of the cathedral did not discord. Whenever a stray American wandered into the Square, there was a wild flight of these drivers towards him, and his person was lost to sight amidst their pantomime. They did not try to underbid each other, and they were perfectly good-humored; as soon as he had made his choice, the rejected multitude returned to their places on the curbstone, saluting the successful aspirant with inscrutable jokes as he drove off, while the horses went on munching the contents of their leathern head-bags, and tossing them into the air to shake down the lurking grains of corn.

"It *is* like Europe; your friends were right," said Mr. Arbuton as they escaped into the cathedral from one of these friendly onsets. "It's quite the atmosphere of foreign travel, and you ought to be able to realize the feelings of a tourist."

A priest was saying mass at one of the side-altars, assisted by acolytes in their every-day clothes; and outside of the railing a market-woman, with a basket of choke-cherries, knelt among a few other poor people. Presently a young English couple came in, he with a dashing India scarf about his hat, and she very stylishly dressed, who also made their genuflections with the rest, and then sat down and dropped their heads in prayer.

"This is like enough Europe, too," murmured Mr. Arbuton. "It's very good North Italy; or South, for the matter of that."

"O, is it?" answered Kitty, joyously. "I thought it must be!" And she added, in that trustful way of hers: "It's all very familiar; but then it seems to me on this journey that I've seen a great many things that I know I've only read of before"; and so followed Mr. Arbuton in his tour of the pictures.

She was as ignorant of art as any Roman or Florentine girl whose life has been passed in the midst of it; and she believed these mighty fine pictures, and was puzzled by Mr. Arbuton's behavior towards them, who was too little imaginative or too conscientious to make merit for them out of the things they suggested. He treated the poor altar-pieces of the Quebec cathedral with the same harsh indifference he would have shown to the second-rate paintings of a European gallery; doubted the Vandyck, and cared nothing for the Conception, "in the style of Le Brun," over the high-altar, though it had the historical interest of having survived that bombardment of 1759, which destroyed the church.

Kitty innocently singled out the worst picture in the place as her favorite, and then was piqued, and presently frightened, at his cold reluctance about it. He made her feel that it was very bad, and that she shared its inferiority, though he said nothing. She learned the shame of not being a connoisseur in a connoisseur's company, and she perceived more painfully than ever before that a Bostonian, who had been much in Europe, might be very uncomfortable to the simple, untravelled American. Yet, she reminded herself, the Marches had been in Europe too, and they were Bostonians also; and they did not go about putting everything under foot; they seemed to care for everything they saw, and to have a friendly jest, if not praises, for it. She liked that; she would have been well enough pleased to have Mr. Arbuton laugh

outright at her picture, and she could have joined him in it. But the look, however flattered into an air of polite question at last, which he had bent upon her, seemed to outlaw her and condemn her taste in everything. As they passed out of the cathedral, she would rather have gone home than continued the walk as he begged her, if she were not tired, to do; but this would have been flight, and she was not a coward. So they sauntered down the Rue Fabrique, and turned into Palace Street. As they went by the door of Hotel Musty, her pleasant friends came again into her mind, and she said, "This is where we stayed last week, with Mr. and Mrs. March."

"Those Boston people?"

"Yes."

"Do you know where they live in Boston?"

"Why, we have their address; but I can't think of it. I believe somewhere in the southern part of the city—"

"The South End?"

"O yes, that's it. Have you ever heard of them?"

"No."

"I thought perhaps you might have known Mr. March. He's in the insurance business—"

"O no! No, I don't know him," said Mr. Arbuton, eagerly. Kitty wondered if there could be anything wrong with the business repute of Mr. March, but dismissed the thought as unworthy; and having perceived that her friends were snubbed, she said bravely, that they were the most delightful people she had ever seen, and she was sorry that they were not still in Quebec. He shared her regret tacitly, if at all, and they walked in silence down to the gate, whence they were tempted by the wandering picturesqueness of the Lower Town, and strolled down the winding street outside the wall. But it was not a pleasant ramble for Kitty: she was in a dim dread of hitherto unseen and unimagined trespasses against good taste, not only in pictures and people, but in all life,

which, from having been a very smiling prospect when she set out with Mr. Arbuton, was suddenly become a narrow pathway, in which one must pick one's way with more regard to each step than any general end. All this was as undefined and obscure and uncertain as the intimations which had produced it, and which, in words, had really amounted to nothing. But she felt more and more that in her companion there was something wholly alien to the influences which had shaped her; and though she could not know how much, she was sure of enough to make her dreary in his presence.

They wandered long amidst the quaintness and noiseless bustle of the Lower Town thoroughfares, and came by and by to that old church, the oldest in Quebec, which was built near two hundred years ago, in fulfilment of a vow made at the repulse of Sir William Phipps's attack upon the city, and further famed for the prophecy of a nun, that this church should be ruined by the fire in which a successful attempt of the English was yet to involve the Lower Town. A painting, which represented the vision of the nun, perished in the conflagration which verified it, in 1759; but the walls of the ancient structure remain to witness this singular piece of history, which Kitty now glanced at furtively in one of the colonel's guide-books: since her ill-fortune with the picture in the cathedral, she had not openly cared for anything.

At one side of the church there was a booth for the sale of crockery and tin ware; and there was an every-day cheerfulness of small business in the shops and tented stands about the square on which the church faced, and through which there was continual passing of heavy burdens from the port, swift calashes, and slow, country-paced market-carts.

Mr. Arbuton made no motion to enter the church, and Kitty would not hint the curiosity she felt to see the interior; and while they lingered a moment, the door opened, and a peasant came out with a little coffin in his arms.

His eyes were dim and his face wet with weeping, and he bore the little coffin tenderly, as if his caress might reach the dead child within. Behind him she came who must be the mother, her face deeply hidden in her veil. Beside the pavement waited a shabby calash, with a driver half asleep on his perch; and the man, still clasping his precious burden, clambered into the vehicle, and laid it upon his knees, while the woman groped, through her tears and veil, for the step. Kitty and her companion had moved reverently aside; but now Mr. Arbuton came forward, and helped the woman to her place. She gave him a hoarse, sad "*Merçi!*" and spread a fold of her shawl fondly over the end of the little coffin; the drowsy driver whipped up his beast, and the calash jolted away.

Kitty cast a grateful glance upon Mr. Arbuton, as they now entered the church, by a common impulse. On their way towards the high-altar they passed the rude black bier, with the tallow candles yet smoking in their black wooden candlesticks. A few worshippers were dropped here and there in the vacant seats, and at a principal side-altar knelt a poor woman praying before a wooden effigy of the dead Christ that lay in a glass case under the altar. The image was of life-size, and was painted to represent life, or rather death, with false hair and beard, and with the muslin drapery managed to expose the stigmata: it was stretched upon a bed strewn with artificial flowers; and it was dreadful. But the poor soul at her devotions there prayed to it in an ecstasy of supplication, flinging her arms asunder with imploring gesture, clasping her hands and bowing her head upon them, while her person swayed from side to side in the abandon of her prayer. Who could she be, and what was her mighty need of blessing or forgiveness? As her wont was, Kitty threw her own soul into the imagined case of the suppliant, the tragedy of her desire or sorrow. Yet, like all who suffer sympa-

thetically, she was not without consolations unknown to the principal; and the waning afternoon, as it lit up the conventional ugliness of the old church, and the paraphernalia of its altars, relieved her emotional self-abandon with a remote sense of content, so that it may have been a jealousy for the integrity of her own reverie, as well as her feeling for the poor woman, that made her tremble lest Mr. Arbuton should in some way disparage the spectacle. I suppose that her interest in it was an æsthetic rather than a spiritual one; it embodied to her sight many a scene of penitence that had played before her fancy, and I do not know but she would have been willing to have the suppliant guilty of some dreadful misdeed, rather than eating meat last Friday, which was probably her sin. However it was, the ancient crone before that ghastly idol was precious to her, and it seemed too great a favor, when at last the suppliant wiped her eyes, rose trembling from her knees, and, approaching Kitty, stretched towards her a shaking palm for charity.

It was a touch that transfigured all, and gave even Mr. Arbuton's neutrality a light of ideal character. He bestowed the alms craved of him in turn, he did not repulse the beldame's blessing; and Kitty, who was already moved by his kindness to that poor mourner at the door, forgot that the earlier part of their walk had been so miserable, and climbed back to the Upper Town through the Prescott Gate in greater gayety than she had yet known that day in his company. I think he had not done much to make her cheerful; but it is one of the advantages of a temperament like his, that very little is expected of it, and that it can more easily than any other make the human heart glad; at the least softening in it, the soul frolics with a craven lightness. For this reason Kitty was able to enjoy with novel satisfaction the picturesqueness of Mountain Street, and they both admired the huge shoulder of rock near the gate, with its poplars atop, and the

battery at the brink, with the muzzles of the guns thrust forward against the sky. She could not move him to her pleasure in the grotesqueness of the circus-bills plastered half-way up the rock; but he tolerated the levity with which she commented on them, and her gay sallies upon all passing things, and he said nothing to prevent her reaching home in serene satisfaction.

"Well, Kitty," said the tenant of the sofa, as Kitty and the colonel drew up to the table on which the tea was laid at the sofa-side, "you've had a nice walk, have n't you?"

"O yes, very nice. That is, the first part of it was n't very nice; but after a while we reached an old church in the Lower Town, — which was very interesting, — and then we appeared to cheer up and take a new start."

"Well," said the colonel, "what did you find so interesting at that old church?"

"Why, there was a baby's funeral; and an old woman, perfectly crushed by some trouble or other, praying before an altar —"

"It seems to take very little to cheer you up," said the colonel. "All you ask of your fellow-beings is a heart-breaking bereavement and a religious agony, and you are lively at once. *Some* people might require human sacrifices, but you don't."

Kitty looked at her cousin a moment with eyes of vague amaze. The grossness of the absurdity flashed upon her, and she felt as if another touch must bring the tears. She said nothing; but Mrs. Ellison, who saw only that she was cut off from her heart's desire of gossip, came to the rescue.

"Don't answer a word, Kitty, not a single word; I never heard anything more insulting from one cousin to another; and I should say it, if I was brought into a court of justice —"

A sudden burst of laughter from Kitty, who hid her conscious face in her hands, interrupted Mrs. Ellison's defence.

"Well," said Mrs. Ellison, piqued at her desertion, "I hope you understand

yourselves. *I don't.*" This was Mrs. Ellison's attitude towards her husband's whole family, who on their part never had been able to account for the colonel's choice except as a joke, and sometimes questioned if he had not perhaps carried the joke too far; though they loved her too, for a kind of passionate generosity and sublime, inconsequent unselfishness about her.

"What I want to know, *now*," said the colonel, as soon as Kitty would let him, "and I'll try to put it as politely as I can, is simply this: what made the first part of your walk so disagreeable? You didn't see a wedding-party, or a child rescued from a horrible death, or a man saved from drowning, or anything of that kind, did you?"

But the colonel would have done better not to say anything. His wife was made peevish by his persistence, and the loss of the harmless pleasure upon which she had counted in the history of Kitty's walk with Mr. Arbuton. Kitty herself would not laugh again; in fact she grew serious and thoughtful, and presently took up a book, and after that went to her own room, where she stood awhile at her window, and looked out on the garden of the Ursulines. The moon hung full orb in the stainless heaven, and deepened the mystery of the paths and trees, and lit the silvery roofs and chimneys of the convent with tender effulgence. A wandering odor of leaf and flower stole up from the garden, but she perceived the sweetness, like the splendor, with veiled senses. She was turning over in her thought the incidents of her walk, and trying to make out if anything had really happened, first to provoke her against Mr. Arbuton, and then to reconcile her to him. Had he said or done anything about her favorite painting (which she hated now), or the *Marches*, to offend her? Or if it had been his tone and manner, was his after-conduct at the old church sufficient penance? What was it he had done that common humanity did not require? Was he so very superior to common humanity, that she should

meekly rejoice at his kindness to the afflicted mother? Why need she have cared for his forbearance toward the rapt devotee? She became aware that she was ridiculous. "Dick was right," she confessed, "and I will *not* let myself be made a goose of"; and when the bugle at the citadel called the soldiers to rest, and the harsh chapel-bell bade the nuns go dream of heaven, she also fell asleep, a smile on her lips and a light heart in her breast.

VI.

A LETTER OF KITTY'S.

QUEBEC, August —, 1870.

DEAR GIRLS: Since the letter I wrote you a day or two after we got here, we have been going on very much as you might have expected. A whole week has passed, but we still bear our enforced leisure with fortitude; and, though Boston and New York are both fading into the improbable (as far as we are concerned), Quebec continues inexhaustible, and I don't begrudge a moment of the time we are giving it.

Fanny still keeps her sofa; the first enthusiasm of her affliction has worn away, and she has nothing to sustain her now but planning our expeditions about the city. She has got the map and the history of Quebec by heart, and she holds us to the literal fulfilment of all her instructions. On this account, she often has to send Dick and me out together when she would like to keep him with her, for she won't trust either of us alone, and when we come back she examines us separately to see whether we have skipped anything. This makes us faithful in the smallest things. She says she is determined that Uncle Jack shall have a full and circumstantial report from me of all that he wants to know about the celebrated places here, and I really think he will, if I go on, or am goaded on, in this way. It's pure devotion to the cause in Fanny, for you know she does n't care for such things herself, and has

no pleasure in it but carrying a point. Her chief consolation under her trial of keeping still is to see how I look in her different dresses. She sighs over me as I appear in a new garment, and says, O, if she only had the dressing of me! Then she gets up and limps and hops across the room to where I stand before the glass, and puts a pin here and a ribbon there, and gives my hair (which she has dressed herself) a little dab, to make it lie differently, and then scrambles back to her sofa, and knocks her lame ankle against something, and lies there groaning and enjoying herself like a martyr. On days when she thinks she is never going to get well, she says she does n't know why she does n't give me her things at once and be done with it; and on days when she thinks she is going to get well right away, she says she will have me one made something like whatever dress I have got on, as soon as she's home. Then up she'll jump again for the exact measure, and tell me the history of every stitch, and how she'll have it altered just the least grain, and differently trimmed to suit my complexion better; and ends by having promised to get me something not in the least like it. You have some idea already of what Fanny is; and all you have got to do is to multiply it by about fifty thousand. Her sprained ankle simply intensifies her whole character.

Besides helping to compose Fanny's expeditionary corps, and really exerting himself in the cause of Uncle Jack, as he calls it, Dick is behaving beautifully. Every morning, after breakfast, he goes over to the hotel, and looks at the arrivals and reads the newspapers, and though we never get anything out of him afterwards, we somehow feel informed of all that is going on. He has taken to smoking a clay pipe in honor of the Canadian fashion, and he wears a gay, barbaric scarf of Indian muslin wound round his hat and flying out behind; because the Quebeckers protect themselves in that way against sunstroke when the thermometer gets

up among the sixties. He has also bought a pair of snow-shoes to be prepared for the other extreme of weather, in case anything else should happen to Fanny, and detain us into the winter. When he has rested from his walk to the hotel, we usually go out together and explore, as we do also in the afternoon; and in the evening we walk on Durham Terrace, — a promenade overlooking the river, where the whole cramped and crooked city goes for exercise. It's a formal parade in the evening; but one morning I went there before breakfast, for a change, and found it the resort of careless ease; two or three idle boys were sunning themselves on the carriages of the big guns that stand on the Terrace, a little dog was barking at the chimneys of the Lower Town, and an old gentleman was walking up and down in his dressing-gown and slippers, just as if it were his own front porch. He looked something like Uncle Jack, and I wished it had been he, — to see the smoke curling softly up from the Lower Town, the bustle about the market-place, and the shipping in the river, and the haze hanging over the water a little way off, and the near hills all silver, and the distant ones blue.

But if we are coming to the grand and the beautiful, why, there is no direction in which you can look about Quebec without seeing it; and it is always mixed up with something so familiar and home-like, that my heart warms to it. The Jesuit Barracks are just across the street from us in the foreground of the most magnificent landscape; the building is — think, you Erieckers of an hour! — two hundred years old, and it looks five hundred. The English took it away from the Jesuits in 1760, and have used it as barracks ever since; but it is n't at all changed, so that a Jesuit missionary who visited it the other day said that it was as if his brother priests had been driven out of it the week before. Well, you might think so old and so historical a place would be putting on airs, but it takes as kindly to domestic life as a new frame-house, and I am never tired

of looking over into the yard at the frowzy soldiers' wives hanging out clothes, and the unkempt children playing about among the burdocks, and chickens and cats, and the soldiers themselves carrying about the officers' boots, or sawing wood and picking up chips to boil the teakettle. They are off dignity as well as off duty, then; but when they are on both, and in full dress, they make our volunteers (as I remember them) seem very shabby and slovenly.

Over the belfry of the Barracks, our windows command a view of half Quebec, with its roofs and spires dropping down the slope to the Lower Town, where the masts of the ships in the river come tapering up among them, and then of the plain stretching from the river in the valley to a range of mountains against the horizon, with far-off white villages glimmering out of their purple folds. The whole plain is bright with houses and harvest-fields; and the distinctly divided farms—the owners cut them up every generation, and give each son a strip of the entire length,—run back on either hand, from the straight roads bordered by poplars, while the highways near the city pass between lovely villas.

But this landscape and the Jesuit Barracks with all their merits are nothing to the Ursuline Convent, just under our back windows, which I told you something about in my other letter. We have been reading up its history since, and we know about Madame de la Peltrie, the noble Norman lady who founded it in 1640. She was very rich and very beautiful, and a saint from the beginning, so that when her husband died, and her poor old father wanted her to marry again and not go into a nunnery, she did n't mind cheating him by a sham marriage with a devout gentleman; and she came to Canada as soon as her father was dead, with another saint, Marie de l'Incarnation, and founded this convent. The first building is standing yet, as strong as ever, though everything about it but the stone walls was burnt two centuries ago. Only a few years since an old

ash-tree, under which the Ursulines first taught the Indian children, blew down, and now a large black cross marks its place. The modern nuns are in the garden nearly the whole morning long, and by night the ghosts of the former nuns haunt it; and in very bright moonlight I myself do a bit of Madame de la Peltrie there, and teach little Indian boys,—who dwindle like those in the song, as the moon goes down. It is an enchanted place, and I wish we had it in the back yard at Eriecreek, though I don't think the neighbors would approve of the architecture. I have adopted two nuns for my own: one is tall and slender and pallid, and you can see at a glance that she broke the heart of a mortal lover, and I knew it, when she became the bride of heaven; and the other is short and plain and plump, and looks as comfortable and commonplace as life-after-dinner. When the world is bright I revel in the statue-like sadness of the beautiful nun, who never laughs or plays with the little girl pupils; but when the world is dark—as the best of worlds will be at times for a minute or two—I take to the fat nun, and go in for a clumsy romp with the children; and then I fancy that I am wiser if not better than the fair slim Ursuline. But whichever I am, for the time being, I am vexed with the other; yet they always are together, as if they were counterparts. I think a nice story might be written about them.

In Wolfe's siege of Quebec this Ursuline Garden of ours was everywhere torn up by the falling bombs, and the sisters were driven out into the world they had forsaken forever, as Fanny has been reading in a little French account of the events, written at the time, by a nun of the General Hospital. It was there the Ursulines took what refuge there was; going from their cloistered school-rooms and their innocent little ones to the wards of the hospital, filled with the wounded and dying of either side, and echoing with their dreadful groans. What a sad, evil, bewildering

world they had a glimpse of! In the garden here, our poor Montcalm — I belong to the French side, please, in Quebec — was buried in a grave dug for him by a bursting shell. They have his skull now in the chaplain's room of the convent, where we saw it the other day. They have made it comfortable in a glass box, neatly bound with black, and covered with a white lace drapery, just as if it were a saint's. It was broken a little in taking it out of the grave; and a few years ago, some English officers borrowed it to look at, and were horrible enough to pull out some of the teeth. Tell Uncle Jack the head is very broad above the ears, but the forehead is small.

The chaplain also showed us a copy of an old painting of the first convent, Indian lodges, Madame de la Peltrie's house, and Madame herself, very splendidly dressed, with an Indian chief before her, and some French cavaliers riding down an avenue towards her. Then he showed us some of the nuns' work in albums, painted and lettered in a way to give me an idea of old missals. By and by he went into the chapel with us, and it gave such a queer notion of his indoors life to have him put on an overcoat and india-rubbers to go a few rods through the open air to the chapel door: he had not been very well, he said. When he got in, he took off his hat, and put on an octagonal priest's cap, and showed us everything in the kindest way — and his manners were exquisite. There were beautiful paintings sent out from France at the time of the Revolution; and wood-carvings round the high-altar, done by Quebec artists in the beginning of the last century; for he said they had a school of arts then at St. Anne's, twenty miles below the city. Then there was an ivory crucifix, done so life-like that you could scarcely bear to look at it. But what I most cared for was the tiny twinkle of a votive lamp which he pointed out to us in one corner of the nuns' chapel: it was lit a hundred and fifty years ago by two of

our French officers when their sister took the veil, and has never been extinguished since, except during the siege of 1759. Of course, I think a story might be written about *this*; and the truth is, the possibilities of fiction in Quebec are overpowering; I go about in a perfect haze of romances, and meet people at every turn who have nothing to do but invite the passing novelist into their houses, and have their likenesses done at once for heroes and heroines. They need n't change a thing about them, but sit just as they are; and if this is in the present, only think how the whole past of Quebec must be crying out to be put into historical romances!

I wish you could see the houses, and how substantial they are. I can only think of Eriecreek as an assemblage of huts and bark-lodges in contrast. Our boarding-house is comparatively slight, and has stone walls only a foot and a half thick, but the average is two feet and two and a half; and the other day Dick went through the Laval University, — he goes everywhere and gets acquainted with everybody, — and saw the foundation walls of the first building, which have stood all the sieges and conflagrations since the seventeenth century; and no wonder, for they are six feet thick, and form a series of low-vaulted corridors, as heavy, he says, as the casemates of a fortress. There is a beautiful old carved staircase there, of the same date; and he liked the president, a priest, ever so much; and we like the looks of all the priests we see; they are so handsome and polite, and they all speak English, with some funny little defect. The other day, we asked such a nice young priest about the way to Hare Point, where it is said the Recollet friars had their first mission on the marshy meadows: he didn't know of this bit of history, and we showed him our book. "Ah! you see, the book say '*pro-bab-ly* the site.' If it had said *certainly*, I should have known. But *pro-bab-ly*, *pro-bab-ly*, you see!" However, he showed us the way, and down we went

through the Lower Town, and out past the General Hospital to this Pointe aux Lièvres, which is famous also because somewhere near it, on the St. Charles, Jacques Cartier wintered in 1536, and kidnapped the Indian king Donnacona, whom he carried to France. And it was here Montcalm's forces tried to rally after their defeat by Wolfe. (Please read this several times to Uncle Jack, so that he can have it impressed upon him how faithful I am in my historical researches.)

It makes me dreadfully angry and sad to think the French should have been robbed of Quebec, after what they did to build it. But it is still quite a French city in everything, even to sympathy with France in this Prussian war, which you would hardly think they would care about. Our landlady says the very boys in the street know about the battles, and explain, every time the French are beaten, how they were outnumbered and betrayed, — something the way we used to do in the first of our war.

I suppose you will think I am crazy; but I do wish Uncle Jack would wind up his practice at Erie creek, and sell the house, and come to live at Quebec. I have been asking prices of things, and I find that everything is very cheap, even according to the Erie creek standard; we could get a beautiful house on the St. Louis Road for two hundred a year; beef is ten or twelve cents a pound, and everything else in proportion. Then besides that, the washing is sent out into the country to be done by the peasant-women, and there is n't a crumb of bread baked in the house, but it all comes from the bakers; and only think, girls, what a relief that would be! Do get Uncle Jack to consider it *seriously*.

Since I began this letter the afternoon has worn away — the light from the sunset on the mountains would glorify our supper-table without extra charge, if we lived here — and the twilight has passed, and the moon has come up over the gables and dormer-windows of the convent, and looks into

the garden so invitingly that I can't help joining her. So I will put my writing by till to-morrow. The going-to-bed bell has rung, and the red lights have vanished one by one from the windows, and the nuns are asleep, and another set of ghosts is playing in the garden with the copper-colored phantoms of the Indian children of long ago. What! not Madame de la Peltre? Oh! how do they like those little fibs of yours up in heaven?

Sunday afternoon. — As we were at the French cathedral last Sunday, we went to the English to-day; and I could easily have imagined myself in some church of Old England, hearing the royal family prayed for, and listening to the pretty poor sermon delivered with such an English *brogue*. The people, too, had such Englishy faces and such queer little eccentricities of dress; the young lady that sang contralto in the choir wore a scarf like a man's on her hat. The cathedral is n't much, architecturally, I suppose, but it affected me very solemnly, and I could n't help feeling that it was as much a part of British power and grandeur as the citadel itself. Over the bishop's seat drooped the flag of a Crimean regiment, tattered by time and battles, which was hung up here with great ceremonies, in 1860, when the Prince of Wales presented them with new colors; and up in the gallery was a kind of glorified pew for royal highnesses and governor-generals and so forth, to sit in when they are here. There are tablets and monumental busts about the walls; and one to the memory of the Duke of Lenox, the governor-general who died in the middle of the last century from the bite of a fox; which seemed an odd fate for a duke, and somehow made me very sorry for him.

Fanny, of course, could n't go to church with me, and Dick got out of it by lingering too late over the newspapers at the hotel, and so I trudged off with our Bostonian, who is still with us here. I did n't dwell much upon him in my last letter, and I don't be-

lieve now I can make him quite clear to you. He has been a good deal abroad, and he is Europeanized enough not to think much of America, though I can't find that he quite approves of Europe, and his experience seems not to have left him any particular country in either hemisphere.

He is n't the Bostonian of Uncle Jack's imagination, and I suspect he would n't like to be. He is rather too young, still, to have much of an anti-slavery record, and even if he had lived soon enough, I think that he would not have been a John Brown man. I am afraid that he believes in "vulgar and meretricious distinctions" of all sorts, and that he has n't an atom of "magnanimous democracy" in him. In fact, I find, to my great astonishment, that some ideas which I thought were held only in England, and which I had never seriously thought of, seem actually a part of Mr. Arbuton's nature or education. He talks about the lower classes, and tradesmen, and the best people, and good families, as I supposed nobody in *this* country *ever* did, — in earnest. To be sure, I have been reading all my life of characters who had such opinions, but I thought they were just put into novels to eke out somebody's unhappiness, — to keep the high-born daughter from marrying beneath her for love, and so on ; or else to be made fun of in the person of some silly old woman or some odious snob ; and I could hardly believe at first that our Bostonian was serious in talking that way. Such things sound so differently in real life ; and I laughed at them till I found that he did n't know what to make of my laughing, and then I took leave to differ with him in some of his notions ; but he never disputes anything I say, and so makes it seem rude to differ with him. I always feel, though he begins it, as if I had thrust my opinions upon him. But in spite of his weaknesses and disagreeabilities, there is something really *high* about him ; he is so scrupulously true, so exactly just, that Uncle Jack himself could n't be more so ; though you can see that he

respects his virtues as the peculiar result of some extraordinary system. Here at Quebec, though he goes round patronizing the landscape and the antiquities, and coldly smiling at my little enthusiasms, there is really a great deal that ought to be at least improving in him. I get to paying him the same respect that he pays himself, and imbues his very clothes with, till everything he has on appears to look like him and respect itself accordingly. I have often wondered what his hat, his honored hat, for instance, would do, if I should throw it out of the front window. It would make an earthquake, I believe.

He is politely curious about us ; and from time to time, in a shrinking, disgusted way, he asks some leading question about Eriecreek, which he does n't seem able to form any idea of, as much as I explain it. He clings to his original notion, that it is in the heart of the Oil Regions, of which he has seen pictures in the illustrated papers ; and when I assert myself against his opinions, he treats me very gingerly, as if I were an explosive sprite, or an inflammable naiad from a torpedoed well, and it would n't be quite safe to oppose me, or I would disappear with a flash and a bang.

When Dick is n't able to go with me on Fanny's account, Mr. Arbuton takes his place in the expeditionary corps ; and we have visited a good many points of interest together, and now and then he talks very entertainingly about his travels. But I don't think they have made him very cosmopolitan. It seems as if he went about with a little imaginary standard, and was chiefly interested in things, to see whether they fitted it or not. Trifling matters annoy him ; and when he finds sublimity mixed up with absurdity, it almost makes him angry. One of the oddest and oldest-looking buildings in Quebec is a bit of a one-story house on St. Louis Street, to which poor General Montgomery was taken after he was shot ; and it is a pastry-cook's now, and the tarts and cakes in the window vexed Mr. Arbu-

ton so much — not that he seemed to care for Montgomery — that I did n't dare to laugh.

I live very little in the nineteenth century at present, and do not care much for people who do. Still I have a few grains of affection left for Uncle Jack, which I want you to give him.

I suppose it will take about six stamps to pay this letter.

I forgot to say that Dick goes to be barbered every day at the "Montcalm

Shaving and Shampooing Saloon," so called because they say Montcalm held his last council of war there. It is a queer little steep-roofed house, with a flowering bean up the front, and a bit of garden, full of snap-dragons, before it.

We shall be here a week or so yet, at any rate, and then, I think, we shall go straight home, Dick has lost so much time already.

With a great deal of love,

Your

KITTY.

W. D. Howells.

JOHN REED'S THOUGHTS.

THERE's a mist on the meadow below ; the herring-frogs chirp and cry ;
It's chill when the sun is down, and the sod is not yet dry :
The world is a lonely place, it seems, and I don't know why.

I see, as I lean on the fence, how wearily trudges Dan
With the feel of the spring in his bones, like a weak and elderly man :
I've had it a many a time, but we must work when we can.

But day after day to toil, and ever from sun to sun,
Though up to the season's front and nothing be left undone,
Is ending at twelve like a clock, and beginning again at one.

The frogs make a sorrowful noise, and yet it's the time they mate ;
There's something comes with the spring, a lightness or else a weight ;
There's something comes with the spring, and it seems to me it's fate.

It's the hankering after a life that you never have learned to know ;
It's the discontent with a life that is always thus and so ;
It's the wondering what we are, and where we are going to go.

My life is lucky enough, I fancy, to most men's eyes,
For the more a family grows, the oftener some one dies,
And it's now run on so long, it could n't be otherwise.

And Sister Jane and myself, we have learned to claim and yield ;
She rules in the house at will, and I in the barn and field,
So, nigh upon thirty years !—as if written and signed and sealed.

I couldn't change if I would ; I've lost the how and the when ;
One day my time will be up, and Jane be the mistress then,
For single women are tough and live down the single men.

She kept me so to herself, she was always the stronger hand,
And my lot showed well enough, when I looked around in the land ;
But I'm tired and sore at heart, and I don't quite understand.

I wonder how it had been if I'd taken what others need,
The plague, they say, of a wife, the care of a younger breed ?
If Edith Pleasanton now were near me as Edith Reed ?

Suppose that a son well grown were then in the place of Dan,
And I felt myself in him, as I was when my work began ?
I should feel no older, sure, and certainly more a man !

A daughter, besides, in the house ; nay, let there be two or three !
We never can overdo the luck that can never be,
And what has come to the most might also have come to me.

I've thought, when a neighbor's wife or his child was carried away,
That to have no loss was a gain ; but now, — I can hardly say ;
He seems to possess them still, under the ridges of clay.

And share and share in a life is, somehow, a different thing
From property held by deed, and the riches that oft take wing ;
I feel so close in the breast ! — I think it must be the spring.

I'm drying up like a brook when the woods have been cleared around ;
You're sure it must always run, you are used to the sight and sound,
But it shrinks till there's only left a stony rut in the ground.

There's nothing to do but take the days as they come and go,
And not to worry with thoughts that nobody likes to show,
For people so seldom talk of the things they want to know.

There's times when the way is plain, and everything nearly right,
And then, of a sudden, you stand like a man with a clouded sight :
A bush seems often a beast, in the dusk of the falling night.

I must move ; my joints are stiff ; the weather is breeding rain,
And Dan is hurrying on with his plough-team up the lane.
I'll go to the village-store ; I'd rather not talk with Jane.

Bayard Taylor.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

MISS INGELOW'S novel, *Off the Skelligs*, we are told, makes as great a stir as *Jane Eyre* did in its day, and is claimed to be the great work of fiction of the present time, as if *Middlemarch* were not, and *Turgénieff's* novels were still buried in the original Russian. There is, as we all know, a certain sort of praise which from its very warmth prepares the mind of the reader for a very moderate enjoyment of its object; but this new novel, we hoped, might well be good without deserving such loud-sounding admiration. The story is told autobiographically by a young girl who begins the account of her life with her earliest recollections. Passing over her infancy, we find her sailing in her uncle's yacht with him and her brother Tom. While they are cruising about the Irish coast they are fortunate enough to save some people from a burning ship; among them is one very grimy and scorched man whom Dorothea, the heroine, mistakes for a common sailor, while in reality he is of gentle blood, as she finds out when he attempts with his blistered hand to hold a Greek Testament. His name is Brandon, and many pages further on we find Dorothea staying with his family and his stepfamily, Lon, Liz, and Valentine, who is sometimes called the "the oubit," just as Mr. Brandon is known as "St. George," over and above his own name, which is Giles. Valentine is a rattle-pated hobbledoy, with the fearful loquacity sometimes seen in lads of his age, although, fortunately, it is generally held in subjection by their elders. Dorothea has a certain admiration

for Brandon, not unmingled with awe for his great age, — he is almost thirty; but Valentine studies Greek with her, amuses her by his nonsense, and finally asks her to marry him. She seems to think that disposing of her life is as trifling a matter as the directing of an empty envelope, and assents. In time, however, his wish to marry her grows cold, he disappoints her at the last moment, and so she gently marries Mr. Brandon instead, who has been in love with her all the time, but who, from high-mindedness, has been keeping out of the way, in order to give Valentine a chance, and with this the story ends. Few, we fancy, would claim that the merit of the novel lay in the construction. The story drags fearfully; but it is in the alleged naturalness of talk and action that we are bidden to find pleasure. Yet naturalness in itself is no more interesting than a photograph, *quoad* photograph, is entertaining to the eye. There is a naturalness which concerns itself with the representation of agreeable or interesting scenes of human life and which is sufficient to please even the surliest reader. Take, for instance, Miss Thackeray's charming story, *Elizabeth*. There we have a perfectly natural account of the hopefulness, the little joys, the heart-racking agonies of a very pleasing young girl told with unexcelled truth and simplicity. The *Initials*, — again, is it not a model of natural drawing in its record of the sayings and doings of the gracious heroine, her half-vulgar sister, and the ever-blushing hero? Neither of these novels treats of frenzies of passion, nor of improb-

* *Off the Skelligs*. A Novel. By JEAN INGELOW. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872.

Coupon Bonds, and other Stories. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

Love is Enough; or, the Freeing of Pharamond. A Morality. By WILLIAM MORRIS. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1873.

A Memorial of Alice and Phæbe Cary, with some of their later Poems. By MARY CLEMMER AMES. Illustrated by two Portraits on Steel. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1873.

Thorvaldsen: his Life and Works. By EUGENE FLON. Translated from the French by I. M. LUYSTER. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1873.

The Life and Times of Henry, Lord Brougham. Written by Himself. 3 vols. New York: Harper Brothers. 1872.

Fables respecting the Popes in the Middle Ages. By DR. J. J. VON DÖLLINGER. Translated by ALFRED PLUMMER of Trinity College, Oxford; American edition edited by HENRY B. SMITH, D. D. New York: Dodd and Mead.

Lectures on the Reunion of the Churches. By DR. J. J. VON DÖLLINGER. Translated by H. N. OXENHAM of Balliol College, Oxford. New York: Dodd and Mead.

Old Landmarks of Boston. By S. A. DRAKE. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

Concord Days. By A. BRONSON ALCOTT. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1872.

The Issues of American Politics. A Discussion of the Principal Questions incident to the Governmental Policy of the United States. By ORRIN SKINNER (of the New York Bar). Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1873.

able feelings and actions. They merely describe very ordinary, every-day love-affairs; they are, so to speak, *genre*-pictures of love-making; but is there a girl living, unless perhaps those whose taste has been ruined by the strong waters of intenser novels, who does not sympathize with the well-told troubles of these heroines? In these novels there is plenty of naturalness, but it is naturalness applied to a deserving subject, not displayed in the wearying gossip and *badinage* of an extremely ordinary set of people. The paltriness of the subject of *Off the Skelligs*, — a girl and a boy, without an atom of love for one another, preparing to marry and to go to New Zealand together, — the absence of any passion in the characters, (not that they need be rolling their eyes about and biting their nether lips, but they should have some other emotion than the childish desire to ridicule one another,) the lukewarmness of all their feelings, seem to us to make a picture as unattractive as it is unnatural. The story is spun out with reports of all their long talks, as if a painter who wanted to try to paint a picture of domestic life could do nothing better than paint a panorama representing all the actions of a family for a whole month. He might give us an accurate copy of their life, but he would prove himself a poor artist.

— We think the best of Mr. Trowbridge's stories, in the new volume of them just published, is *The Man who stole a Meeting-House*, which we suppose our readers have not forgotten. It deals, like all the others, with the rustic character of New England, bringing out here and there its lurking kindness and delicacy, but impressing you chiefly with a certain sardonic hardness in it, — a humorous, wrong-headed recklessness, which Mr. Trowbridge has succeeded in embodying wonderfully well in old Jedwort. The story is as good as the best in this sort of study, and in structure it is as much more artistic as it is less mechanical. In some of the other tales the coming coincidence and surprise may be calculated altogether too accurately by the reader: all is plotted as exactly as if for the effects of a comedy. This is true in a degree of *Coupon Bonds*, which is such a capital story, and so full of human nature; and it is almost embarrassingly true of *Archibald Blossom* and of *Preaching for Selwyn*. Mr. Blazay's *Experience*, *The Romance of a Glove*, *Nancy Blynn's Lovers*, and *In the Ice*, are better; but none

are so good as *The Man who stole the Meeting-House*, which for a kind of poise of desirable qualities — humorous conception, ingenious plot, well-drawn character, and a naturally evolved moral in old Jedwort's disaster and reform — is one of the best New England stories ever written, to our thinking. They are all inviting stories; they all read easily, and their vice of construction is one which they share with many admired masterpieces, but which we cannot help thinking a vice for all that. *The Romance of a Glove* is a pretty love-tale, in which people of a sort different from those of the other stories are successfully presented, but we suppose the book will be liked chiefly for its pictures of country life and character. There is one type which we have nowhere else found so well portrayed as in Mr. Trowbridge's stories, namely, the jolly, glib, good-natured, thoroughly selfish rustic humorist. Such a character, in this volume, is Mr. Peleg Green, in Mr. Blazay's *Experience*, and such in even better form was Sellick the constable in *A Chance for Himself*, one of the entertaining Jack Hazard series of boys' books.

— "This story," says the Argument of Mr. Morris's *Love is Enough*, "which is told by way of a morality set before an Emperor and Empress newly wedded, sheweth of a King whom nothing but Love might satisfy, who left all to seek Love, and, having found it, found this also, that he had enough, though he lacked all else." It opens with the wedding-procession of the Emperor and Empress, in a crowded street, Giles and Joan, peasant-folk, looking on and commenting. Then, after a speech from the Mayor and some dialogue between the new spouses, and some preluding of song and some prologuing by Love, the morality is presented. King Pharamond has just won his kingdom and is scarcely set on his throne; but he is continually tormented and diverted from the honors and affairs of state by a vision or dream of love; and at last he wanders away with a faithful old councillor to seek the valley shadowed forth in his dream, and after many cruel adventures they find it and his love there, the shepherdess Azalais. When he goes back to his own kingdom, he finds a very suitable person on the throne, and himself not missed; he finds that he does not care for what he has lost; he returns contentedly to the love he has won. More music; epiloguing by Love; another speech by the Mayor, who hopes their majesties have

not been bored ; more dialogue by the Emperor and Empress ; more comment by Giles and Joan. The performance closes with this sweet and tender bit of picturesqueness :—

“GILES.

Yea, praise we Love who sleepeth not !
— Come, o'er much gold mine eyes have seen,
And long now for the pathway green,
And rose-hung ancient walls of gray
Yet warm with sunshine gone away.

JOAN.

Yea, full fain would I rest thereby,
And watch the flickering martins fly
About the long eave-bottles red,
And the clouds lessening overhead :
E'en now, meseems, the cows are come
Unto the gray gates of our home,
And low to hear the milking-pail :
The peacock spreads abroad his tail
Against the sun, as down the lane
The milkmaids pass the moveless wain,
And stable door, where the roan team
An hour ago began to dream
Over the dusty oats. —

Come, love,
Noises of river and of grove
And moving things in field and stall
And night-birds' whistle shall be all
Of the world's speech that we shall hear
By then we come the garth anear :
For then the moon that hangs aloft
These thronged streets, lightless now and soft,
Unnoted, yea, e'en like a shred
Of you wide white cloud overhead,
Sharp in the dark star-sprinkled sky
Low o'er the willow boughs shall lie :
And when our chamber we shall gain
Eastward our drowsy eyes shall strain
If yet perchance the dawn may show.
— O Love, go with us as we go,
And from the might of thy fair hand
Cast wide about the blooming land
The seed of such-like tales as this !
— O Day, change round about our bliss !
Come, restful night, when day is done !
Come, dawn, and bring a fairer one !”

We are careful to give this passage, because it is the only poetical passage we have found in the whole skilfully attenuated triviality from which we take it, and which is otherwise too dull for any words of ours to tell ; nobody but Mr. Morris could give a just sense of its inexorable dreariness, its unrelenting lengthiness, and serious vacuity. It is, indeed, and in all sad earnestness, a morality, after the true deadly mediæval fashion, and after reading it one can begin to imagine the ordinary condition of people with whom the morality was a recreation.

—Mrs. Ames tells the story of Alice and Phœbe Cary's lives with somewhat too much an air of suppressed emotion. Here and there, as where she speaks of “two

souls finely veined with a many-shaded deep humanity,” we are not sure that we know what she means ; and there are certain lapses of taste, and some indiscretions ; yet on the whole she has done her work with coherence, temperance, and simplicity. The sisters, her heroines, as we may call them, were as tenderly endeared to those who met them in daily intimacy as to those who knew them afar off through their poetry. They were the daughters of a farmer in Southern Ohio, and their lives up to womanhood were spent in the seclusion of a country neighborhood and amidst the cares and toils of a farm-house. But the spring of a finer and higher life was in them, and they turned naturally and resistlessly toward literature. Their father was a man of delicate instincts, and their mother a woman of uncommon mind and character ; but their conditions were as unpromising as might be : they were poor, in a new country, with little schooling, remote from books, daughters of a large family. They were, however, not merely people of great native sensibility, but there was a religious strain in them which as to creed took the most generous and hopeful form, and on another side shaded into a sad spirituality. As the girls grew up, a dark means of education came to them in the frequent deaths in the family, and the poetry of Alice took a permanent cast from the gloomy thoughts and experiences of her early days ; it sang of graves and forever yearned for the lost. Her dead dwelt with her ; the whole family had a touch of the seer even in childhood ; and in her latest years she told the story of one of those strange occurrences which those who like may discard as idle illusions.

“Well, the new house was just finished, but we had not moved into it. There had been a violent shower ; father had come home from the field, and everybody had come in out of the rain. I think it was about four in the afternoon, when the storm ceased and the sun shone out. The new house stood on the edge of a ravine, and the sun was shining full upon it, when some one in the family called out and asked how Rhoda and Lucy came to be over in the new house, and the door open. Upon this all the rest of the family rushed to the front door, and there, across the ravine, in the open door of the new house, stood Rhoda with Lucy in her arms. Some one said, ‘She must have come from the sugar camp, and has taken shelter there with Lucy from

the rain.' Upon this another called out, 'Rhoda!' but she did not answer. While we were gazing and talking and calling, Rhoda herself came down stairs, where she had left Lucy fast asleep, and stood with us while we all saw, in the full blaze of the sun, the woman with the child in her arms slowly sink, sink, sink into the ground, until she disappeared from sight. Then a great silence fell upon us all. In our hearts we all believed it to be a warning of sorrow, — of what, we knew not. When Rhoda and Lucy both died, then we knew. Rhoda died the next autumn, November 11; Lucy, a month later, December 10, 1833. Father went directly over to the house and out into the road, but no human being, and not even a track, could be seen. Lucy has been seen many times since by different members of the family, in the same house, always in a red frock, like one she was very fond of wearing."

When Alice was thirteen her mother died, and two years later a step-mother came to make life yet harder and barrender for her. But she and her sister kept their courage through all, writing at night and by stealth, and publishing in whatever newspapers West or East would print their verses for nothing. A cruel disappointment in love befell Alice, and shortly after that she left home to seek her fortune in New York. She dared, she said once, because she was so ignorant; if she had known she never would have dared. Presently her sister Phœbe came to her, and by ceaseless industry and the closest economy they won themselves a home, and made it so graceful and pleasant that it became a sort of *salon*. The rest is the monotonous story of unremitted literary labor, interrupted at last in the case of Alice by a most painful and lingering disease. After her death Phœbe was lost in the world; her objects and interests were gone, and three months afterward she also died. Nothing can be more pathetic than the story of her last days and of her sudden death at Newport, apart from the friends seeking to be with her, and alone with the faithful servant, to whom with kisses and caresses she talked now of how they would live on their return from New York, and now of how she wished to be dressed for the grave. The whole story of the sisters' lives is touching and elevating. Their place in literature it is no present affair of ours to fix; but it does not seem too much to say that, with all her defects, Alice Cary is the

first of our poetesses, and that both the sisters wrote poetry that has been more popularly loved and remembered than that of any other American women. For the rest we may safely leave their reputation to that able critic, Time, who unhappily cannot be induced to write for the magazines and newspapers. The poetry of the Cary sisters was very unequal, and this is true also of Alice's prose; but her stories had always a taste of the soil, an odor of the fields and woods, a native flavor that pleases. We think she touched her highest point in the story of Dr. Killmany, published some years ago in these pages.

— Miss Luyster has put into the very pleasant English characteristic of her former translations the life of the sculptor Thorvaldsen, and the result is as agreeable a book as we have lately had the fortune to read. It is illustrated by thirty-five exquisite woodcuts of Thorvaldsen's compositions from drawings by Gaillard; a second part is a study of Thorvaldsen's genius and place in art, and the life is completed by a full descriptive catalogue of all his works. The chief impression that you get from the whole is that the Greeks are of all times and nations. A young Danish boy, son of a humble carver in wood, comes early in this century to Rome, and enters upon the lifelong expression of a nature as simply and purely Greek apparently as ever was in the world. His imagination instinctively clothed itself in Greek forms; in an age when all things come through literature, his education was so entirely artistic that he had to get from others the mythological subjects which his works so splendidly illustrated. As far as books were concerned, he was an ignorant man; but his culture from means that refined the Greeks was as rich and full as that of any sculptor of antiquity, — and no more, one might almost add; only the world which Thorvaldsen knew was so much wider and wiser than that of Athens. He could scarcely be claimed for Christianity; he Hellenized his sacred subjects as he did all others; his life seems to have been quite unconsciously immoral. He kept also to the last a perfect simplicity of heart and mind. The world had done its worst to spoil him; it had heaped him with honors and flatteries of every kind; kings and princes had been his friends; his days had been passed among the great; in his last years at Copenhagen he was the supreme distinction of every company in the best

society; but to the last he did not see why he should not dine with his serving-man Wilkens, — “as good in your place as I in mine,” — and he declined the king’s invitation to dinner one day because he was engaged to an old friend, whose birthday it was. The light of the enchanted life of artists in the easy Roman society of old days is on the greater part of this charming story; but it is not less interesting when this yields to the twilight of Thorvaldsen’s declining years in his native city amidst the love and care of tender friends and the veneration of a whole people, — an old man, full of achievement and fame, working to the end, and modelling a bust on the morning of the day he died. It is a beautiful story, simple, grand, and calm, not to be read without one’s regrets for certain things, like improper Anna Maria, and poor jilted Miss Mackenzie, and a habit of large promises and heroic delays, yet rising serenely above one’s impertinent remorse, and standing forth in its successive events with the tranquil charm of a Greek bas-relief.

— The Life and Times of Henry, Lord Brougham, written by Himself, can hardly be regarded as a valuable contribution to the history of the period which it covers. The work contains numerous errors, but the touching apology at the close overcomes any disposition to harsh criticism. “Let it be recollected,” says the venerable autobiographer, “that I began this attempt after I was eighty-three years of age, with enfeebled intellect, failing memory, and but slight materials by me to assist it. Above all, that there was not left one single friend or associate of my earlier days, whose recollections might aided mine. All were dead. I alone have survived of those who had acted in the scenes I have here faintly endeavored to retrace.”

But notwithstanding these errors — most of which are not serious — the work possesses more than common interest for the general reader. The “times” from 1800 to 1834, especially in European politics, are full of interest; and the “life,” of which some account is given here, was certainly a remarkable one.

Henry Brougham was born in Edinburgh on the 19th September, 1778. His ancestors on the paternal side, a good Border family which had been settled at Brougham in Westmoreland since the Conquest, were not remarkable for anything. His mother was a niece of Dr. Robertson, the famous historian. At seven years of age

he went to the Edinburgh High School, of which Dr. Alexander Adam, “a teacher of the greatest merit,” was rector. He had the inestimable advantage, too, of having his studies directed at all times by his great kinsman, Dr. Robertson, then principal of the university. At the age of thirteen he graduated as head of the school, and then studied for a few months at home under a private tutor.

In 1800, at the age of twenty-two, he was called to the Scotch bar. He had an invincible repugnance to the profession he had chosen, and endeavored to obtain, through the influence of friends, an appointment in the diplomatic service. Nothing came of his efforts, and he was forced to continue at his profession and wait for business. There were many noted men at the Scotch bar then, — Harry Erskine, Charles Hope, Jeffrey, Tait, Blair, Ross, Gillies, and Macanochie, — and contact with them undoubtedly had a great influence in developing the powers of such a keen observer of men and things as young Brougham.

In 1822 he joined Jeffrey and Smith in establishing the Edinburgh Review. The well-known account of the origin of the Review, as given by Sydney Smith, is, he says, somewhat inaccurate and even fanciful. It is evident that Brougham entertained rather a low opinion of Smith’s abilities as compared with his own. “He (Smith) was a very moderate classic; he had not the smallest knowledge of mathematics, or of any science; he was an admirable joker; he had the art of placing ordinary things in an infinitely ludicrous point of view, but he was too much of a jack-pudding.” Afterwards he commends Smith’s labors in connection with the Review, but in rather a patronizing way. It is perhaps well for the memory of the noble Lord that the reverend joker is not in a condition to review this work.

To the first four numbers of the Review it appears that Brougham contributed twenty-one articles of his own composition and four jointly with others. For the first twenty numbers he wrote eighty articles. It may be interesting to contributors for the press to know that the editor received at first £300 per annum, and the writers ten guineas a sheet of sixteen pages. Five or six years later the editor received £500, and the writers twenty guineas.

In 1808 Brougham was called to the English bar, and went on the Northern circuit, where he soon obtained a good

share of business. In 1810 he entered the House of Commons, having been returned for the borough of Camelford, through the patronage of the Duke of Bedford. From this time until 1834, when he gave up the Great Seal, he was one of the foremost men in the three kingdoms. What he did towards securing the repeal of the Orders in Council ("his greatest achievement," he calls it), the abolition of the slave-trade and slavery, the defence of Queen Caroline, the reform of the legislative and judicial departments of the government, and the diffusion of knowledge, are too well known to be dwelt upon here.

The return of Brougham for the county of York, "the greatest and most wealthy constituency in England," immediately after the death of George IV., gave him naturally the leadership of the liberal party in the House. Within two weeks after the meeting of the new Parliament, the Wellington administration was forced from office on account of its opposition to parliamentary reform, and Brougham was induced reluctantly to give up his brief leadership and take the Great Seal under Lord Grey, with whom he had long been on terms of intimate personal friendship. As a minister he was not altogether successful. He was restless, vain, ambitious, and overbearing. He wanted to take the lead in everything, even with the king; and Lord Grey, after vainly trying to preserve harmony in his cabinet, retired finally in sheer despair and disgust. Brougham continued to hold his office during the few months that the Melbourne administration was in power, and then retired, at the age of fifty-six, never more to sit at the council-board. In the House of Commons he would still have been a power to be conciliated; but as a new peer, without office, he was no longer to be feared.

His great success while in office was as a judge. He revolutionized the Court of Chancery. During the four years he was chancellor he decided between seven and eight hundred matters and causes, and of these not more than a half a dozen were appealed. When he retired there were only two cases remaining to be heard,—a state of affairs in that court never, we believe, approached before or since. "He attacked with gigantic power the whole fabric of the law, sweeping away its cumbrous and vexatious forms, simplifying, expediting, and cheapening the administration of justice."

With the retirement from office the *Autobiography* ends, although he lived thirty-five years longer, and did much valuable work in the cause of education.

—Dr. Döllinger is at once so good and so learned a man, the temper in which he speaks of religions from which he dissents is so tolerant, the great object of his later years,—religious union,—so desirable in itself, that one cannot help earnestly wishing that his labors should result in permanent advantage to the world. His influence, as far as it goes, must be for good, and all he writes possesses a certain interest for the earnest student. His *Fables* respecting the Popes evinces great familiarity with the early legends, accepted and apocryphal, of the Catholic Church, and contains much matter that is curious if it be not important: such as the story of the female Pope Joan; the question in regard to the baptizing of Constantine by a Pope Sylvester, and that emperor's alleged grant of privileges and territory to this hypothetical Pontiff; together with other similar matters, long subjects of controversy within the Church of Rome, if little thought of or cared for by outsiders.

But while one acknowledges laborious research and unflinching good temper, one misses in Döllinger's writings, not only the ringing tones of a leader of thought, but also originality of idea and bold assumption of any advanced ground on which a great party might rally. In the "Lectures on the Reunion of the Churches," the author elaborately deplores the fact that only three tenths of the world is even nominally Christian; and that this small Christian portion is distracted by dissensions; seeing that the Eastern Catholic churches seceded from the Western or Roman branch; and that the Church of Rome lost another large fraction by the Reformation: this latter offshoot splitting up again into a hundred conflicting sects.

Of Luther, personally, he speaks in high terms as a "Titan of the world of mind," who has "impressed the indelible stamp of his thoughts on the German language and the German intellect"; but as to Protestantism he thinks it can only prosper by reuniting itself to the ancient Catholic Church as it stood and as it taught seven hundred years ago. Protestant preachers, he thinks, each preaching from "his own subjective point of view" cannot gain "the confidence and respect of the laity." Their hearers have "no feeling that the speaker is sup-

ported on the broad stream of Christian tradition flowing down through eighteen centuries." (p. 149.)

It is thus that his translator defines his position. Dr. Döllinger lays down, as an indispensable condition of all negotiations for reunion, the acceptance, not only of Holy Scripture, but also of the three oecumenical creeds, interpreted by the teaching of the ancient Church before East and West were separated; that is, as far back as the twelfth century. Thus the great German seceder, while he rejects, as infallible master, "that Italian priest who is called the Pope" (p. 137), thinks there can be no general religious union while the Protestant principle of private judgment prevails; the condition of such union being the recognition, by all Christians, of the Athanasian and Nicene Creeds.

It is very true that an infallible Bible cannot teach infallibly unless it be infallibly interpreted; but it is equally true that the civilized world is outgrowing the time when *any* religious teachings will be received as infallible. Reason and conscience, fallible though they be, not creeds and traditions of a bygone age, must be the rule, in the future, whereby to prove all things, ere we unite in accepting that which is good.

If Dr. Döllinger were thirty years younger, he might gravitate to a broad ground of opinion upon which his dream of a united Christendom could gradually be realized. But the road is too far, and his time too short. We do not think that he will do more than to draw around him a comparatively small body of moderate ritualists who, like the English Tractarians and the disciples of Pusey, seek to escape the dissensions of Protestantism by falling back on the authority to be found in a mild form of apostolic succession, divested of a Papal head.

—The tracing of historic localities under the dry surface of modern American city life affords but an elusive and uncertain pleasure, so insignificant are the actual remains of the peculiar architecture or topographical features of our towns as they were in earlier times. In surveying the memorial regions of Boston as they now appear, one is obliged "to draw strenuously upon the imagination," if one would shape forth, in place of the crowded modern structures, any substantial picture of the past. Yet the story of these acres furnishes to the full Mr. Drake's compact volume; and, concentrated within the covers of a book, is more enjoyable, perhaps,

than when wrenched with difficulty from the poor array of ancient buildings left to us. Under Mr. Drake's guidance we may go From the Orange-tree to the Old Brick, or From Boston Stone to the North Battery, or make the Tour round the Common, without stirring from our easy-chair; and it would be hard to say which of the various excursions is the most preferable. Mr. Drake urges a full harvest from every inch of the ground, giving all the direct and indirect personal and historic associations connected with each important tract or "lot"; though in some chapters the details concerning successive property-holders, their relatives and careers, become so dense as to make these portions rather valuable for reference than for ordinary perusal. There is a way open to a more literary treatment of these subjects, but Mr. Drake has compiled to perfection.

—Of the few historic centres which we possess, Concord is, in a certain sense, the chief, since from thence was radiated the light which has illumined the vast expanse of the Union as it now is. But if it is rich in material for delicious reverie upon the old New England, yet its modern literary associations have endeared the place to us in ways as powerful. It is a pregnant subject, therefore, to which Mr. Alcott gives expression in *Concord Days*, and one the very title of which takes us by its richness of suggestion. But in addition to these obligatory elements, we find in the book a cheerful and genial flavor of the author's individuality, which is not its least agreeable feature. "A book loses if wanting the personal element," says Mr. Alcott. Certainly *Concord Days* cannot be impeached for this deficiency. The writer introduces us to his study, and there pulls down some massy diaries, from the substance of which this volume is made up. By an agreeable conceit, we are made to live through a summer of Concord life, each month, from April to September, having a chapter devoted to it. The events of the summer bring up a curious medley of affairs for comment, which are all treated in quaint disquisition, with abundant extracts from the author's favorite books. In this way it becomes a kind of indirect *Biographia Literaria*; while in the half-year's experience, compressed into a half-hour's reading, we are gently led over a wide range of subject, going in a single month, for instance, from berries to books,

from books to ideal culture and Goethe. "For a diary, slight arches suffice to carry the day's freight across." Most interesting are the remarks on notable writers of past and present times; but we shall naturally look a little closer at the pages devoted to Concord celebrities. Thoreau and Emerson are charmingly exhibited in clear and penetrating sentences, but we are inclined to doubt that the writer has caught Hawthorne's significance in all particulars. A mistaken view of his attitude during the war, which was at one time more common, we think, than now, seems to have found its way into the pages of his kindly neighbor. Concord Days, however, has another interest than that of its local and personal allusion, and this may be found in the peculiar philosophy which tinges the author's view of things. Mr. Alcott is a delicate idealist; his book is a flowering of this idealism, and it wins an additional grace from the associations of a place like Concord and the sweetness and simplicity of the life that is led there.

—The Issues of American Politics is a work by an ambitious writer, whose zeal somewhat outruns his knowledge, but whose knowledge is by no means small. It displays much reading, not only of the newspapers and of public documents, but in that abstruse and unfamiliar region, American political history. Mr. Skinner is a thoughtful reader, also, and not merely a devourer of books and a collector of facts; and he possesses in a great degree that power of generalization which, as the author of *Middlemarch* says, "gives man so much the superiority in mistake over the dumb animals." Of course he generalizes too much, as all writers on politics and political economy do; and moreover he falls into a polysyllabic style of writing, very bad in itself, and also faulty in this respect, — that it gives him the appearance of generalizing when he is only trying to state in a grandiose way some ordinary fact, event, or opinion. For example, having occasion in his first chapter to speak of the historical period when pastoral mankind first took to farming (or, as he puts it, "inaugurated the cultivation of the soil"), Mr. Skinner dilates as follows: "With the induction of this era man ceased to be a mere passive recipient of the perennial gifts of the soil, and by the donation of labor elected himself to a peerage with the forces of nature in persuading a responsive earth to augment its natural products and

disseminate its hidden wealth." In other words, man took a sharp stick, scratched on the dirt, and raised a few beans and yams. That this performance, however near it brought the owner of the stick to "the threshold of civilization," was not in itself a very profitable employment, may be gathered from another tumidity of Mr. Skinner's on the next page. "To design and construct the requisite appliances for tillage," he says, "and then apply them to their practical purpose in the cultivation of the soil — and this, moreover, by every individual and class, thus necessitating as many preparatory and determinate operations of tillage as there were followers of the pursuit — so trammelled the capacity of labor that it eventuated in little or no reward," in short, it did not pay.

This ludicrous fault in rhetoric ought not to condemn the book, however. It is worst in the early chapters, and diminishes as the author fairly grapples with the subjects he undertakes to treat. Mr. Skinner's is in the main a wise and useful book. It contains four parts, devoted respectively to Monetary and Financial Topics, Existing and Proposed Changes in our Organic and Municipal Law, Industrial and Revenue Legislation, and Representative Government. These contain chapters on money and currency, banks and the national banking system, the public debt, the constitutional amendments, reconstruction, amnesty, force legislation, civil-service reform, protection and free-trade, taxation, suffrage, minority representation, and the centralization of power; and all these topics, including many subordinate and kindred ones, are treated with ability and independence of thought. There are, naturally, errors of reasoning and mistakes of fact in so wide a range by a young writer not specially trained to a work of this sort; and there is the general fault already mentioned of attempting too much. But we have read wittier books and books by men of much greater name and culture than Mr. Skinner which did not grasp with so much good judgment the chief principles and most suggestive details of these discussions. He is not a follower of any one school, and rather prides himself on making distinctions that others have overlooked; but he may be described as a believer in sound currency, in moderate and experimental protection, in the national banking system, modified, in the reduction of the public debt, and the immediate and vital importance of reforming our civil ser-

vice. On the other hand, he opposes unrestricted suffrage and the suffrage of women, looks upon the force legislation applied to the reconstructed States with great aversion, criticises the administration of General Grant for its disregard of law and its tendency to centralization, and disapproves of Mr. David A. Wells's new scheme of taxation. There is no great novelty in most of his arguments, or in the array of facts by which he supports them; but they are often forcibly presented, and, even with the defect of style to which we have alluded, and with a frequent misuse of terms, he still makes the impression of a careful and able thinker. No man living will probably accept all his conclusions; we certainly should dissent from a great many of them; but in the majority of instances he seems to be sound, and everywhere well-intentioned.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.*

Those who are familiar with the writings of Théophile Gautier will be glad to hear of the appearance of a volume containing a few plays of his, and the descriptive part, so to speak, of several ballets which he composed some years ago. It is not a volume that throws any new, or, indeed, any strong light upon this interesting man, who stood alone as a writer, as if every one else who wrote did hack-work, while he wrote from sheer love of writing. But those who know Gautier well enough not to be shocked by his unconsciousness of the existence of the ordinary shackles which are useful for the bracing of society, will find this volume readable. He was always a charming writer, and, if this were not a world of responsibilities, he might be more generally praised.

—A book of greater importance is Sainte-Beuve's *Proudhon*, a little volume containing three essays which had appeared about six or seven years ago in the *Revue Contemporaine*. In the discussion of such a char-

acter as Sainte-Beuve has here chosen for his subject, one might very well have doubts beforehand as to his probable success. Never were two men more unlike: the one relentless, truculent; the other by nature and habit gentle and conservative: but here the great critic is as patient, as far-seeing, as apologetic as ever; he looks into the man, not at him; and, without any exhaustive discussion of Proudhon's theories, he gives us an admirable representation of the originality and nobility of the great socialist's character. Some of the pages are full of interest. For instance, we find on p. 342, "The fault, or, rather, the excess, of conformation in Proudhon's brain lay in collecting and grouping together artificially before his eyes a quantity of facts, and in joining them too closely together; then he would draw a result which he obtained by a sort of optical illusion, regarding it as near and imminent. Victor Hugo has a fault of very much the same kind, and also with respect to the color of the objects; he sees everything too large, too glowing, and too prominent. Proudhon carried this exaggeration into his ideas. He saw everything too large, too near." There is an anecdote of Proudhon which illustrates his intensity. Talking one day with Prince Napoleon, and exposing his social theories, the Prince asked him what was the form of society which he dreamed of. Proudhon replied, "One in which I shall be guillotined as a conservative."

Speaking of one of Proudhon's eloquent outbursts, in which he boasted of his humble origin, and of the zeal with which it fired him as an earnest defender of poverty from oppression, Sainte-Beuve says: "It is well, it is fine, honest, and generous, and he, who thus expressed himself in intimacy, with this fervor of an apostle, remained true till the end to the faith of his youth. But I must express my whole opinion: there is something nobler yet, and that is to be less conscious of one's origin; to know how to hold one's self aloof from it, and not let it have so much weight. The property of the highest intelligence consists in a lofty equilibrium. You are the son of a workman; that is very good, or rather it is neither good nor bad; remember it always, do not blush for it; but don't boast of it. Make use of it as an experience only to be had by means of poverty; retain a warm and true sympathy for the miseries you have known. But in political or philosophical reflections, do not be seen always occupied

* All books mentioned in this section are to be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

Théâtre. Par THÉOPHILE GAUTIER. Paris, 1872.

P.-J. Proudhon. Sa Vie et sa Correspondance, 1838-1843. Par C. A. SAINTE-BEUVE. Paris, 1872.

Mémoire d'un Journaliste. Par H. DE VILLEMESSANT. Paris, 1872.

Der alte und der neue Glaube. Ein Bekenntniss von DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS. Leipzig, 1872.

Journal d'un Diplôme en Italie. Notes inédites pour servir à l'Histoire du Second Empire. Turin, 1859-1862. Par HENRY D'IDEVILLE. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1872. 12mo. pp. 326.

and preoccupied with your origin, — with a single, exclusive interest, as if there were but one side to a question, your own, and all the rest were false. . . . According to my thinking, the social philosopher is really complete only when, in his interior evolution, he has detached himself from all the things of flesh and blood, from all the conditions of chance; when he has freed himself from all the chains which rivet his intelligence to a sect, a country, a family, a caste, a party, a province; and when, after much changing of his horizons, after having seen and compared the various manners of cities and peoples, after having made more than once the tour of ideas and the world, always learning without being corrupted, he is able to turn to those objects which are the belief or the execration of others with a clear-seeing, lofty impartiality, animated with a breath of universal sympathy." This is true; but meanwhile, since we cannot all be judges, the advocate has his place in the order of the universe. His very excesses arouse from their apathy those who do not care for abstract right, his exaggeration is compensated for by the indifference which he, often so fruitlessly, attacks. The world seldom moves on in a straight line.

—Dr. Strauss's last book, *Der alte und der neue Glaube*, is one that is sure to make considerable stir. It is an investigation of some of the most important questions that a candid mind can ask of the world, and they are answered, — or, perhaps, with more accuracy, the answers are sought, — with the utmost simplicity, logical directness, and unaffected seriousness. They are as free from bravado as from obsequious deference to ordinary conservative thought. The questions he asks are four in number. The first is, "Are we still Christians?" — Christians, that is to say, with respect to dogma, — and this he answers in the negative. By "we," it should be said, he refers to himself and a larger or smaller group who have not accepted their faith on tradition, but who have attempted for themselves the examination of the authority on which the Christian religion rests. He takes the different articles of the Apostolic Creed, and states the objections which he and such as think with him find against them. He enumerates the incomprehensible nature of the Trinity; the unsatisfactory account of the creation and of the fall of man; the nature of the Devil as a myth probably introduced from the Persian divi-

ion of the Indo-European group of nations the flaws in biblical history, alleged to have been discovered by critical examination; the attempts of Schleiermacher and others to superimpose their interpretation of Holy Writ upon the former belief, as one suited to modern times; the light which recent investigations in biblical exegesis are claimed to have thrown upon the life of Christ; the relation of Christianity to humanity: upon all these points he touches, and though briefly, yet never obscurely nor irreverently, as all will acknowledge who do not consider the mere mention of the difficulties irreverent.

Having answered that we are not Christians, then the question arises, May we not still have some religion, even if we have abandoned Christianity? This Dr. Strauss discusses in the second section. He finds the origin of the religious feeling in man's awe of nature, in a fetish worship of its might, in an effort to conciliate its indifference, and he says that at first religion must have been polytheistic, but afterwards succeeded by monotheism. He discusses prayer in a section which we would gladly quote, if it were possible to do so, without overrunning the space allotted to us; and then he gives a brief examination of the various philosophical interpretations of the idea of God in later times, — those of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, and Schleiermacher. The question of the immortality of the soul comes next, the belief in which he traces to the knowledge man has of the duration after death of the memory of the dead; after that there arises the feeling which requires a compensation for suffering in this world, and reward or punishment for the deeds of this life. His own answer is, in a word, that virtue is its own reward, and that it does not need, if pure, to be encouraged by the promise of bliss hereafter. In conclusion, regarding the feeling of dependence which man must have in his brief stay upon this world, whether he feel dependent on a God or on some unknown power, he leaves the question of whether or not we have religion as one unsettled, to be answered by yes or no, as we understand religion.

The third question is, "How do we comprehend the world?" He here briefly enumerates the discoveries of modern science, the results of astronomy, of botany, geology and Darwinism, and gives a few words to the materialism of the present day, concluding with a mention of the *Weltzweck*, with a

portrayal of the world in its relations to the universe, as one member of a mighty band.

The fourth question, "How do we regulate our lives?" discusses morality, its dependence on divine command; war and peace; the principle of nationality; monarchy and republicanism — (of the latter he has no exalted idea); nobility; universal suffrage, etc., etc. We need not enlarge the list of social questions; they are such as occupy the attention of every thinking man.

In two appendices he writes about the great authors of Germany, and the great musicians. What he has to say is of interest, though it has by no means the importance of the earlier part of the book.

In making mention of this volume we have tried as dispassionately as possible to set before our readers, in a few words, a brief analysis of a book which, we feel sure, both from the nature of the subjects treated, the serious manner of their discussion, and the deservedly great reputation of the author, will make its mark upon the time, not so much as an attack upon what we venerate, as an apology for those who honestly differ from the majority of their brothers. An English translation is announced.

— M. d'Ideville's journal, not originally intended for publication, records the impressions produced at the moment upon an intelligent and attentive observer by the memorable events which happened in Italy during the two years and a half that followed the Peace of Villafranca, and by the distinguished men concerned in them.

The point of view is that of a young French secretary of legation who sympathizes with the old nobility of his country, and is no admirer of the government he serves; who hates revolutionists, and shares the opinion of those statesmen who regard the unity of Italy as a danger to France, but who is fascinated by Cavour's personal magnetism, so that he exclaims, "This man whom my conscience reproaches me for loving so much appears to me greater every time I think of him." Count d'Ideville is on his guard against his own prejudices, and sedulously strives to describe incidents and the actors in them with an impartial hand, but he cannot entirely conceal his satisfaction when he has a story to tell to the disadvantage of the ex-Emperor, of Benedetti, Rattazzi, or Garibaldi.

Its second title shows the *raison d'être* of the book, which is to throw light on the short-comings of the Imperial diplomacy

rather than to illustrate Italian history, though much space is devoted to that country and its statesmen.

A story, which has been in print before, included in a part of this journal which appeared in some of the French newspapers, is told by M. d'Ideville upon the authority of Cavour's private secretary, who had it from Cavour himself. One day Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, French Minister at Turin, a man described as a *grand seigneur* who had unlimited confidence in himself and a great propensity to irony, called on Cavour, and expressed his regret that he had a painful task to fulfil, — to express his government's strong disapproval of Cavour's attitude, — and he then read a despatch from Count Walewski, declaring distinctly that any attempt on the part of the Sardinian government to annex Central Italy would be considered as a violation of treaty. "Cavour, his head in his hands, listened without interrupting the reading of the despatch; then, when the minister of France had finished, he replied with a confused air, 'Alas, you are right, my dear prince; what M. Walewski writes you is not calculated to encourage our hopes, I admit; we are sharply censured; but what would you say if I, on my side, read you what comes to me directly from the Tuileries, this time, and from a certain personage you know?'" At the same time with a mocking air he drew from his pocket a letter bearing the same date as the despatch, in which M. Mocquard (Napoleon's private secretary) assured him confidentially from the Emperor that the projects of annexation were regarded with a friendly eye, and that he need not trouble himself about the complications which might arise."

Subsequently, when Napoleon, under the influence of the Empress, attempted to retract his promises, Victor Emanuel, taking the French Minister aside at a ball, expressed to him his irritation in the most violent and bitter terms, concluding, "Who is he, after all, this man, this —? The last-comer of the sovereigns of Europe, an intruder among us. Let him remember then what he is and what I am, — I, the chief of the first and oldest race that reigns in Europe." The minister quietly replied, "Sire, with your Majesty's permission, I have not heard a word that has just been said." The king abruptly left him, but later in the evening tapped him on the shoulder and said with a smile, "It is not indispensable, is it, my dear prince, to report at Paris our

conversation this evening? Besides, have you not yourself said that you heard nothing of it?"

Count Cavour remarked to the author, "Your Emperor will never change; his fault is always to wish to conspire. God knows if he needs to to-day. Is he not absolute master? With a country powerful as yours, a large army, Europe tranquil, what has he to fear? Why does he continually disguise his intentions, go the right when he means to turn to the left, and *vice versa*? . . . It is the peculiarity of his genius, it is the way he prefers, he practises it as an artist, a *dilettante*, and in that *rôle* he will always be the first and greatest of us all." This remark was made when complaining of the absence of the French Minister, who had been recalled at the time the Sardinian forces invaded the Romagna, and had not been allowed to return to his post, though a year had elapsed.

When a minister was sent it was M. Vincent Benedetti, since so well known as envoy to the Court of Berlin. The Marquis de la Valette, when representing France at Constantinople, discovered the ability of Benedetti, then a consular pupil, and attached him to the embassy as consul. Without powerful connections, he successively became secretary of legation, *chargé d'affaires*, and director of political affairs in the foreign office under Thouvenel. While holding the latter place he had been named second plenipotentiary to sign the treaty ceding to France Nice and Savoy. He has since, "with the modesty habitual to him," attributed to himself the honor of the negotiation, which, however, was substantially concluded before his arrival at Turin, where he remained but three days.

M. Benedetti and our diplomatist sympathized so little, that the latter soon obtained a leave of absence preparatory to a transfer. He thus describes his sometime chief: To suppleness and perseverance "he unites an extreme *finesse*, a keen intelligence, and especially a remarkable facility for work. His physiognomy is, beyond contradiction, one of the most refined and intelligent that can be found. His features are regular, the forehead remarkably developed, the eyes keen, penetrating, but deceitful. His manners and gestures are awkward and embarrassed; despite his efforts, he feels himself ill at ease in a world where he has not lived; a feeling of restraint is concealed under a

stiffness which sometimes unintentionally borders on impertinence. There is nothing which is at the same time more annoying and more comical than to see him attempt a sprightly tone and playful remarks; he had no doubt learned from M. de la Valette that to excel in light talk was *suprême bon ton*. The poor pupil has made vain efforts to imitate the marquis, he has not passed mediocrity in that way; there is no reproach in that, though. M. Benedetti is a profound egotist; like his patron, he has not had the talent to make friends and the ability to surround himself with clients and creatures: more ambitious, more concentrated, more grave, the Corsican diplomatist has directed all his faculties, all his energies, to a single end." M. d'Ideville adds in a note that "it is impossible, nevertheless, not to recognize in M. Benedetti a lofty intelligence and, what is more precious and rare, character."

The experience of the Chevalier Constantine Nigra, for many years Victor Emanuel's influential envoy to France, strikingly illustrates the narrow exclusiveness of the aristocratic circles of Turin. Signor Nigra, the son of an obscure country phlebotomist, owes his elevation to his own energy and merit. While he was still a secretary in the foreign office, M. de la Tour d'Auvergne, who had often seen him there, proposed inviting him to dinner, and said so to Cavour. "What are you thinking of, my dear prince, no one invites Nigra," was the reply." Afterwards, when Nigra returned from his post at Paris on leave of absence, he said to a friend, "What a singular country ours is. In France they not only admit me everywhere, but I am invited to court and petted and appreciated there as few Frenchmen are; while here in my own city it would not be possible for me to be received by the Marchioness Doria." This lady's house was much frequented by young officers of the army and foreigners, and no one could receive with greater kindness and ease, says M. d'Ideville, but he adds that Nigra was right; the highest civil functions cannot authorize a person not noble to enter the drawing-rooms of Turin, although military officers are admitted, whatever their nationality or birth.

His royal Majesty is no favorite of our author, who gives his full-length portrait, of which only a few touches can be repeated here. "In the character and habits of the king one finds again the want of refine-

ment seen in his appearance. . . . His immense popularity in the old provinces of Piedmont is due rather to the inherent monarchical feeling of the people than to the personal qualities of the king. . . . If name is ever great in history, his only merit will be that he let Italy take her own course." He speaks of his amours with a freedom unbecoming a *galantuomo*; and, "what is more strange, he sometimes confounds the successes he has had with those he would have liked to have." On the other hand, Victor Emanuel is accorded the great *finesse* of the Italian race and no lack of natural wit. "His dominant quality is courage pushed to rashness." In letters written by him to a celebrated woman, M. d'Ideville was surprised to find tenderness and delicacy of feeling.

Much is told of Cavour. Especially interesting is the account of the scene when Garibaldi, from his place in Parliament, declared that it was "impossible for him to press the hand of a man who had sold his country to the foreigner, and to ally himself to a government whose cold and mischievous hand had attempted to foment a fratricidal war"; and when the patriotic minister so resolutely curbed his fiery temper. "If emotion could kill a man," said he the next day to a friend, "I should have died on my return from that session."

This entertaining volume — these extracts have by no means exhausted its interest — is to be followed by others relating the author's diplomatic experience at Rome (1862–1866), Athens, and Dresden.

A R T.

RECENTLY, Messrs. Doll and Richards have had on exhibition two remarkable water-color paintings by Mrs. W. J. Stillman, who, as Miss Spartali, had already, before marriage, won much merited esteem from coworkers and connoisseurs in her art in London. The smaller of these pieces is called *Forgetfulness*, and represents a young woman seated by a low window overlooking a lagoon of Venice. A little in front of this casement stands a large spinning-wheel, with which the damsel has apparently been occupied. Now, however, she has leaned back in her chair, her head resting against the jamb of the window-frame, and only holds the loose flaxen thread in her idle right hand. With the other she grasps a book, which in turn she allows to sink listlessly towards her lap. She is dressed in black, — a full-skirted robe flowing down from the close bodice which clasps her from the waist up to just below the neck. Her arms are enveloped in voluminous white lawn, from which, at the shoulders, fall back the so-called "angel-sleeves," of the same material with the skirt, black, lined with a red, approaching cherry. The lawn sleeves are hard in texture, and perhaps the least successful portion of the whole. The girl's hair, which is of a glowing amber-golden hue, surrounds with its waving mass a face of bright and perfect color, — all this beautiful blond vision

of the head blooming softly forth from the background of a rich tapestry curtain drawn away from the window on the right. The round green panes are visible, just without, where the casement swings ajar; and through the aperture you look off over pale green waters, where a gondolier is seen rowing his slender, gloomy little craft. In the distance, a long, low pile of reddish buildings hints Venice proper, lying asleep on the sea; with a soft, warm sky above, evenly blent of blue and white. It would be hard to surpass the warmth of life with which the girl's head is so tenderly imbued. In its presence we seem to become conscious of those invisible radiations which are experienced from the proximity of actual beings. It is not too much to say that there is exhaled from this reposeful figure something akin to that rich and soothing sense of a refined femininity which it is so difficult to describe, yet which many of us must have felt distilled into us from pictures by certain few of the Italian masters. Both *Forgetfulness* and the Galilean Monk, the larger picture, exhibit that prevalence of rich, harmonious contrasts, darkness rounding and ripening itself into light, and that peculiar spirituality which, by an apparent paradox, inheres in a fervidly sensuous coloring, when developed with grace and moderation, and which recalls the sentiment of the Venetian school. The figure

of the Galilean Monk, as it happens, is placed by an open window, in very much the same way as is that of the young woman. This time, however, the window opens upon a garden of olive-trees and vines, as it seems, behind which rises the dazzling, plastered dome of what to inexperienced eyes might be a mosque, or other religious edifice. In the background is a hill, worked in with a welded mass of subdued but generous tints, and in the left corner a glimpse of deep, deep blue, — no doubt the Sea of Galilee. This monk — for so we must call him — might well be taken for a representation of Christ, bating some realistic features which would, perhaps, obtrude unpleasantly upon the orthodox mind, and were it not for the presence of a mediæval missal on his lap. Otherwise, we have here the "face without blemish and enhanced by a tempered bloom," in accordance with the supposed contemporary description of Christ, fished up in the eleventh century by Anselm of Canterbury; also, the black eyebrows almost joined together, and "long fingers, like his mother's," which Bishop John of Damascus ascribes to the Saviour. His countenance is gentle, serene, and firm; the brown, almond-shaped eyes very beautiful; and a little depression in the forehead between the eyebrows imparts an expression of suffering though calm sensibility, most consonant with one's impression of the Christ's face, which must have shown, by just some such little sign as this, the constant endurance of little daily shocks from the gross or petty misapprehensions of fellow-beings. The two sparrows, jerking up sedate little gray tails, as they nibble the crumbs this kind priest, whoever he be, has placed on the window-sill for them, call to mind words of the New Testament which might have been inspired by this very scene. In the execution here, as in the other piece, there appear to be weaknesses; for instance, the somewhat scratchy appearance of the trees in the garden; and perhaps, too, it would have been better to veil the wasted thinness of the ascetic hand which lies upon the open book. But the faults form altogether the minor part of the work; they will receive notice enough from those who are not inclined to dwell on the beauties; and there are many. Mrs. Stillman's pictures illustrate the method of the more recent and powerful of the English water-colorists; but they moreover teem with delicate and appreciative truthfulness, and

breathe throughout a pure and lofty sincerity which, if it were more often seen in the work of our own painters, would be the harbinger of health and prosperity in American art.

—In the opening exhibition at the new gallery of the Boston Art Club, interesting opportunities were afforded for instituting some comparison between certain products of foreign schools and recent efforts of our own painters. Local art here held its ground very well, despite the presence of a Bougeauran, — a Mother and Child, with, apparently, a boy St. John, — a noble group, sitting against a clump of Brittany rosemary, but rather distinguishable for large and lucid beauties of form, and even color, than anything especially joyous and pleasing. Mr. Bellows contributed a landscape in oil and two in water-color, all of which indicate the same advancement in his art which has been apparent since his study in England; but there is a want, especially in his foliage, which doubtless strict study (and only that) might supply. An autumnal forest scene by McEntee, with a silent pool in the centre, limpid, yet unlighted, and stained a deep umber by the leaves at the bottom, was satisfactory and soothing, both for its pensive sentiment and its excellence of representation. Among the most excellent in style was a small landscape by F. D. Williams, — a country-road, with sheep, and a background of blue hills, in which the grays and blues of American scenery were happily reproduced, in a suitable, clear, bright atmosphere. On the other hand, Mr. John R. Key displayed a large landscape, *The Brook*, which, along with some merits, was also distinguished by coarseness and materiality; and a view of California Big Trees, which had too strong a relish of the venerable insincerity of the Bierstadt method. A large canvas, too, from the brush of the latter, brought into view the customary liberal allowance of Rocky Mountains, with Indians and their tents in the foreground. The upper portion of the picture is very turbulent, the mountaintops seeming to be quite at loggerheads with the clouds, which fall heavily upon them. We should be glad to welcome from Bierstadt something more proportionate in goodness to the fame he enjoys. A little *Christabel* by Vedder — a dark and dreamy little piece — hung in the smaller room. F. H. Smith, in whom may have been observed a considerable versatility, and the power to paint simply and poeti-

cally, was represented by a picture of a waiter-girl, scarcely harmonious in composition and color, and with something bold and displeasing about it; recalling also too strongly Liotard's famous *Chocolatière*. Besides these, however, there were numerous good pieces worthy of description, bearing the names of Hunt, Norton, Appleton, Brown, Ordway. A flower-piece by W. A. Gay — chrysanthemums of different colors heaped in a pretty dish, against a golden, peacock-ornamented screen — showed how well the decorative tone of Japanese art may be employed with flowers and fruit. A good array of water-colors had been massed upon one of the walls, among which was a study of a yellow apple and fresh hazel-nut, by W. Hunt, presented to Walter Smith, Esq., by the Leeds Art School, and illustrative of a very worthy style of water-color painting. Something akin to the method of Mrs. Stillman, with, however, a difference in the choice of subject, was to be found in a water-color by Francis Lathrop of London, also recently exhibited in the Royal Academy. A young woman, opening a door out of a quaint, dim-lighted hall and stairway, holds a platter of milk to tempt a timid kitten with arching back and wistful face. This is conceived in a delicate chord of green and gray, with harmonious contrasts in the colors of the dress. Altogether, the exhibition, comprising as it did between one and two hundred pictures, no one of which, perhaps, was absolutely bad, was a gratifying success. From the activity of the Art Club, which more and more brings painters and lovers of art together in its reunions, and which possesses in its new galleries increased facility for exhibitions, much is to be hoped and expected. It supplies a primary want quite as important in its way as that of art-schools and museums. But it remains with the patrons of art to complete the efficiency of these exhibitions by purchasing from them, so that painters may think it worth while always to contribute their best work. In New York, the brisk sale of pictures, almost constantly going on, passes chiefly into the hands of dealers, for the simple reason that the exhibitions of the National Academy of Design, though at first vigorous and promising, were not stimulated and sustained by purchase. The contrary is the case in London, where it has become the fashion to purchase from the artist through the Royal Academy exhibitions. The Art Club promises to reserve one of its rooms

as a repository for pictures on sale, whence, if purchased, they may be removed, and others substituted for them. This would certainly be a wise step, and much good might be anticipated as its result.

— The most marked trait of English art, as opposed to that of any other nation, is the tendency to run into specialisms, — its extreme individualism in all provinces, from design even to criticism, answering in this to that dominant tendency of the national mind towards self-assertion at the expense of any association of talents or generalization in perception. Certain traits of the most purely negative character are common to all English artists, — want of docility, not only unteachableness, but unschoolableness; they have no wish to be merely individuals in a school, and, with the best wish thereto, success is unattainable. With an occasional individual genius of the highest type, there is no national artistic character. Hogarth, Turner, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Blake, Rossetti, Burne Jones, Watts, and maybe a few more, rise to great heights of true artistic excellence, and to fullest perception of the emotional and plastic elements of art; but they rise out of a dead plain of the most appalling mediocrity, and each in his time as an individual protest against the frivolity and superficiality of the art of the day. The art of Greece, of Venice, of Florence, of modern Paris, even of Germany, has certain positive scholastic qualities, plastic, technical, academical, which bind their artists together in a larger individuality, and it may often be a point hardly to be decided if a certain picture belong to a certain great master, or merely to an unnamed disciple of his school; but in English art we only recognize the school by the want of any coherence; if the work be poor, by the want of all scholastic or plastic quality; if great, by its intense individuality and utter unlikeness to anything else.

But in design, pure and simple, the power of expressing ideas in black and white, in conveyance of the objective idea without reference to the subjective coloring or emphasis, Englishmen have always held a high place, and the designs of Hogarth and Blake, Cruikshank and Leech, with the school of Punch, have shown a power and clearness of perception, and a directness and *finesse* of execution, which make them the only class work in England worth distinction. Turner's power in design was of the very highest; but in all his finished

work so lost in his plastic qualities that it cannot be treated as we can treat that of the men we have mentioned.

In selecting, for the point of a comparison between the great Englishmen and the great Italians, the delineation of childhood, Mr. Colvin, specialist in criticism, erudite in all that pertains to either school, and conversant to the limits of culture in all that has been said or written on these themes, has chosen his ground, not only with a happy perception of what was best and truest in his own countrymen, but what was of widest and most tender interest to all who will read his book,* and has made a monograph which will strengthen his reputation as critic as well as connoisseur. For in all things which Englishmen have done well, the best has always been done in purity and childlike simplicity; and Blake himself, the mightiest of their masters, and the purest and most childlike of them as well, merits to be put forward, as, indeed, Mr. Colvin puts him, as the representative of English design. What he says of this in his introductory chapter is well said and well worth saying, not only as true, but as opening, in a wider sense than first appears, the nature of English art. "There is a sentiment, a susceptibility of the spirit, a mode of regarding young children both with the eye and heart, of which I seem to see that the dawn, as expressed in art, accompanies the dawn of the English school; and which I want the reader to taste in its perfection, to catch at its freshest moment. For that we must go back a hundred years, when we shall find it making itself felt in most forms of art to which the time gives birth."

So our author follows his subject through the supernal regard of the Italian to the human devotion of the Englishman, loving children as such, and basing his studies on the three designers *par excellence* of his country, — Blake, Stothard, and Flaxman. We need hardly take exception that he has given either of the latter a greater degree of merit than he was entitled to: the measure of degrees in art is perilous and overbold. Flaxman is an English foible; and what he did least worth doing — because it was borrowed and simulated too, namely, his Hellenism — Englishmen take as the greater virtue, or something brought from

afar, which they do not in his case perceive to be merely far-fetched. What is of more importance, that comparative justice should be done, we can hardly mistake Mr. Colvin as doing with emphasis, if not with the impartiality of one uninfluenced by the tendencies of English opinion. "No one, of the English or any other school, has ever expressed the enchanted soul and lightsome spiritual essence of childhood in its human joy and purity, with anything comparable to the twofold charm of verse and design that is to be found in one, at least, of the works of William Blake, — the result of a diviner gift than any either of the speculative or the analytic genius."

Blake was, in fact, as compared with Flaxman, a marvel of imaginative genius, with a plastic talent which, like Shakespeare's and Michael Angelo's, made its own canons, and established its own standard of culture. What he was he would have been, had all ancient art perished in its day. Flaxman was but a pale, if close reflex of the manner and gesture of Greek art; what he might have been if left to himself we can only conjecture, for so little of himself is left to judge by, that, when we take the Greek from him, he cannot stand alone. Culture he had, but of others' forms of speech; perception, but only through forms which others had set for him; and what he has done we can well lose and not be poorer. To lose Blake were to lose a knowledge of one human faculty, — to lose one of the happiest pages of the world's art. Flaxman we are content should be English, Greek, French, anything. Blake we love to feel was human, and of a humanity of which all spiritual-minded men partake. And were it but for what Mr. Colvin has done for Blake, and for his tasteful reproduction of a few of his designs, we should be grateful for his book. These reproductions, in one of the comparatively recent forms of photography, are *fac-similes* of monochrome designs from Blake's illustrated books, and, to those who have not access to his works, will show the indescribable *naïveté*, and almost unrivalled energy and clearness of purpose, which characterize them. Of Flaxman and Stothard we have enough, and to spare, in all the commonplace books of illustration; nor is there anything in their manner or conception which makes them difficult to comprehend or to reproduce in commoner ways; but nothing less than photography could render even this partial justice to Blake.

* Children in Italian and English Design. By SIDNEY COLVIN, M. A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday. London. 1872.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN Opera once more! At least, so the handbills and street-posters persist in styling it; although the Italian element in its composition stands rather in the background, the best of the singers being German, American, and French, and the best of the operas being the work of German and French composers. The singing, however, is done in the Italian language (with a pleasing variety of accents), which fact may give some coloring of appropriateness to the name, which otherwise does not mean much. The powers that rule over such things seem to have settled it that a few weeks of Italian Opera are what no well-regulated "season" can do without; and we have accordingly annual visits from that great musico-dramatic nondescript, variously diluted as circumstances may command, this time with great "attractions" of the "star" sort, other attractions not easily discoverable, if indeed they actually exist. In fact, but for the presence of two or three of the bright, particular stars, it were perhaps better not to speak of the company and performances at all, lest, like Hamlet, we "fall a cursing"; and railing at the inevitable can only result in waste of breath and temper. Suffice it to say that Madame Lucca and Miss Kellogg have found very much the same supporting power in the "company" that an acrobat finds in the pile of chairs on the top of which he is balancing himself. The chairs, to be sure, serve to keep him up in the air, but it is the acrobat himself that keeps the pile from falling to the ground and bringing him down with it. Of Madame Lucca herself it is hard to speak in moderate terms; so thoroughly human an actress we have rarely seen. There seems to be a general, perhaps inevitable, desire to compare her with Miss Nilsson, and, in spite of the proverbial quality of all comparisons, we think that a comparative study of the two artists would not be wholly unprofitable. There are many points of resemblance between them. Both are essentially lyric actresses, rather than singers pure and simple, having the same power of realizing the highest dramatic conception of both poet and composer, and seeming able to draw inspiration from an abstract idea, a grandly pregnant situation, even when poet and composer have

shown themselves incapable of worthily developing such situation or idea, and, in fine, both showing the same tendency to break through all worn-out conventionalities and stage traditions. In other words, both are thoroughly *original* artists. But here their resemblance comes to an end. They are as widely different in individuality, and in their conceptions of the same or similar situations and characters, as they are in personal appearance and *timbre* of voice. There always seemed to us to be something of another world about Nilsson, something preterhuman, at times almost uncanny; she seemed to breathe a different atmosphere from those who surrounded her, to bring with her a breath as from Valhalla, unsafe for mortals to come in contact with; there was an element of fierceness in her passion not quite human nor yet entirely godlike, a mixture of the Northern Valkyria and the tigress. In the love-scene in *Faust*, for instance, we could not help thinking (*mutatis mutandis*) of Jupiter and Semele, and half expected to see Faust shrivel up and fall at her feet a heap of ashes.

Lucca, on the other hand, is transcendently human, with all the intense human and womanly qualities. She and Nilsson are to each other as Beethoven's Leonora* and Wagner's Brünnhilde.† The purely musical element is perhaps more preponderant in Lucca than in Nilsson, and her acting is often apparently quite as dependent upon the music as upon the situation: witness the way in which her whole being floats on the melody *Tu l'as dit* in the fourth act of the *Huguenots*, the melody seeming to catch her up from the couch upon which she has fallen in despair, and to waft her as on a cloud into Raoul's arms, forgetful of all save her love. Lucca's acting in this scene may well be considered her finest effort, finer perhaps as an artistic whole than anything that we have seen from Nilsson, or indeed any other lyric actress; but then it must be borne in mind that the scene itself is one of peculiar dramatic possibilities, one in which a really great actress finds more scope for all her

* In *Fidelio*.

† In *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried*, and *Die Götterdämmerung*.

powers than any other in the whole range of operas such as have been presented to our public, with perhaps the single exception of the prison-scene in Beethoven's *Fidelio*, — a situation of extreme difficulty withal, in which the heroine, Valentine, is torn by many conflicting emotions, so that it might well be the despair of any but a transcendent artist. The music also is perhaps the finest in all of Meyerbeer's writings, — one of the very few grand moments in which the habitually too self-conscious composer was thoroughly inspired by the situation, to the forgetting of himself and all ignoble, clatrap effect. Here, if anywhere, Meyerbeer has been naturally and spontaneously great. Even Richard Wagner, who has seen through all Meyerbeer's charlatanries as have few beside him, and who has ever been Meyerbeer's severest critic, says of this scene: "We observe . . . that, despite the composer's (Meyerbeer's) most distinct incapacity to give us from his own musical faculty the slightest evidence of artistic vitality, he raises himself, nevertheless, to the highest and most incontestable artistic power in certain passages of his opera music. These passages are the offspring of a genuine inspiration, and if we examine more closely, we shall perceive whence this inspiration has sprung, — clearly from the poetic nature of the situation itself. Wherever the poet has forgotten his trammelling consideration for the musician,* wherever he has involuntarily stumbled upon a situation in which he could inhale and exhale a free, exhilarating breath of actual human life, he directly imparts it to the musician as an inspiring afflatus; and the composer who, even by exhausting all the wealth of his musical predecessors, could not give us a single proof of real creative power, all at once is capable of the richest, noblest, and most soul-stirring musical expression. I refer especially to separate passages in the well-known, heart-breaking love-scene in the fourth act of the *Huguenots*, and emphatically to the invention of the wonderfully affecting melody in G♯ major, — a melody which, springing as it does, like a fragrant blossom, from a situation that seizes upon all the fibres of the human heart with a rapturous pain, leaves only very little, and surely only that which is most perfect in musical composition, to be brought into

* Meyerbeer was noted for forcing his librettist, Scribe, to conform entirely to his requirements for stage-effect in all his operas.

comparison with it."* Another scene in which Lucca showed her great power of expressing intense suppressed emotion by the simplest and most natural means, and that was in the third act, where Valentine and the Duc de Nevers take leave of the Queen after their wedding. Her utter despair at being forever cut off from Raoul was terribly expressed in every feature and gesture, in spite of her ladylike repose of bearing, and determination not to "make a scene" at parting. The way in which she kissed the Queen's hand was as intense a dramatic expression of emotion as if she had torn her hair and swooned about the stage as is usual with *prime donne* in similar straits, and can be ranked with the piercing, volume-speaking look that Nilsson gave her brother, Enrico, in *Lucia*, where he proposes her marriage with Arturo, to which glance the brother might well answer in dismay, "Mi guardi e taci?" Lucca's Leonora in Donizetti's *Favorita* may well be compared with Nilsson's Lucia as a creation of something out of nothing, — only that *La Favorita* as an opera is even a feeblere effort than *Lucia di Lammermoor*; an opera of which Robert Schumann wrote in his note-book: "Went to hear Donizetti's *Favorita*. Could only sit through two acts. Puppet-show music!" Puppet-show music, forsooth! Would that it were nothing but that! We wish that our public and all publics had more opportunities of hearing artists like Madame Lucca or Miss Nilsson sing in such operas, that they might be firmly impressed with the weakness, the worse than triviality, the utter artistic vulgarity of the music. Great melodic power Donizetti certainly has; there is even a certain quasi-dramatic quality of a rather vague sort in his melodies; while casually glancing over the piano scores of some of his operas, we can understand the enthusiasm of his admirers, whose war-cry is ever "divine melody," "easy, natural, musical expression," and heaven knows what not else of similar purport. But when we see and hear his operas on the stage, we are lost in amazement that reasonably cultivated human creatures can swallow such doses, and even find them palatable. His melody is good enough, yes, often much too good for the use he makes of it; divine, if you will. But such slipshod working-out of fine themes, such bungling futilities in the accompaniments, such orchestration, "wor-

* Richard Wagner, *Oper und Drama*, p. 92. Leipzig, 1869.

thy of a tap-room," as Berlioz says, oscillating between the extremes of childish impotence and blatant coarseness! Far from being the "glorification of Melody," the "apotheosis of Melody" as we often hear these operas called, they are for the most part the vilification of Melody, the insulting and degrading of Melody and dragging her through the mire! Ordinary singers may make these things only mildly offensive, but with *artists* like Lucca or Nilsson the discrepancy between what might be and what *is* becomes intolerably exasperating. Lucca's Margherita in *Faust* differs from Nilsson's impersonation as the two women differ from one another. It is impossible to say which of the two artists was more passionate, tender, or intense; but Lucca's was the passion and intensity of the country girl, Nilsson's that of the tiger-demi-goddess. We are aware that there is some discrepancy between this and what we wrote about Miss Nilsson last year,* but we take the feminine liberty of letting experience modify our opinions. In *Mignon*, Lucca was less demonstratively *effective* than Nilsson, though we are not sure that her conception of the part is not an artistically higher one.

Miss Kellogg comes back to us as complete an artist as ever, the pure, penetrating quality of her voice seeming even more beautiful, if possible, than in past seasons. As a *singer*, as far as purity of style and method, and fine, sympathetic, musical expression go to make one, we should rank her even above Madame Lucca or Miss Nilsson. Her singing is, in fact, almost absolutely faultless. She is, moreover, an intelligent, conscientious, and painstaking actress, and a little more of fire, passion, and intrinsic dramatic force would place her in the very highest rank upon the lyric stage.

— We have before us the proof-sheets of a new song by Mr. Francis Boott, set to Præd's words, "Father, father, I confess."† In every respect it is one of the composer's happiest efforts; exceedingly pretty in melody and beautifully harmonized. The music gracefully expresses at once the childlike earnestness of sentiment of the young girl's first love and her half-coquettish way of acknowledging it to her ghostly adviser. The accompaniment is thinly and unsatisfactorily put upon the piano-forte; but any

pianist, worthy of the name, to whom the task of accompanying the song may fall, will find no trouble in supplying all deficiencies of this sort, though we would caution all ambitious musical fledglings against attempting such "filling out," lest they mar the simple perfection of the harmony.

— Now that a more or less complete musical education has become almost a necessity with most of us, it gives us great pleasure to notice an institution established in Boston last September by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, under the title of the National College of Music. This college has some peculiar excellences in its organization which appeal directly to our musical sympathies. There has of late years been no want of good musical instruction both in and out of our various conservatories, music-schools, etc., but there has been felt a want of some organization which could be looked to as a standard in the various branches of technical musical education. This want the college in question may to a certain degree claim to supply. The teachers in each department look to some one definite head for guidance in the management of their various classes. The head teacher in each department has been brought up in the same school of playing or singing as the other teachers under his direction, many of whom have for some years been his own pupils and coworkers, so that a pupil may begin at the lowest grade in any department and successively pass on to higher and higher grades, without being forced to adopt a new system at each successive step. The piano-forte department is under the immediate supervision of Mr. B. J. Lang of Boston, who may fairly claim to have founded a school of piano-forte playing here. The vocal department is superintended by Signor Vincenzo Cirillo, of Naples, who has already made a marked success as a teacher, and of whom we can, from our personal knowledge, speak in the highest terms both as a musician and a thorough expert in his own department. The department of stringed instruments is under the direction of the members of the Quintette Club themselves. They are well enough known throughout the country to let their merit speak for itself, and their individual excellences as artists and their long association together point to their being able to found a school of stringed instruments in which there shall be no essential discrepancies of style or method.

* Atlantic for January, 1872.

† *The Confession*. Song. Words by PRÆD. Music by F. BOOTT. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

SCIENCE.

WE have already had something to say about the spots on the sun, and their curious relations to terrestrial phenomena. We have seen that the occurrence of the aurora-borealis and the cyclical disturbances of the compass-needle are determined by those gigantic solar storms which give to the disk of our great luminary its spotted appearance. We have also given some of the facts which seem to indicate a remarkable coincidence between the periodicity of the spots and the periodicity of Asiatic cholera, though we freely admit that this coincidence may be purely fortuitous. To distinguish between those cases of agreement, among different orders of phenomena which are evidence of true causal relationship, and those which are merely accidental, is often possible only at an advanced stage of inquiry, and after a very wide induction of instances, or a complicated deduction from known principles. The scientific student is, however, quite legitimately employed in hunting up instances of coincidence, even though he must be content to let them stand as empirical facts for want of adequate data for interpreting them. In this humble way, astronomy, the most advanced of the physical sciences, began its career by the ascertainment of sundry periodicities in the heavens for which no one could assign the reason; and now it is just this initial sort of work which chiefly concerns us when we study meteorology. In a recent interesting article in *Nature*, Mr. J. N. Lockyer observes: "Surely in meteorology, as in astronomy, the thing to hunt down is a cycle, and if that is not to be found in the temperate zone, then go to the frigid zones or the torrid zone to look for it, and if found, then, above all things, and in whatever manner, lay hold of it, study it, record it, and see what it means."

Now, it is remarkable that the first decided periodicity which has been observed in storms of rain and wind carries us directly to the sun-spots. Naturally, the place for seeking to detect such periodicity should be within the tropics, where the winds blow so much more uniformly than in the temperate zones. A year ago, when Mr. Lockyer went to India to observe the eclipse of the sun, he found that a regular period of about eleven years in the maxi-

mum intensity of the monsoons was generally recognized in Ceylon. Every eleventh year, as a general rule, there occurs the greatest violence of the wind and the greatest quantity of rainfall. Sometimes, as might be expected, the cycle is not entirely regular, and twelve or thirteen years elapse before the recurrence of maximum intensity. But, on the whole, the undecennial period seems to be quite strongly marked; while toward the middle of it occurs the minimum of wind and rain. Again, these eleven-year cycles are said to combine by threes to form grand cycles of thirty-three years, which curiously correspond with the epochs at which cholera breaks out with greatest virulence in India.

Confirmatory evidence of the highest value is supplied by the observations of Mr. Meldrum. After showing that the cyclones, both in the Caribbean Sea and in the Indian Ocean, vary in number according to the frequency of sun-spots, this careful observer has proceeded to study the rainfall of Queensland, Adelaide, and the Mauritius, with the view of ascertaining its periodicity. As the cyclones are usually accompanied by prodigious rains, the periods of excessive rain might be expected to agree with those of extreme atmospheric disturbance, so that the evidence obtained from the former ought to confirm the testimony of the latter. This expectation is quite borne out by the facts. At the three points selected for observation, the total rainfall of the three years 1859-1861, during the maximum of sun-spots, exceeded by fifty inches the total rainfall of the three years 1866-1868, during the minimum of sun-spots. In Australia, twenty-two years of observations give a difference of eighteen inches between the rain of a year that is rich and that of a year that is poor in sun-spots. Mr. Lockyer finds a similar difference of thirty inches at the Cape of Good Hope, and of fifty inches at Madras. And from all this he rightly concludes that, in and near the tropics at all events, the effect of the solar storms upon terrestrial atmospheric disturbance is demonstrated. For although the desirable accumulation of proofs will necessarily require that systematic observations should be kept up for many years, nevertheless,

the facts thus far obtained point all in one way. At six or eight different points, and whether we interrogate the winds or the rains, the verdict is unanimous. When the atmosphere of the sun is violently agitated, the tremor communicates itself to the atmosphere of our planet. Deductively, too, this is no more than what we might have expected. To minds unfamiliar with science, there may, indeed, seem to be no very obvious connection between a tornado on the sun, ninety million miles off, and a drenching rain on the Indian Ocean. The production of a storm on the earth, however, is only a question of heat, or of electricity, or, more properly speaking, of heat and electricity. A sensible variation in the quantity of heat daily received from the sun must give rise to atmospheric currents, and bring about a condensation of aqueous vapor. And there can be no doubt that the blackening of several hundred thousand square miles of the sun's fiery envelope must perceptibly alter the amount of heat which he radiates upon the earth. The magnetic disturbance, also, shown in the aurora-borealis, and in the swaying of the compass-needle, cannot well be without its effect upon the electric equilibrium of the atmosphere. Thus, in both ways, the production of storms is brought about.

As already observed, the correspondence between these sets of phenomena is most readily detected in tropical countries, where the winds ordinarily blow with great uniformity, and where rains fall at comparatively regular intervals. With the wider variations of temperature in the temperate zones, the phenomena of wind and rain become much more complicated and irregular in appearance. Even supposing the legitimate effects of the sun-spot to be the same over all parts of the earth, we must expect, in many localities, to find those effects obscured by other circumstances. In New England, the years 1870, 1871 were unusually dry years, though the number of sun-spots was at the maximum, and the auroral displays were frequent and brilliant. Mr. G. J. Symons, in tabulating the results of observations on the British rainfall from 1725 to 1869, finds few signs of an eleven-year period, though the extreme variations during these one hundred and forty-four years are so far apart as fifty-eight and one hundred and thirty-eight inches. In Canada, there was less rain in 1859-1861 than in 1855-1857, though the former were maximum years for sun-spots. Observa-

tions at New Bedford, in Massachusetts, during the years 1832-1849, give clear indications of an eleven-year period, but with the circumstances just reversed. During the years of frequent sun-spots, the rainfall is fifteen inches *less* than during the opposite years. A similar result is strongly brought out in Palestine and France, and somewhat less decisively in Italy; while from the data furnished by Switzerland, it is difficult to draw any conclusion.

The notable feature of these statistics is, not only that the law so clearly traceable in the tropics is, to a great extent, masked in the north temperate zone, but that over a considerable portion of the latter area its workings seem to be diametrically reversed. The periodicity is, to some extent, traceable; but here the frequency of sun-spots seems to be accompanied by dryness, rather than by wet weather. A new consideration, however, ought to be taken into the account. Mr. Symons, in reviewing the papers of Mr. Lockyer and Mr. Meldrum, observes that it is worth while to consider "whether the total precipitation over the surface of the globe can be expected to be increased by increased cyclonic energy. Increased rainfall surely means increased extraction of moisture from the air, and that involves one of two facts: (1.) increased evaporation to supply the increased demand; or, (2.) rapid and great desiccation of the atmosphere. Without expressing a dogmatic or fixed opinion, it certainly seems to me more likely that the effect of cyclones is simply to alter the locality of deposition," rather than to increase its aggregate amount. Or, in other words, the very disturbance set up in the tropics by the altered solar radiation may, by the tremendous rains thus occasioned, so far drain of its moisture the general atmosphere of the globe as to bring about a season of comparative drought in the temperate zones.

In view of this very reasonable qualification, Mr. Symons is no doubt justified in saying that he should by no means regard the connection between rainfall and sun-spots as disproved by a set of statistics exactly opposite to those obtained by Mr. Meldrum in the Indian Ocean. It would seem probable that over a considerable part of the earth's surface such statistics must be forthcoming. And the whole question serves to illustrate the truth, so often exemplified, that mere statistics can enlighten us but little when given without the needful deductive interpretation.

If it should turn out, on further inquiry, that the observed coincidence between the periodicities of the sun-spots and of Asiatic cholera — as noticed in our gossip of last August — answers to any real causal connection between the two sets of phenomena, the explanation will probably have to be sought in the climatic effects traceable to the sun-spots. We shall simply have to speculate on the probable pathological consequences of an excessively wet or an excessively dry season, in Hindustan. Meanwhile we may be content with noting the curious parallelism.

To change the subject, — the little country of Holland, which has done so much for the political and religious emancipation of mankind, and which has always produced its full quota of literary and scientific workers, is now becoming distinguished for its achievements in the department of psychology. Dr. Van der Wijck has lately begun to sum up his extensive and profound studies in the first volume of his *Zielkunde*, which will form, when completed, a remarkably thorough treatise on psychical phenomena. This work covers very much the same ground as that which is covered by Professor Bain's treatises on *The Senses and the Intellect*, and *The Emotions and the Will*; but Dr. Van der Wijck, while basing his work, equally with Professor Bain, upon the latest results of physiological inquiry into the relations between physical and psychical phenomena, nevertheless occupies an entirely independent ground with reference to the materialistic implications which are too generally supposed to be inseparable from these conclusions. The close student of recent philosophical inquiry will regard it as significant, that Dr. Van der Wijck concludes an elaborate scientific inquiry into the mode and conditions of mental action with the declaration that idealism is the only hypothesis concerning the relations of matter and mind which is both consistently deduced from the data of consciousness and verified by them. The learned author very sensibly argues that the existence of consciousness we know directly and immediately, while the existence of matter, save as a mode of affection of consciousness, is merely the result of a complicated series of inferences. We have not space to argue or illustrate this point; but it is worth noting by those who think that a writer who talks about nerve-centres in connection with consciousness must needs be a materialist.

Max Müller has been delivering a lecture at Liverpool concerning Darwinism as tested by the phenomena of language. We cannot give a full abstract of his argument, which will most likely be published before long, but there are one or two points which may profitably occupy our attention for five minutes. There is a fallacy, says Max Müller, latent in the very word "development," for it rubs out the differences among things, — not only the difference between ape and man, but the difference between black and white, or between high and low, or between hot and cold. Very well; if Max Müller will find for us an absolute distinction between high and low, or between hot and cold, we will do our best to herald him as a greater discoverer than Newton and a subtler thinker than Spinoza. What the word "development" — or rather the word "evolution" — implies, is that nothing is itself without being at the same time more or less of something else; and of all the truths yet discovered in science or philosophy, this is unquestionably the deepest.

One further assertion of Max Müller's deserves serious notice. When Mr. Darwin says that some savage languages have no abstract terms, Max Müller replies that such common words as *father* and *mother* are abstract terms (!). Now this is because Müller is pre-eminently a Sanskritist, or Aryan scholar of the old school. Accordingly he holds that *pa-tar* and *ma-tar* are formed from Old Aryan roots *pa* and *ma*, with the suffix *tar*, denoting the agent, and that the root *pa* means "to protect," etc.; all of which, if it be really sound philology, would show only that the Old Aryan language was spoken by a race which had already acquired considerable capacity for abstraction and generalization. But the Old Aryan language is only a few thousand years old, and no such language was talked by primitive men, who probably dealt but sparingly with time-hallowed "roots," and signified their states of consciousness by grunts which, if quotable, would go but little way toward showing their capacity for abstract reasoning. But upon this we need not enlarge. We say only this, that to cite Indo-European examples in discussing primeval language is about as pertinent as to cite the laws of Manu in discussing primeval society. It is equivalent to forgetting all about the kitchen-middings, and it ignores contemporary savages into the bargain.

POLITICS.

THE article of Mr. Coleman's, published in the December number of the Atlantic, giving an account of the brutal treatment he received at the hands of the New York and New Haven Railroad, brought out as a sort of echo a quantity of letters and communications, of which Mr. Coleman will make use in due time, when our readers will probably be surprised at the amount of feeling displayed by the writers, — the sense of outrage, imposition, extortion, injustice, which the railroad management of the country excites in the mind of the public. It used to be said that the railroads were badly managed because "the people did not want anything better": cars were crowded, baggage was knocked to pieces, conductors and brakemen were uncivil or brutal, because ours was a simple country, with republican institutions; not that there was in the minds of the apologists any belief in a necessary connection between republicanism and rudeness or cruelty, but because the existing evils seemed a constituent part of the *status quo*, which it was an article of the American religion to worship with a blind faith. We were very conservative in those days. The institutional *status quo*, which we may call it so, is no longer an idol, and we have become sceptical, not to say incredulous, when we hear it said either that the railroad system, or the steamboat or hotel-elevator, or fire-proof-safe system is admitted to be "on the whole adapted to the needs of our civilization."

The matter may be looked at from a thousand points of view; from that of the passenger maimed for life, the shipper eased of extortionate freight, the swindled bondholder, or the plundered community. We have before us a circular letter written last fall by a Boston firm to its Western correspondents, which gives a very striking picture of the helplessness of the individual in his struggle with great corporations. What the reply of the Boston and Albany Railroad may be we do not know, but it is not fair to presume in these cases that there is a very good one. The important part of the circular is as follows:—

BOSTON, October 31, 1872.

GENTLEMEN: On account of the unusual

and unwarranted action of the Boston and Albany Railroad Co., in sending broadcast through the West public notice that no property consigned us would be received by them at Albany for transportation to us, unless freight and charges on such were prepaid, we are forced to take this course to set us right with our friends and shippers throughout the West. During the past two years we have received considerable grain over the Red, White, and Blue Transit Lines, such coming to this city over the B. & A. R. R., one of the copartners to such lines. This grain has been largely short in weight, the losses in transit on cars being many times large and often excessive. We have repeatedly called attention of the R. R. Co. to such shortages, but they have invariably, and usually in an arrogant and arbitrary way (a way peculiar to this corporation, as our merchants all can testify to), refused to pay any attention to our demands. We have submitted to this species of robbery as long as we feel inclined to, and now, having been thus forced to it, take the stand, that, as common carriers, the railroads are liable, and should be held responsible, for failure to deliver property intrusted to them, in like good order and quantity as received by them; that, when we can prove a certain quantity shipped in a car at the West, we are entitled to a like quantity delivered us here, or payment for the shortage. We therefore declined paying the B. & A. R. R. Co. a lot of their freight bills unless they would allow our shortages, which we were desirous of having them look into, to satisfy themselves as to the justice of. They, however, most positively refused to notice our claims against them, but said we must pay their bills as presented, *right* or *wrong*, and, if wrong, trust to their refunding them when they see fit; and as we have not submitted to their arbitrary demands, but have decided to hold out, and let our courts settle the question, they have taken the course—as it seems to us out of sheer malice, to injure us—of notifying all their Western connections to refuse all property consigned us unless freight was prepaid. This is not through fear that they shall lose by us on freight their due, as they have commenced suit against us for amount of their bills, and we have given

them a bond to cover same, so they are secure on that score ; but it is done simply so to annoy us as to make us *surrender unconditionally* to them. We propose to see, however, if we have any rights at all in the matter, or whether the railroad corporations are the supreme law in themselves, and everything must yield to them. The B. & A. R. R. Co. have even gone so far as to refuse to receive at Albany grain for which we hold through bills of lading, contracting to deliver such at East Boston ; and through their influence flour and bran in transit to us, and for which we also hold through bills of lading, contracting to deliver such at Boston, have been stopped at Toledo and Cleveland. We are also daily in receipt of advices from our friends, that cars for shipments intended for us are being refused by them at all points throughout the West.

SCUDDER, BARTLETT, & Co.

Such private griefs as these, however, are matters of small moment. If we wish to see the system as it affects larger interests, we must look at such iniquities as those practised by the Erie Railroad, with its retinue of judges and legislators ; at the doings of the "reformers" of the Atlantic and Great Western ; at the proceedings of the "Marginal Freight" Company, recently unearthed by the Legislature of Massachusetts ; or at the affairs of the Union Pacific Railroad, the typical corporation of the day, with its land grant of 12,800 acres to the mile, and government subsidy besides, its Credit Mobilier parasite, its hundred millions of worthless stock, and its principal projector distributing shares among members of Congress at nominal prices, allowing it to remain meantime in his own name, and taking it back when they become frightened.

As to the evils of the present condition of things, there is a remarkable unanimity of opinion ; as to the remedy, no one who has any to propose has yet found it possible to convince the public that it can do more than stay the ravages of the disease for a time. That railroads are gigantic monopolies, over which the principle of competition has no control ; that their enormous wealth enables them to set themselves above the law and above justice ; that they are in the hands of irresponsible and unscrupulous men, whose sole interest in transportation is the money that can be made out of the public by it ; that the building

of roads out of the proceeds of bonds, secured by a land grant from the government, and flooding the country with an imaginary security known as stock, which represents nothing except the opportunity for speculation, is corrupting and pernicious ; that a railroad to-day means, to the greater number of the people who project and create it, simply a fraudulent device for extorting a quantity of money from the public under cover of a public service :—all this is admitted. There is also a general unanimity of opinion, among those who have given much thought to the subject, as to the functions which railroads ought to subserve. No one doubts that railroads are, in modern times, the real highways of a country, or that the charges paid by passengers and freight are in reality a "transportation tax" levied upon the business of the country, whether the tax is collected by private or public hands. It is obvious, therefore, that the tax for fares and freight ought to be considered, like income or stamp taxes, in connection with the general tax system of the country, and that the first question in regard to it ought to be, How can the necessary income be raised so as to bear least heavily upon the industry of the country ? Any one can see for himself that the production of the most necessary articles of commerce must depend on the possibility of getting them to a market ; and the possibility of getting them to a market depends, in modern times, on railroads. Pennsylvania, for example, is the great centre of the production of coal and petroleum in the United States ; but the market for coal and petroleum in New York is governed primarily by the arrangements which the producers in Pennsylvania are able to make with the transportation lines. So much is this the case, and so ruinous of late years have become the delays caused by the differences between producers and transporters, that vigorous attempts are now continually making to solve the difficulty by a union of the two, and the creation of a joint monopoly. These consolidations are only just beginning. Their natural end would be the consolidation, in the hands of a vast consolidated railroad, of all industry which needs transportation for its products. This is the solution of the "railroad question" which most recommends itself to railroad men.

But when all this is admitted, how much nearer are we to a solution of the question ? There are one or two branches of it, to be

sure, which are comparatively simple. The laws relating to railroad securities are in an absurd condition. Forty years ago, when railroad construction began, it was the universal custom to build roads "on stock." A number of men subscribed the amount required to lay the track and equip the line, and in return received certificates of indebtedness, in the shape of stock. If more money was needed, after the railroad was finished, money could be raised on bond and mortgage. The stockholders were, in those early days, the real owners just as much as a man is the owner of a house for which he has paid, though some one else may hold his note for part of the purchase-money. The stockholders were therefore entitled to elect directors, and, through them, to manage the property. Before long, however, as the wealth of the country, and, with the wealth, credits, increased, it was discovered that this process might be reversed; that as soon as a charter was obtained, the promoters of the enterprise, instead of paying money into the treasury, and constructing the road with it, might, if they pleased, mortgage the road to begin with, issue bonds, and with the proceeds of those bonds build the line. Then the stock could be divided among the promoters, and as soon as it became valuable they could sell it, and count their sale as so much-clear gain. The next step was the invention of "land grants," which made the mortgage a far simpler matter. At present the system is this: Half a dozen patriotic gentlemen go to Washington and urge the necessity of building a road through some unsettled part of the West, for the purpose of developing the resources of that section, or making a connecting link in one of the great national highways between the Atlantic and the Pacific, or moving the crops to tide-water, or some other equally important object. As they are generally gentlemen who have friends in Congress, and who pay their political assessments with even more regularity than their taxes (Mr. Thomas C. Durant testified the other day in the Pacific Railroad matter, that he had contributed \$10,000 to the election of a senator from Iowa; and Mr. Burbridge, that he had contributed \$5,000 towards the election of another from Nebraska, and that he always contributed from \$1,000 to \$2,500 a year toward politics), their petition is listened to readily. According to their representations, it is impossible to build the road without a subsidy. Congress at once

gives them a grant of land by way of assistance. This they immediately mortgage, issuing bonds for the amount of the mortgage, and at the same time put into their own pockets the stock. The sales of the bonds yield enough to build the road; and the income is perhaps enough to pay the interest on them. But meantime the projectors are getting no returns for their money. By this time, the stock, if the road looks at all well, has some value, and they begin to sell it. Gradually, as they want more money, they sell all of it, and very likely by this time they have made a profit out of the road quite sufficient to reimburse them for their trouble. But what has become of the road? The stockholders own it, and the stockholders are now speculators who have bought up the shares on the market, and have no interest in the stock, except to get rid of it at an advance. Here begins a series of speculations in the stock which generally end in "corners," new issues, and general depreciation of the property. The speculative stockholders elect a speculative board of directors, and with their help issue new mortgages, enter into contracts with other roads, of the lease or guarantee kind, and at last they cease to be able to pay interest on their debt,—the original mortgage. Meanwhile, the real owners of the road, the people who paid for the bonds, have no voice in the management, and are, throughout, at the mercy of the "stock." They can, of course, foreclose the mortgage, but, for this purpose, there must be united action on the part of several hundred small investors, widows, orphans, and trustees, scattered over the country, and foreign countries, not accustomed to act together, and ignorant of one another's whereabouts; besides this, by the time that foreclosure is possible, the work has been done, and the property has lost its value.

It is plain that the retention of the legal ownership of railroads in the hands of the stockholders, in the case of roads which have been built "on bonds," is an entire mistake. The ownership of a railroad ought to be in the hands of those who have really built it with their money, or, to put it in another way, those who wish to own a road ought to be obliged to pay for doing so. No doubt, if land grants are given up, the opportunity of a great deal of this kind of speculation will be done away with; but a more radical remedy is needed, and the only sure means of preventing such speculation

completely seems to be the abolition of the borrowing power of railroads. If railroad mortgages were made impossible, railroads would necessarily be built by the money of those who felt a sufficient interest and confidence to subscribe.

This, however, is not the main question. Even if railroads were deprived of the power of borrowing on mortgage, and every line in the country were owned by the men whose money had built it, we should be as far as ever from having got rid of monopolies. Railroads would still be immense corporations, with "perpetual succession," totally unrestricted by competition. It would still be for their interest to combine, and the general tendency of railroad combination would be exactly what it is now: it would tend towards a gigantic consolidation of all the lines under one management, having, within the limits suggested by the managers' prudence, absolute control of the markets and also of the legislation of the country, so far as it affected their own interests. With packed legislatures, with paid or intimidated judges, and with a civil service consisting of several thousand cunning clerks and able-bodied brakemen, conductors, and switch-tenders, they would be in just that position most dreaded by all lovers of liberty, — a powerful and enormously rich corporation, surrounded by a timid, weak, and hopeless public. While we were still engaged in singing pæans over the glorious institutions of our happy country, we should suddenly find that our institutions had disappeared, and that we had riveted round our necks the chains of a worse despotism than any we ever lamented for our fellow-creatures. This is really no imaginary picture, as any one will admit who recollects the stronghold, absolutely inaccessible to the law, which Fisk and Gould erected and for a time maintained in New York, or the military operations of the employees of the Erie and the Susquehanna Railroads during the "Susquehanna War," and who has followed with any attention the helpless struggles of the government of the United States — formerly supposed to be quite able to take care of itself — in the foul toils of the Union Pacific Railroad.

Two ways have been suggested (both of which have been tried) of meeting these difficulties. The first is that of supervision by the State. According to legal theory, a railroad is, like any other corporation, a creature of the State, called into existence and endowed with certain powers for the

public benefit. These powers it must exercise with care and according to law, under penalty of the revocation by the State of its right to exist. On paper this looks well enough, but it is needless any longer to discuss the value of State supervision, because we have had it now for forty years, and the results are what we see around us. Instead of the State's supervising the railroads, the railroads supervise the State.

The other is the absorption of the railroads by the State. Although this scheme has not been much agitated, the agitation is pretty sure to come, just as the agitation for the absorption of the telegraph service by the post-office has already come. The railroads are not any better managed than the telegraphs, while the evils of consolidation and monopoly are very strikingly illustrated by both services. The Postmaster General, in his recent report, states what is, we suppose, an undeniable fact, that the press associations, by combination with the telegraph companies, are enabled, through discriminating tariffs, to make the establishment of newspapers which have not the privileges secured by association a matter of difficulty; and every one knows in a general way that the "freedom of the press," supposed to have been secured to us by the struggles of our ancestors, means in modern times rather the liberty of the already existing press to do and say what it pleases, than the liberty of any one who feels himself wronged or oppressed to find through the press a medium of communication with the public. Capital, of course, can always find expression, but it is not capital in these days which suffers acutely at the hand of the oppressor. No doubt if the telegraph became a branch of the post-office, and were well managed, opinion would be less severely taxed than it is now. And if the railroads were managed by the State, and well managed, the evils of the railroad system would be greatly modified.

The question of expense has not the importance which, at first sight, it seems to have, because, as we have said, there is no real revenue from railroads under any circumstances. A certain number of millions of dollars are levied by some one every year for transporting men, women, and children, merchandise and baggage, over the roads. Whether this sum is collected by the government or by corporations, it is a tax, which represents the interest on the capital sunk in the construction of the highways, and which the public must in any case pay.

The community will be neither richer nor poorer, whether this tax is collected by Vanderbilt or by the United States, unless there is a difference in the economy and skill exercised in the collection. Suppose a country with a single road, the capital of which is \$100,000,000, and which costs exactly \$50,000,000, and which pays seven per cent on the capital, or fourteen per cent on the cost. Under the present system the difference between fourteen and seven per cent goes into private pockets. If the country assumes the road, issues bonds for \$100,000,000, and manages it exactly as it was managed before, the fourteen per cent will still be collected; seven of it will go into the pockets of the original owners, and the other seven will just be equivalent to the interest on the bonds issued. The public which pays the tax is in precisely the same position in either case. On the other hand, suppose that the road was wastefully managed while in private hands, that twenty-one per cent instead of fourteen were wrung out of the public by the company, and that a third of it was used in purchase of fast horses, wine, and other luxuries for the directors. In such a case, this third is so much pure burden on the industry of the country; and if the State by assuming the road would save it, business would be lightened of taxation by just that amount,—an effect which the industry of the country would soon show.

In other words, the question is one of better or worse management; and when we have said as much as this, we have almost admitted that, with politics in its present condition, the assumption of the railroads by the state is not a thing to be desired by anybody except by senators and congressmen, who are seeking places for their friends. Bad as the present management is, there is at least the satisfaction of knowing that in serious cases, where an unusual number of people have been slaughtered, or an exor-

bitant amount of thieving done, there is something like responsibility. Companies can be sued, and even be made to pay heavy damages. Individuals, too, may be forced to restore stolen goods. But with the roads in the hands of the United States or of the separate States, no one would have any redress, for official responsibility is broken down, and there is no means of proceeding against the United States, as we can against Gould or Vanderbilt. With railroads in the hands of the government, political hacks would take to the road, and plunder the public, as they now do in the post-office and the custom-house. The change would simply add another hundred thousand or so of offices to the already enormous spoils which are at the disposal of victorious parties in State and national politics. With this patronage "civil-service reform" and "decentralization" would become mere empty phrases, because they would be no longer possible. We should then know, not merely what it is to be plundered, but what it is to be governed by a "ring" of the most fabulous power, with machinery so perfect that nothing short of violence could have any effect with it.

In short, when the civil service is really reformed, and the departments at Washington and other capitals are managed on principles which insure, as far as practicable, efficiency and honesty in the officials, it will be time enough to think of the transfer of the railroads to the government, as it will to think of the transfer of contested election cases to the courts, when we have secured a strong judiciary, and of a thousand other reforms, when we have secured a competent force with which to carry them out. At present, changes of machinery will do us little good which do not at the same time bring with them more radical alteration in the motive power itself.